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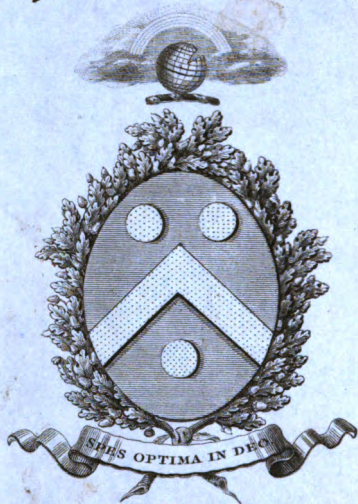
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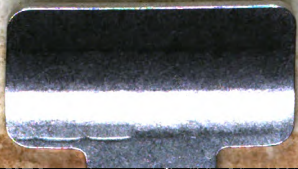
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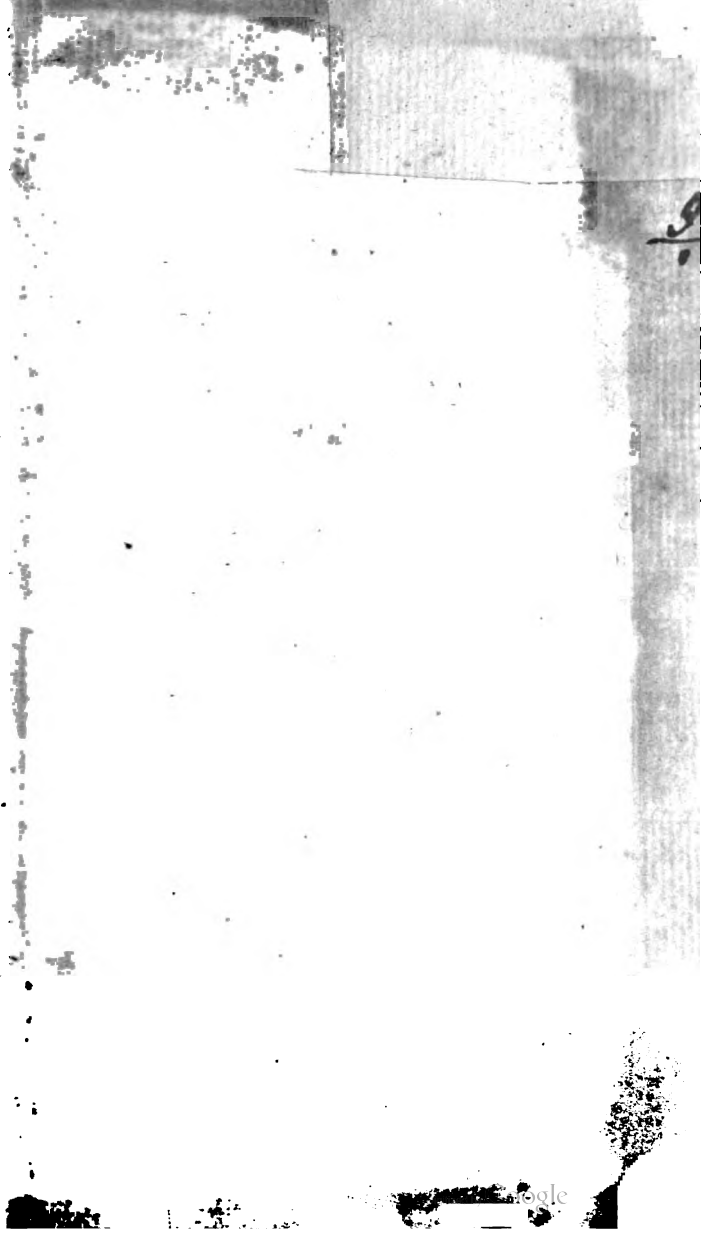
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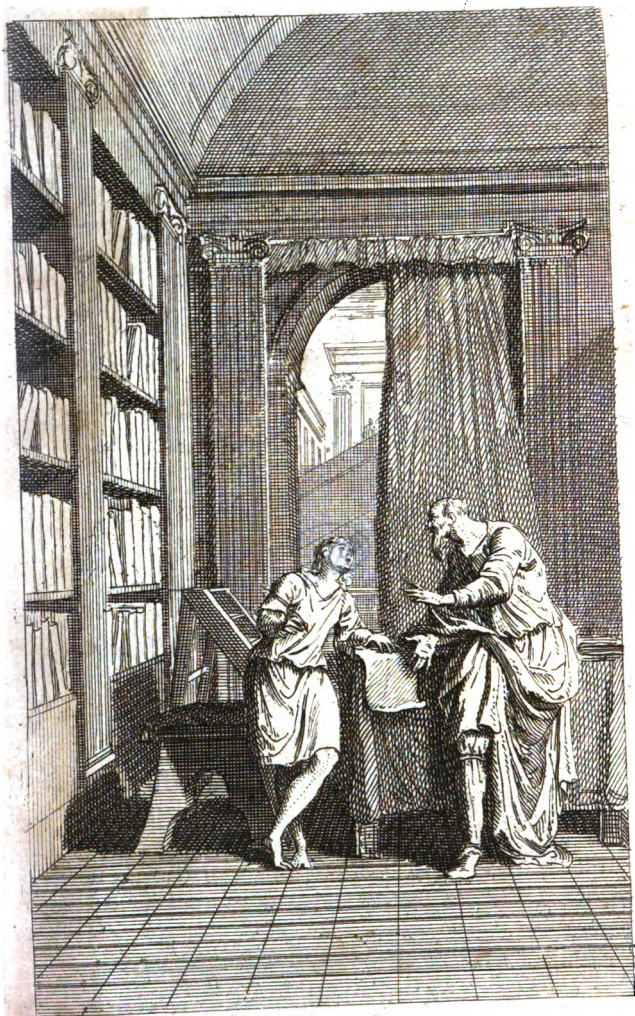
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*Purpureus latet qui splendeat, unus, & alter
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P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.



N a Book that has not a *Dedication* prefix'd, there is a sort of Necessity of a *Preface*; because it looks odd to skip from a Title-Page, to an Introduction. However, I did not alone consult that Part of Decency in my Reasons for this *Preface*, but penned it, with regard that I thought something ought to be said on the Work in general.

A 3

The

P R E F A C E

The kind Entertainment the Town gave to the *Lady's Library*, the Success it met with, and the great Call there was for it, even from the most distant Counties, though it was swell'd out into three Volumes, and sold at a pretty handsome Price, made me think that a GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY might be a Copy of no great Hazard to a Bookseller, and make an Edition of particular Use and Service to young Gentlemen coming into the World.

Whatever Advantages we have from *Education*, from *Example*, or *Precept*, on our first Entrance on the Stage of Life, we meet with Accidents and Temptations to withdraw us from *Morality*, and stand in need of *supplemental* Instruction, and a new Director,

to the READER.

rector, to confirm us in our Conduct. Views of *Pleasure*, and *Instability of Humour*, lead us into a thousand *Inconveniences*, against which, we are neither armed by *Prudence*, *Reason*, or *Continence*.

As to the *Precepts* contained in this Treatise, I have put them together, according to my Power, in a Manner that may make them *useful and entertaining*. To this End, as often as my Memory serv'd, I have interspers'd them with *Quotations in Poetry*, *Examples from History*, and *Axioms* that were in Credit with the Sages of *Antiquity*. The gay Part of the World are so startled at *Morality*, when merely such, when they think it is all *dry and crabbed*, and the whole *Volume* penn'd for *Instruction*, without any Regard to their

A 4 *Pleasure*

P R E F A C E

Pleasure, that they cannot persuade themselves to give it a Perusal, or hold any Conversation with a Book, that does not by some Art insinuate itself to their Fancies, and give them *Diversiſion*, to make the *Uſe* digeſted:

*Sed veluti, pueris abſynthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum
Contingunt dulci mellis flavoque liquore. —*

says *Lucretius*; as we anoint the Rims of the Cup with Honey to engage Children to drink up the bitter Potion, ſo I have laboured to humour the Squeamiſhneſs of the Times, ſoften the Harſhneſs of *Discipline* and *Duty*, and give them down in a *Vehicle* that is ſweet and palatable: And to be yet the leſs deſpotic and magiſterial in my Rules, I have all along endeavour'd

to the READER.

vour'd, rather to *recommend* than *inforce*, to *counsel* than *oblige*; for as Monsieur *Bruyere*, with much Modesty, premised to his Book, *What I have written is not designed for Maxims; those are like Laws in Morality; and I have neither Genius nor Authority to qualify me for a Legislator.*

Demosthenes, in an *Oration*, to persuade the *Athenians* not to change any Law upon small and frivolous Pretences, informs us of a Custom which prevail'd among the *Locrians*, That whatever Man should propose to make any new Law, must do it with a Rope about his Neck; which he was to be strangled in, if he did not carry his Point. This was such a Guard and Defence to the Laws, that they had but one new one made

P R E F A C E, &c.

made in more than two hundred Years. Had the prescribing Rules in Morality now stood on the same Terms of Danger, I should have been less forward in venturing to give this Assistance: However, I should have evaded the Penalty, because, as I shall anon more particularly observe, I have intruded but very little *Novelty*: If I have injured the *Matter* in the *Disposition*, and discredited good *Counsel* by an *awkward Delivery*, I am at the Stake, and must submit to the Censure; but hope the World will not proceed with Rigour on Faults that owe their Being to an Impotence of Judgment, and Want of Power in Nature, to discharge myself with more Sufficiency.

C O N-



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THE



THE GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

INTRODUCTION.



BEING the other Night in the Company of some Ladies of a polite Conversation, and the Mixture of Sexes turning the Discourse upon the Raillery of each other, the brisk *Florimel*, and her witty Associates, ran hard upon the Mens want of Conduct. *Celadon*, who was the most industrious Advocate for the Party, with an obliging Smile and insinuating Air, said, That he hop'd the Ladies now would not give his Sex the Opportunity of retorting that Reflection upon them, since their Conduct, in
B every

every Stage of Life, was to be regulated by their *Library* : That if the *Advice to a Daughter* was too compendious to reform all their Errors, yet *Three Volumes of Advice* could not fail of correcting every *faux pas*. *Florimel* easily perceiv'd the Malice of *Celadon's* Meaning, and striking in with his Irony, told him, She was not so partial to the Petticoat, but that she would venture to confess, she believ'd, that many a Female Reader of those Lessons of Morality would still, through Indolence or Misapprehension, remain unimprov'd, and stick to the darling Indecorums of frail Nature, Custom, and Fashion : That she wish'd the same *Learned Lady*, who had wrote so happily for her own Sex, would have employ'd some few Pages on those lordly Creatures, who priding in the Advantages of Nature and superior Endowments, think themselves above the Guidance of Precepts : That for her part, she had no such elevated Notions of their Capacities or Oeconomy ; had seen them carry'd away by Caprice and Humour as much as weak Women, and believ'd could prove them as much the Subject of Poetic Satire. What says *Dryden* ?

*Men are but Children of a larger Growth ;
Our Appetites as apt to change as Theirs,
And such a Craving too, and full as vain :*

And

*And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,
Viewing so clear Abroad, at Home sees nothing ;
But like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and casts it outwards,
To the World's open View.——*

Celadon here interrupting her Progress in Quotations, told her, Frailty was so conspicuous and epidemical, that he did not care to put her to the Trouble of farther Proofs ; nor had any Thoughts of entring into a Debate with her, to assert the *Men* free from Faults, either in Conduct or Principles : That he would rather chuse to impeach them of Infirmary, but that it might be fear'd the Prosecution would sooner harden than convert. Not that he disputed, but by artful Methods, and apt Insinuations, *Virtue, Prudence, Justice, and Conduct*, like the mechanical Parts of Life, might be taught and made acceptable : That as only a dull and impenetrable Ear could find no Charms, no Sensation in *Music* ; so only Absence of *Reason*, and stubborn *Ignorance*, could resist the Harmony of *Virtue* feelingly recommended : For that *Libertinism*, which some wild young Fellows, for want of more happy *Education*, mistake for *Liberty*, subjects them to harder Tyrants than their dreaded *Tutors* and *Masters* ; even to their own vicious Inclinations, which,

as it were, break loose upon them. The Case is very different with Men of *Sense* and *Solidity* ; for, passing from Minority to Manhood, they alter not the Government, tho' they change the Governor. In the Room of the hir'd Instructor of their Youth, they entertain that divine Guide and Governor of human Life, *Reason*, under whose Subjection alone Men are properly said to live in Freedom : For they only live at their own Will, who have learned to will as they ought ; and that Freedom of Will which appears in unconstrained Appetites, and unreasonable Actions, is mean and narrow, and accompany'd with much Repentance.

Florimel, perceiving *Celadon* to pause here, took the Opportunity to tell him, That his *Declamation* had, in her Opinion, all the Force and Vigour the Subject requir'd ; that he, who could manage an Argument so well at random, without the Aid of a prescrib'd Theme to regulate his Discourse, must be capable of improving his Ideas, when directed to a certain proper Head ; that she thought it was the Duty of such a Man to attempt the *Reformation of his degenerate Sex* ; and she hop'd the Company would join with her, to lay him under an indispensable Obligation of assuming that Office.

Celadon

INTRODUCTION.

Celadon blush'd; and bow'd at the Compliment ; but was absolutely for throwing off a Task, which he knew must be very troublesome to himself, and perhaps no less distasteful to the World : He told *Florimel*, he was loth to suspect she meant to banter him so gravely ; but that he rather fear'd she had entertain'd an Opinion of his Parts, which he was satisfy'd his Performance could never answer ; assur'd her that his Talk was like the wild Notes of Birds in the Woods, that could never be brought to any regular Music ; and declar'd, as a *Female Hand* had so excellently gone through one Part of the Design, he thought it would be Insolence in one of his Sex to attempt its Counterpart, which she might, perhaps, at her Leisure, comply to prosecute.

Florimel again interpos'd here, and told him, That neither his own Modesty, nor the Uncertainty of that Expectation, could excuse him ; that she now spoke the Determination of the Assembly, who had elected him Speaker in the Cause ; and that no Fine could be accepted to discharge him from the Service : That therefore farther Denials would be useless ; their Sentence was peremptory, and his Rhetoric expected on those Topics, out of which he could strike *the most profitable Lessons for Human Life.*

Celadon found 'twas in vain to cavil at their Resolutions ; but said, It was very hard he must stand condemn'd when the Evidence on his Side had plainly brought him in not-guilty : However, if he must submit to the Sentence without Appeal, he should expect the Liberty of offering some Terms of Composition, which must be admitted in his Favour : He had heard that *Diogenes*, seeing a Youth devour his Victuals too greedily, gave his Tutor a Box on the Ear, and that deservedly, as judging it the Fault of him that had not *taught*, not of him that had not *learn'd* better Manners. I have very strong Apprehensions, *continu'd* *be*, that I shall deserve the Fate of the awkward Pedant. The World will be so little improv'd by my Tuition, that the Blame will naturally fall more upon the Impotence of my Discipline, than the Depravity of my Scholars. But if I must assume the *Philosopher*, and, like the As in the Proverb, carry Mysteries, depend upon it that I will make my Burthen as light as possible ; never put myself to the Trouble of communicating my Thoughts in new Language, whenever I can recollect the same Notions better express'd to my Hand, but transplant the Observations of the *Polite*, to make amends, as often as I can, for my Imperfection. And I shall expect this farther

ther Indulgence from my Audience, that having receiv'd the general Heads of Things, they would supply the rest by their own Industry, and make their Reason and Memoirs the Guides to their own Invention and Improvement.

For People should look on the Discourse of others only as a kind of first Principle or Seed, which they must take care to cherish and increase. For *the Mind*, says Plutarch, *requires not, like an earthen Vessel, to be fill'd up ; convenient Food and Aliment, only will inflame it with a Desire of Knowledge, and ardent Love of Truth.* Now, as he that comes to borrow Fire, if he stay too long warming himself with his Neighbour, oftentimes disappoints his own Business ; so the Man that comes to be instructed by another, if he think not himself oblig'd to set fire (if I may so call it) to his own Invention, and exert his own Faculties, he may get the Name of a Proficient, as we get a Colour by sitting by the Fire, but shall never dispel the Darkness of his Understanding by the Light of foreign Precepts.

The Company sat so silent and attentive, that *Celadon* began to think he was already turn'd *Declaimer* ; and, stopping short, with some Confusion, begg'd Leave to withdraw, and furnish himself by Contemplation with the Materials he should want in

the Discharge of that Office they were pleas'd to impose on him ; having promis'd that he would endeavour to oblige them with all the Dispatch in his Power ; and that they should not long expect the first Essay of his Performance, which he design'd to lay out on the Subject of *Education*.



EDUCA-



E D U C A T I O N.

THE Care of *Education* is a Work of the highest Moment, as all the Advantages or Miscarriages of a Man's Life are, in a great Measure, dependent on it. 'Tis the Duty therefore of *Parents* to infuse into the untainted Youth early Notices of *Justice* and *Honour*, that so the possible Advantages of good Parts may not take an evil Turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy Purposes. It has been the Comparison of a celebrated Author, that as Marble in the Quarry shews none of its inherent Beauties, till the Skill of the Polisher fetches out the Colours, makes the Surface shine, and discovers every ornamental Cloud, Spot, and Vein that runs through the Body of it : So *Education*, after the same Manner, when it works upon a noble Mind, draws out to View every latent Virtue and Perfection, which without such Helps are never able to make their Appearance. Nor is the Want of *Education* a private Injury alone to the neglected

Infant, but the Public likewise, in some Degree, sustains a Prejudice from it : It is an Evil, that, as it were, starves Posterity, and defrauds our Country of those Persons, who, with due Care, might make an eminent Figure in their respective Posts of Life : For if we will trouble ourselves to look round with impartial Eyes, we shall be convinc'd, that there are, indeed, but very few to whom Nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some Science or other. There is a certain Byass towards Knowledge in every Mind, which may be strengthen'd and improv'd by proper Applications.

It must be then the great Business and Concern of *Parents* to set the Mind right, that on all Occasions it may be dispos'd to consent to nothing, but what may be suitable to the Dignity and Excellency of a rational Creature. As the Difference to be found in the Manners and Abilities of Men, is owing more to their *Education* than to any thing else, we have Reason to conclude, that great Care is to be had of the forming Childrens Minds, and giving them that Seasoning early, which shall influence their Lives always after. For when they do well or ill, the Praise or Blame will be laid there ; and when any Thing is done awkwardly, the common Saying will

will pass upon them, That *it is suitable to their Breeding.*

This very aptly brings into my Mind the Story of *Lycurgus*, the *Lacedæmonian* Lawgiver, as related by *Plutarch*. “ He
 “ took two Whelps of the same Litter,
 “ and order’d them to be bred in a quite
 “ different Manner ; a While after he took
 “ an Occasion, in an Assembly of the Peo-
 “ ple, to discourse of what great Advan-
 “ tage the customary Practice of whol-
 “ some Instructions and Precepts was to
 “ the Attainment of Virtue : In the Close
 “ of his Harangue he told them, that to
 “ insinuate his Arguments more power-
 “ fully, he would make an Appeal to
 “ their Senses, and let them see a De-
 “ monstration of his Words, by Example :
 “ Upon this, the two Whelps were order’d
 “ to be brought into the Hall, and there
 “ was set down to them a Dish of Frag-
 “ ments and a live Hare. One of the
 “ Dogs immediately (as he had been bred)
 “ flies upon the Hare, and the other as
 “ greedily runs to the Fragments. While
 “ the People were musing and racking
 “ their Brains to find out the Moral of
 “ this odd Proceeding : This, says *Lycur-*
 “ *gus*, is pursuant to what I before told
 “ you ; for see those Whelps do as they
 “ were bred ; and tho’ they are both of the

“ same Litter, yet the Diversity of Breed-
 “ ing hath made the one a good Hound,
 “ and the other a Curr, good for nothing
 “ but to lick Pots or Dishes.” The Effects
 of *Nature* and *Habit* are the same in every
 Species as in an Human Body. What
 Horse, well manag’d from a Colt proves
 not easily governable by the Rider? And
 are not the wildest and most savage Beasts
 made tame, and brought to Hand by In-
 dustry? *Youth* is the proper and only Sea-
 son for Erudition; and if it be neglected
 then, ’twill be too late, when Maturity ren-
 ders the Mind too stubborn and inflexible.

*Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice Magister
 Ire viam, quam monstrat Eques, &c.*

Says Horace,

*The Jockey trains the young and tender Horse,
 While yet soft-mouth’d he breeds him to the
 Course :*

*The Whelp, since when ’till’ Hall he learn’d
 to bark*

*At Buck-skins stuff’d, now ranges o’er the Park.
 Now, now, whilst young with virtuous Rules
 begin ;*

*Suck holy Precepts now, and free from Sin.
 What season’d first the Vessel keeps the Taste.*

CREECH.

The

The *Mind* is to be made obedient to *Discipline*, and pliant to *Reason*, while it is yet tender, and easy to be bow'd; but if we suffer ill Principles to get ground on Infancy, Vice to debauch, or Passion to pervert Reason, in that unguarded Age; when we have once made an ill Child, 'tis a foolish Expectation to promise ourselves he shall prove a good Man. Shall we wonder afterwards to taste the Waters bitter, when we ourselves have first poison'd the Fountain?

If our Young-ones labour under any Infirmity of Body, Nature knocks at our Breast, and all the Fears and Affections of a Parent are alarm'd to remove their Uneasiness; if their Cheeks but flush, or Pulses beat high, we are immediately apprehensive of some feverish Disposition; and should we not have as watchful an Eye on the Torments and distemper'd Sallies of their Souls? Shall we let pernicious Habits take their Course in *Youth*, and flatter ourselves, that as Sense strengthens, and Judgment grows ripe in them, they will correct in themselves the faulty Indulgences of their childish Years, or at least be better season'd by Age for the Precepts we can give them against Folly or Immorality? 'Tis a Supposition most erroneous in itself, and fatal in its Consequences;

sequences ; for he that is not us'd to submit his Will to the Reason of others when he is young, will scarce hearken or submit to his own Reason, when he is of an Age to make use of it : And what a kind of a Man such an one is like to prove, is easy to foresee. But could we admit, that this happy Change might be effected at approaching Maturity, shall we dare to promise ourselves Life to that Day, and that Heaven will spare us purposely on Earth for this procrastinated Reformation? I cannot forbear thinking we are subject to the Imputation wherewith, as *Diogenes Laertius* tells us, *Empedocles* charg'd the People of *Agrigentum* ; *Ædificare, ut semper Victuros* ; *genio indulgere, ut postridie morituros* : That they indulg'd themselves in Eating, as if they were to die on the Morrow ; but built up their Houses as if they were to live to Eternity : So do we humour our Children in Luxury and Intemperance, and make them Sharers in all our Extravagances, as if an Hereafter would be too late in those Points ; but we rear up their Souls and Inclinations to Virtue and good Manners as slowly, as if it were still too soon to begin the Structure. It would not be amiss in this great Duty of *Education*, to listen to the Admonition of *Pythagoras* ;
 δεῖ τεκνοποιεῖσθαι, δεῖ γὰρ ἀνικαλαλιπεῖν τὴς
 σεραπειας

Σεραπνεύσας τὸν Θεόν. *'Tis your Duty to endeavour at Increase in your Generation, because you ought to leave behind you those that may reverence and respect the Deity.* It is not a Praise to increase our Species in Number alone, if we cannot make our Workmanship of *Value*: Capacity, good Sense, and a thousand commendable inherent Qualities, may be interr'd in the Bosom of the Party that possesses them, and entirely lost to the World, if the Benefit of *Education*, and proper *Knowledge*, do not come in to their Relief, draw them forth from Obscurity, and make them as extensively useful as Nature first design'd. For what Man is not convinc'd he is an useless Person, though he has ever so many good Qualities, and ever such extraordinary Merit, when he considers at his Death, he leaves a World which is not like to miss him, and such Numbers to supply his Place?

Since then so much depends upon *Education*, great Care should be taken to form Children to the *Principles of Religion*: The Byass should be set right at first, and the Mind prepossess'd, as it were, for the Interest of Virtue. This is the Way to smoothe the Passage to an *happy Life*, to reconcile Appetite to Reason, and make the Affections more manageable afterwards. For the Motion is strongly directed, and the Bent
taken

taken from the first Impression: And Custom will make a good Practice as easy as a bad one. For as in Childhood the Memory is strong, and the Body capable of Application; so as yet the Mind is not overcharg'd with Cares, the Power of Interest is not grown up, and the Baits of Pleasure being somewhat out of Sight, they are unseiz'd by the Prevalence of Habit, and the Infection of ill Company.

Vice, if we may believe the general Complaint, ripens so fast now-a-Days, and runs up to Seed so early in young People, that it is almost impossible to keep them from the spreading Contagion, if we will venture them abroad in the Herd, and trust to Chance or their own Inclinations for the Choice of their Company. 'Tis *Virtue* which is the hard and valuable Part to be aim'd at in *Education*; all other Considerations and Accomplishments should give way, and be postpon'd to this. It is the solid and substantial Good we should labour to implant and fasten in their Souls, and never cease till they have attain'd a true *Relish* of it, and plac'd their Strength, their Glory, and their Pleasure in it. *All our Acquisitions by Labour, or Traffic; our Lands, Possessions, and every Thing, are subservient to Virtue*; says *Salust*, in his Proem to *Catiline*, *Quæ homines arant, navigant, ædificant,*

ædificant, virtuti omnia parent. Sed multi Mortales, dediti ventri, atque somno, indocti, incultique, vitam sicuti peregrinantes transiére: quibus profecto contra naturam, corpus voluptati, anima oneri fuit. Eorum ego vitam mortemque juxta æstimo: quoniam de utraque siletur. But there are a Number of Mortals, who being absolutely resign'd to Luxury and Laziness, without Learning or Embellishments, spend their whole Lives, like Travellers in a Foreign Country, without being known or taken notice of. To such Men as these, contrary to the Design and Institution of Nature, their Bodies have been all their Pleasure, but their Souls a Burthen and Clog on them: I look on their Lives and Deaths to be much the same, as both are the Objects of Silence and Obscurity.

'Tis scarce to be doubted, I think, but the very spring and Root of Honesty and Virtue lie in the Felicity of lighting on a *Good Education*: the bestowing of which, to the best of their Power and Capacity, is as incumbent on Parents, as the giving their Children Food and Raiment. And can that Man profess himself a Father, and pretend to Fondness and paternal Affection, that only uses his Child as a Play-thing, makes a Farce of Boyish Conversation, brings him up to Pomp of Habit, Nicety of Diet, and
a Series

a Series of new Pleasures, swells his little Breast with Pride, and Expectations of what he is born to ; yet neglects the Important Part of his Kindness, a *Liberal Education*? Should we not accuse an Husbandman of Laziness or Ignorance, that did not take care to prop up his feeble Plants? Should we not reckon him a weak Man, that kept a large Sum of Money by him, without turning it to Account or Improvement? And yet too many Fathers there are, that so love their Money beyond the Interest of their Children, that, lest it should cost 'em more than they are willing to spare, they rather rear them up in a cheap Ignorance. How can such Men deserve the Name of *Fathers*, who are more concern'd to gratify themselves or Friends in Trifles or Sensuality, than to have their Off-spring necessarily educated? *Crates*, the ancient Philosopher, was wont to say, That if he could universally be heard from an Eminence, he would make this Proclamation thence, *What mean you Fellow-Citizens, that you thus turn every Stone to scrape Wealth together, and take so little Care of your Children, to whom one Day you must relinquish it all?* Those *Parents* do like him that is solicitous about his Shoe, but neglects the Foot that is to wear it. This Indolence (not to give it a harsher Title) in *Fathers*, proceeds from that prevailing

prevailing Distemper of *Avarice*, that makes them only consider the present Moneys they save by this frugal Impiety, without having any distant Views to the fatal Consequences resulting from their sparing, but unjustifiable, Conduct and Oeconomy. The first, but certain Issue of this *Neglect of Education*, is, that the *Youth* becomes the Mark of Public Contempt and Derision: The Follies, he cannot by the bare Force of *unedified Nature* smother or correct, lay him open to the Observations, and thence malicious Detractions of Company: All their Wit and Envy is employ'd to sound his Want of Understanding; and when his Weakness has betray'd him to the Enemy, they most ungenerously insult the Wretch, and make him a Tool to their Pleasure and Raillery. Whoever certainly would with Seriousness peruse the Satyrical Character my Lord *Rochester* has given of an unpolish'd *Country Squire*, would firmly resolve to make it his Endeavour to protect his Son from deserving the Lash of such Satire.

In Easter Term,
 My young Master's Worship comes to Town;
 From Pedagogue and Mother just set free,
 The hopeful Heir of a great Family,
 That with strong Beer and Beef the Country-
 rules,

And

*And ever since the Conquest have been Fools.
 And still with careful Prospect to maintain
 That Character, lest crossing of the Grain
 Should mend the Booby-breed, his Friends
 provide*

A Cousin of his own to be his Bride.

And thus set out

*With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,
 The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life,
 Dungbil and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is un-
 done.*

It may be made an Observation of general Proof, and a Rule which admits of very few Exceptions, That your raw undisciplin'd Youth is ever fond of assuming the Character of a *Fine Gentleman*; but he pants after only the Bravery and Outside of their Composition; is affected with the Charms and Freedom of their Mien, and apes it with an aukward, but dissolute Gallantry. From this acquired *Fop*, he studies to make himself a *Rake*; thinks 'tis fine and fashionable to frequent public Places, where Men of reserv'd Notions and Principles decline being seen: Is ambitious of seeming to know the Town, be conversant with Gallantries and Extravagance; gleans the Histories of romantic Intrigues from Coffee-House Conversation, and puts them
upon

upon the next Company for his own. Yet tho' he talks with all the specious Information, he is this Woman's Cully, and the Sharper's Bubble. If of a timorous and cowardly Disposition, perhaps, he is only impotent in Vice, and a vain Affecter of being thought wild: If he have the Seeds of Daring and Resolution in his Soul, he steps boldly into Enormities, and is only afraid of being counted Sober and Precise: esteems all religious Duties Superstition and Priest-craft; a modest and virtuous Behaviour stupid and simple; looks on Morality as an unmanly Tye on his Temper; and that it is a Diminution to him either to be careful of his own Fame, or his Creditors Wants. Thus, thro' Contempt of a sound and orderly Way of Living, he precipitates himself into riotous and servile Pleasures. Then will those *Parents* dearly repent, when it is too late to amend it, and vex themselves even to Distraction for those vicious Courses of their Children, unto which their own Neglect hath betray'd them. When they behold them squandering their Substance in Feasting, shaking it off with Rooks at the Hazard-Table, employing it to compound a Drunken Battery, or lavishing it in the Support of a Strumpet's Extravagance; while by all these pursued Amusements of a deprav'd Inclination; they are only purchasing

chasing Diseases, riding Post after Poverty, and running themselves both out of Health and Credit.

One might be much more prolix in enumerating the ill Effects and Miscarriages that attend the Want of a regular Education; but let every Man's Imagination, from this short View, widen the Prospect of his own Thoughts; let him consider, in the Compass of his own Acquaintance, who has been faulty in this Regard, and then trace the known Consequence of that Error. If not yet so, let him in Fancy make himself a *future Father*, look with Detestation on an Omission that brands himself and his Posterity, and be ashamed to train up an Heir to his Fortunes, whom the whole World will judge imperfect, and but half made. I look upon a *Wise Father*, like an *Artful Painter*; the begetting his Child is only chalking out the Gross Lines of his Piece; Educating him, is laying the Colours, and the Manner of that Education, is the Strength and Felicity of his Lights and Shades: By the Boldness of the Strokes, and finishing Beauties, every one will determine of the Workman's Skill and Accuracy; by the Want of Strength, or Deviation of Nature, they will as readily find out his Ignorance or Carelessness: This Image puts me in Mind of a Story not
unapplicable

unapplicable to these deficient and unperforming Fathers. 'Tis said, *A wretched Painter, shewing Apelles a Picture, told him wilful, That he had taken a very little Time to draw it. If thou hadst not told me so, said Apelles, I see Cause enough to believe it was a hasty Draught.* The Manners, and Deportment of our Sons will be strong Evidences of our Negligence in cultivating them, and lay us open to the Reproof of every judicious Observer.

'Tis plain, therefore, that a *good Education*, and *regular Instruction*, are the best Portions we can bestow on our Children, and such only as can truly enrich them; and those two afford great Helps and Assistances towards the Attainment of Virtue and Felicity. For all other good Things are but Human, and of small Value, such as will hardly recompence the Industry requir'd to the getting of them. We all might desire to be well descended; but 'tis of our Ancestor's Goods, not our own: Riches are valuable, but the Goods of Fortune, who frequently takes them from the Possessors, and carries them to those that never so much as hop'd for them. Glory is a Thing deserving Respect, but unstable; Beauty is a Blessing, but of a short Continuance; Health a precious Enjoyment, but easily impair'd; Strength a Quality of Desire
and

and Service, but apt to be the Prey of Diseases and old Age : But the inherent Possessions of Virtue and sound Principles, and those noble Qualifications of the Mind which are treasur'd there, by a just Institution and habitual Practice, are not to be molested by Fortune, decay'd by Time, or taken away by the Tyranny of Accidents.

'Tis *Education* alone that can mend Nature, and improve the Talents of that great Benefactress. Has she given us a competent Share of Sense and Reason? *Education* carries up our Sense to Wisdom, and our Reason to Judgment. It is the learned *Alchymist* that purges away our Dross, and sublimes our Dispositions: That reads us Lectures of Use upon every Turning and Winding of our Actions; informs us in our general and particular Duties; teaches us to worship Heaven, to honour our Parents, to reverence our Elders, to subject ourselves to the Laws, to obey our Governors, to love our Friends, to cherish our Wives, be affectionate to our Children, and not insolently injurious to our Servants: It strikes in with Philosophy in many Lessons; teaches us not to be over-joyed in Prosperity, nor too much dejected in Adversity: not to be dissolute in our Pleasures; nor in Anger to be transported to a Fury that is brutal.

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But may it not be objected, that the *refined Education*, which is capable of these Advantages, is calculated but for *one Class* of People: That I have accommodated my Precepts to the *Rich* alone, and neglected to suit them to the Children of the *Plebeian*? I hope my Discourse shall not be a Sufferer by this Construction; every one is to consult his Fortune and Circumstances, and with the Direction of his Country Adage, *Cut his Coat according to his Cloth*. If some through the Narrowness of their Estates, are disabled from making the Advantages they otherwise might, they have discharg'd their Duty, in bestowing on their Children the best *Education* that their Abilities will reach: I have not limited my Discourse to any particular Method of pursuing it; I have spoken as yet abstractedly of the Matter, with Reference to the Influences it has on the Mind, and as it may be the Road to lead Children to Virtue and Goodness.

It is therefore in every *Parent's* Power, of what Degree or Circumstances soever, by Exhortations, and rational Motives, to prepare the Breast of his Child for the Reception of what is just and right; to reprehend or encourage him according to the Variety of Occasions; to make his Memory the Store-House of Piety and good Principles; to make him affable and

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courteous in Discourse and Behaviour ; to keep him from Luxury ; bridle his Passions, and restrain his Actions ; to set Examples before him fit for his Imitation, and not debauch his Conduct by Patterns of Licentiousness ; to accustom him to speak the Truth ; and to account it, as indeed it is, a Matter of Religion so to do.

These are Points independent on *Affluence* or *Straightness of Fortune* ; and wherein *Parents* will assist themselves from their own Prudence, and Propensity to Virtue : The Case differs as to that other Branch of *Education*, the giving their Children the *Knowledge of Books*, and of the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences* ; which I shall comprehend under the general Title of *Learning*.



L E A R N .



LEARNING.

THOUGH *Cicero* has asserted, that *Nature*, without *Learning*, has oftener been of Prevalence to the Attainment of Praise and Virtue, than *Acquir'd Learning* without the Foundation of a *Natural Capacity*; yet he means it not as a Doctrine that should discourage our Affection to *Letters*. For however deeply that great Man stood indebted to *Nature*, his Obligations were still higher to *Books* and *Knowledge*; his Faculty of *Pleading*, and Charms of *Oratory*, arose from his Diligence and Accuracy in Study: He could condemn the light Amusements of a Festival, or any other inviting Pleasures of his Time, and taste a solid and sincere Enjoyment in the Perusal of an *Author*, that feasted his Senses, and improv'd his Mind.

I cannot conceive the Man absolutely compleat, whose natural Endowments are not assisted and cultivated by *Learning*; we

ought to have the same Mixture in us on all Occasions, as *Horace* judges necessary to a Poet for the composing of a perfect Poem.

————— *Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit, video, ingentium; alterius ſig
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amicé.*

————— *To ſpeak my Thought I hardly know
What witteſs Art, or artleſs Wit can do:
Each by itſelf is vain, I'm ſure; but joined,
Their Force is ſtrong; each proves the others Friend.*

There are Millions of Inſtances that evidence the Force of Industry and neceſſary Application: I ſhall content myſelf with one Compariſon, which is obvious to every Man's Thoughts, and which to me ſeems applicable to the Purpoſe in Hand. A Man's Ground may of itſelf be good; yet if it be unmanured, it will contract Barrenneſs; and by how much the better it was naturally, by ſo much will it be rendered the worſe, if through Careleſſneſs it be ill-huſbanded. On the other Side, let a Man's Ground be more than ordinarily rough and rugged, yet Experience tells us, that if it be well manured, it will quickly be made capable of answering his Labour. Thus a
good

good natural Capacity may be impar'd by *Slothfulness* and *Disuse*; *thus dull and heavy natural Parts* may be improved by *Instructions* and *Industry*. If *Nature* be not improved by *Learning*, it is *blind*; if *Learning* be not assisted by *Nature*, it is *maim'd*: And if *Exercise* fail of the Assistance of both, it is *imperfect*, as to the Attainment of its End.

On my Perusal of PLATO'S *Immortality of the Soul*, I could not help being affected with one peculiar Notion of *Socrates*, where he advances, "That the Learning we acquire by Pains and hard Study, is but a Remembrance and Recollection of our Ideas; that the Knowledge of them all was implanted in us before we were born; and if we were not continually forgetting the Knowledge of these Impressions, there would be the same Necessity for us always to know them, as to be born with them: For that the Definition of Knowing, is to retain, and not lose what we have learned; and the Definition of Forgetting, is the losing that Knowledge we before were possessed of." It could not certainly be amiss, as to our *Improvement*, if we could believe those Principles true; if we could persuade our selves that *Nature* had furnish'd us with *Universal Knowledge*, which thro' the Weakness and Insolence of *Childhood*

good we have forfeited and suffered to slide gradually from our Memories: How carefully should we labour to retrieve the Knowledge of those lost Idea's, and refurnish our Souls by Diligence and Study, with those Treasures we first ow'd to the Beneficence of *Nature*?

However, without wandering after such eccentric Sentiments, we need no stronger Incentives to *Learning*, than to know what Figures we shall make in the World with this great Accomplishment. Let us but cast our Eyes abroad, and see how the *Gentleman* is improv'd by the *Scholar*: How by the Labour of a few Years of *Eradition*, he stands possess'd of Advantages that will stick by him to his latest Hour: What exalted Notions he entertains from it of his Creator's Omnipotence, and Indulgence to Man! What a wide Scene of Nature, and her Operations, is open'd to his View! What Grounds it gives him of Admiration and Delight! How is his Taste of Enjoyments refin'd! And how is he made capable of being charm'd, and of charming in his Turn, with communicated *Knowledge*! Nobility, Riches, State and Supremacy can procure us a customary Respect, and make us the Idols of an unthinking Croud; but *Knowledge* and *Learning* alone recommend us to the Love of those in
a supe-

a superior Class, who admire more the Merits of our Understanding, than the Advantages of our Birth and Fortune. *Learning* alone, of all Things in our Possession, is immortal and divine: And two Things there are that are most peculiar to Human Nature, *Understanding* and *Reason*; of which two, the *Understanding* is the Master of *Reason*, and *Reason* the Servant of the *Understanding*. These are against all Assaults of Fortune impregnable; not to be taken away by false Accusation, or impair'd by Sickness or enfeebled by Old Age. For the *Understanding* only grows youthful by Age; and Time which decays all other Things increaseth *Knowledge* in us in our decaying Years. We may be plunder'd of our Wealth, defrauded of our Lands, and our Books may become the Prey of some malicious Accident; but that Chance which robs us of our *Library*, cannot take from us the Advantages we have reap'd by our prior Resort to it: Every Man of Reason and Solidity, must be touch'd with the agreeable Answer of *Socrates*, who, when *Gorgias* ask'd him, *What his Opinion was of the King of Persia, and whether he judg'd him happy*, reply'd, *That he could not tell what to think of him, because he knew not how well he was furnished with Virtue and Learning.* As judging human Felicity

to consist in those Endowments, and not those which are subject to Fortune. In a Word *Learning* is your Companion and Assistant in every Age, Place, and Circumstance; *Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent: delectant domi, non impediunt foris: pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur*, says *Cicero*. These Studies cheirish our Youth, and delight our Age; are the Ornaments of our Prosperity, and Refuge and Comfort in Adversity; they please us when at home, and never impede our Occasions when abroad; they will watch the Night with us, be our Fellow-Travellers in the Road, and our Amusements in the Country.

But to dwell no longer on the bare Praise and Recommendation of *Learning*, I will endeavour to make my Sentiments of Use, and explain how I would be understood when I advise this Attainment: I should ever heartily wish my Son to be a *Scholar*, never desire to see him a Pedant; be satisfied that he was thoroughly acquainted with his Authors, but be disgusted to find him eternally smell of them: Garlic and Onions are not half so nauseous at second Hand, as to be rudely breathed upon by a Retailer of Fragments:
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The Man looks monstrous that stalks about like a walking Library, and is for spouting his *Pagan* Quotations on every Company: This is a Vice and Crudity of Learning: 'Tis plain there must be an Indigestion of Knowledge, when the Party is so oppressed with its Vapours. I love to see a Man that has *Modesty* equal to his Capacity; that does not covet to appear like an Inquisition on his Neighbour's Parts; that makes *Learning* an *Embellishment*, not an *Affectation*; and can be content to communicate his Ideas of Things, without assuming an Air of Superiority over the Person to whom he communicates.

The Choice of the *Tutor* or *Schoolmaster* is of great Moment to the Child's Improvement: He ought to be a Man that can read *Temper*, as well as Books, and see as far into the Bent of his Pupil's Inclinations, as his Author's Meaning: He should know how to adapt the Classics to the Genius; and not impose *Homer* and *Horace*, where *Demosthenes* or *Cæsar's Commentaries* would be more acceptable. We have from our Infancy a particular Taste for a particular Subject and Argument: If our Desires are turned to Poetry, *Virgil* and *Ovid* will still have fresh Charms; if our Talents lie to *Eloquence* and *Oratory*, *Cicero* will make

the strongest Impressions; or if our Delight be confin'd to History, there are Authors of Purity that may feast our Minds with that Science. This is what the *Tutor* is to find and practise on the *Scholar*: But above all, he must labour not to set his Scholar's Capacity on the Rack; or put him on losing his Way in *Livy*, at an Age when he is only fit to travel through *Corderius* or *Æsop*.

Nor do I think we are to waste our Youth at School only to learn the Construction of *Greek* or *Latin*, or any other dead Language: There is more requisite than Grammar and Syntax, Themes and Distichs; *Tam vitæ quam Scholæ discere necesse est*; we must learn Things useful to our Conduct, as well as to dispute methodically. When we once understand our Author's Language, let us endeavour to be Masters of his Spirit; enter into his Genius, Wit, Designs, and Dispositions of them; enquire into the Principles and Morality he advances; and if good, make them Standards for our private Imitation. Thus will *Learning* be useful and wholesome; our Improvement rise gradually, as our Judgments ripen; our Breasts be furnish'd with Rules and Ideas noble and practicable, and remote from those Trifles which most suit the popular Humour.

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We are not only to govern our Appetites in the Delights of Eating and Drinking, but also to enure them to a like Temperance in Reading; that while we make use of Authors as Food, we may pursue that which is wholesome and profitable in those Things which we read with most Pleasure. For as a City cannot be secure, if but one Gate be left open to receive the Enemy; though all the rest be shut; so neither can a Youth be safe, though he be sufficiently fortified against the Assaults of all other Pleasures, whilst he is without any Guard against those of the Ear. And by how much the nearer the Commerce is betwixt the Delights of that Sense, and those of the Mind and Reason; by so much the more, when he lies open on that Side is he apt to be debauch'd and corrupted thereby.

I design this Caution principally in the Reading of the *Poets*; for though *Poetry* may afford sweet and wholesome Nourishment to the Minds of young Men, yet it contains likewise no less Matter of Disturbance and Emotion to them that want a right Conduct in the Study thereof. The *Epicureans* were so particularly prejudic'd against this Science, that as they look'd on it not only as unprofitable, but hurtful, so it was one of their Injunctions on their Disciples,

Ποιήματα ἀγνοεῖν, ἢ ἂν ποιεῖν, *neither to read nor make Poems.* Youth therefore here must keep a Guard on itself, and be careful of being seduced to their Hurt, by that which affords them so much Delight. For as *Poetry* many Times describes, by Imitation, foul Actions, unseemly Manners, and Passions, the young Student must not in such Descriptions (altho' perform'd never so artificially and commendably) believe all that is said as true, or embrace it as good; but give it its due Commendation only so far as it suits the Subject treated of. For the Goodness of Things themselves differs much from the Goodness of the Imitation of them: The Goodness of the latter, consisting only in Propriety and Aptness to represent the former. Now the Fiction and Representation of evil Acts, when it withal acquaints us with the Shame and Damage befalling the Doers, is so far from hurting, that it rather profits him that reads it: And Boys may be instructed by reading the *Poets* as they ought, to draw even from those Passages that are most suspected for wicked and absurd, something that is useful and profitable: as the *Bee* is taught by Nature to gather the sweetest Honey from the hardest Flowers and sharpest Thorns.

Mr.

Mr. *Locke* in his excellent *Treatise of Education*, seems so averse to the cherishing and improving of a *Poetic Vein*, that he is against Boys making of Verses at School. He thinks Parents should labour to have it stifled and suppressed as much as may be; and knows not what Reason a Father can have to wish his Son a *Poet*, who does not desire to have him bid Defiance to all other Callings and Business. I cannot apprehend the real Danger he intimates from *Versification*. Shall a Youth, because he finds some Charms in writing an Epigram, or trying at an Elegy, instantly shake Hands with all Thoughts and Designs of Gravity and Moment; *Poeta nascitur non fit*, is a Maxim which will always, in my Opinion, take off the Edge of this Argument: If Nature have not strongly turned a Youth's Genius that Way, if he be not born with the Seeds of *Poetry* in his Breast, he may with Security read all their Works, and try his Fancy at every distinct Species of Verse; yet not be injured, as to the Measures he is to take in Life, either from his Parents Prescriptions, or his own Inclinations.

This great Man seems likewise to be of Opinion, that *Latin* and *Language* are the least Part of a *Child's Education*. I think Infancy can never be over-burden'd with
too

too many *Languages*, and that the utmost Care should be taken to teach them to Children. There is no Condition of Life in which these are not useful to them, and lead them equally to the Depths of *Learning*, or the easier and more agreeable Parts of *Knowledge*. If this kind of Study, so painful and so laborious, is put off 'till Men are somewhat older, and come to that Age, stiled by the Name of Youth, either they cannot make it the Object of their Choice, or if they do, they find it impossible to persevere in it. 'Tis to consume that Time in the *Quest* of Languages, which is set apart for the *Use* which ought to be made of them; 'tis confining to the Knowledge of Words, an Age which wants already to go further, and seek for Things; 'tis, at the best, losing the finest and most valuable Years of one's Life.

So great and so necessary a Foundation can never rightly be laid, unless it be when the Soul naturally receives every Thing, and is capable of deep Impressions; when the Memory is fresh, quick, and fit for Study; when the Mind and Heart are void of Passions, Cares, and Desires; and when those who have a right to dispose of us, design us for long and painful Labours. I am perswaded, the small Number of true Scholars, and great Number of superficial

cial ones, come from the Neglect of this Practice.

Languages are no more than the *Keys of Sciences*; yet he who despises one flights the other: And there is a sort of Courage needful to support some Tempers against the Scandal of *Learning*: They have entertain'd an established Opinion against Learned Men; they won't allow them to know the World, how to live, nor to have any Genius for Society; and so send them back stripp'd to their Closet and their Books. As *Ignorance* is an easy State, which costs but little Pains, most of the World follow it, and form such a numerous Party in Court, City, and Country, that the *Learned* cannot bear up against them. With many People *Learned* and *Pedantry* are synonymous: Nay, often when the rich Man speaks, and speaks of *Learning*, the *Learned Man* must be silent, listen and applaud, at least, if he would not pass *only* for *Learned*.

I grant that to take Measures wholly from *Books*, without looking into Men and Business, is like travelling in a Map, where, though Countries and Cities are well enough distinguish'd, yet Villages and private Seats are either overlook'd, or too generally marked for a Stranger to find. To be constantly in the Wheel, has neither Pleasure

sure nor Improvement in it. A Man may as well expect to grow stronger by always Eating, as wiser by always Reading. Too much overcharges Nature, and turns more into Disease than Nourishment. But *Books* well managed, afford Direction and Discovery: They strengthen the Organs, enlarge the Prospect, and give a more universal Insight into Things, than can be learned from unlettered Observation. If they are well chosen, they neither dull the Appetite, nor strain the Capacity, but refresh the Inclinations, strengthen the Power, and improve under Experiment: They entertain and perfect at the same Time, and convey Wisdom and Knowledge through Pleasure.

I am not to learn, That the polishing of our *Understandings*, whilst we neglect our *Manners*, is of all things the most inexcusable: It may be too frequently seen, perhaps, that a *wise Man* is not always a *good one*, and that the most *polite Ages* are the *least virtuous*. But this may be attributed to the Folly of admitting *Wit* and *Learning* as Merit in themselves, without considering the Application of them. *The Design of Learning*, says an applauded Author, is either to render a Man an agreeable Companion to himself, and teach him to support Solitude with Pleasure; or, if he is not born to an

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Estate, to supply that Defect, and furnish him with the Means of getting one. For Learning, whether speculative or practical, is, in popular or mix'd Governments, the natural Source of Wealth and Honour.

There are a set of Men in the World who make it their Business to undervalue and depreciate every Thing: These will not want Sentences to the Prejudice of *Learning*: They cry, with a contemptuous and magisterial Air, That it usually does but improve what Nature endow'd us with: That he who wants good Sense, is unhappy in having it; for he has thereby only more Ways of exposing himself: And that he who has Sense, knows that Learning is not Knowledge; but rather the Art of using it.

I have one Thing to observe before I close this Head; which is, That however great and serviceable a Qualification *Learning* is, it is not of equal Service or Importance to every distinct Degree of Men. 'Tis scandalous for a Gentleman of Birth or Fortune to know no more than he owes to the mere *Light of Nature*, the *Information of Company*, or *Family Conversation*. But the Want of Letters and politer Knowledge is a very excusable Defect in him, who, after he is once gone from School, is never to have more to do with it as long as he lives. Can there be any thing more ridiculous,

culous, than that a Father should waste his Money and Son's Time, in setting him to learn the *Roman Language*, when at the same Time he designs him for a *Trade*, wherein he, having no Use of *Latin*, fails not to forget that little which he brought from School, and which, 'tis ten to one, he abhors, for the ill Usage it procured him? Could it be believed, unless we had every where amongst us Examples of it, that a Child should be forced to learn the Rudiments of a Language, which he is never to use in the Course of his Life he is designed to; and neglect all the while the *Writing a good Hand*, and *Casting Accompts*, which are of great Advantage in all Conditions of Life, and to most Trades indispensably necessary;

If I can give my Son a Fortune sufficient to keep him above the Assistance of a Trade and Employment to help out his Subsistence; if he have enough to make a Figure, and be independent on the World; let his *Learning* and Accomplishments be as universal as *Schools* and *Academies* can furnish him withal; but if Providence have placed him in a lower Sphere, if he must toil and struggle through the World for a Livelihood, the *Classic Learning* will not be the best Step to his Advancement: There are Attainments of a meaner

meaner Nature will serve him most, such as will turn him best for *Business*, and are requisite for a Man of *Trade* or *Commerce*.

I cannot shut up this Article, without a gentle Reproof to those who have been such shallow Proficients from a *Liberal Education*, that they have only a sickly Affectation of being *thought learned*: These undefined Students will tell you, *That Books are more instructive than travelling; and give you to understand, that they are Masters of a tolerable Library*. If you are at the Trouble of inspecting it, perhaps, you may find the Collection large, not of choice and select Authors: Number and Quality is their Recommendation; and if they are gilt and lettered, well bound, and of the best Editions, no matter what the *Oglio* consists of; for the Possessors seldom put them out of their Ranks, or care to enter their boasted *Library*, but out of a Vanity and Ambition of shewing it.

Others there are, who, by an intemperate Desire of Knowledge, and Unwillingness to be ignorant of any Thing, are greedy of *all Sorts of Learning*, and Masters of none; fonder of *knowing much*, than *knowing well*; and had rather be superficial Smatterers in several Sciences, than to dive profoundly into any single one: They every where

where meet with Masters to reclaim them ; are Bubbles to their own vain Curiosity ; and often, by very painful Efforts, can but just extricate themselves from the greater Ignorance.

Others again have the *Key of the Sciences*, but never enter themselves ; they spend their Lives in *learning* remote and useless *Languages*. The most trifling *Idioms*, the most ridiculous and magical *Characters* employ their Minds, and excite their Industry ; they pity those who content themselves with their own Language, or at most with *Greek* and *Latin*. These Men read all Historians, and know nothing of History ; run through all Books, but are not the wiser for any ; their Defect is a *barren Ignorance* of Things and Principles : But their best Collection, their greatest Riches, consist in Abundance of *Words* and *Phrases*, which they huddle together, and load their Memory withal, while their Understandings are empty and uninformed.

In fine, nothing has done *Learning* more Diservice among the sensible Part of Mankind, than that indiscreet Value which *Men of Letters* oftentimes put upon the most trifling Parts of Knowledge ; that *μικροφιλοτιμία* in the Way of Scholarship, of which *Theophrastus* has given us a Character, as it relates to human Life and Affairs.

Affairs. 'Tis this that has brought so ill a Report upon Critics, and Criticism, and sunk extremely the Value of that Sort of Knowledge, which has been of such excellent Use to the World, when wisely employed.



DRESS,



D R E S S .

NO sooner are our *Young Gentlemen* disengag'd from the Confinement of *Schools* and *Universities*, but they desire to appear independent in the World, to have their Conduct and Allowance in their own Hands, and to make a *Figure* from their own Actions and Appearance: There is now a new Formation of the Man begun, to which the *Taylor*, *Milliner*, *Perrukemaker*, and *Hofier*, are all to contribute in their several Occupations. There is a Council held on every individual Part of the Body's Furniture, and the grand Business of Life seems to consist in Knowledge of *Fashion* and *Propriety of Dress*.

All *Gentlemen of Fortune*, at least the *Young* and *Middle-Aged*, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their *Dress*; and consequently to value others in some Measure upon the same Consideration: For it is grown, as the *Guardian* happily observes,

observes, of universal Use in the Conduct of Life: Civilities and Respect are only paid to *Appearance*. 'Tis a Varnish that gives a Lustre to every Action; a *Passé par-tout*, that introduces us into all polite Assemblies; and the only certain Method of making most of the Youth of our Nation conspicuous.

Nor is this Extravagance of *Foppery* confin'd alone to what we might call our *Diurnal Habit*; nor can we be barely content to flourish in a *laced Coat*, and a *full-bottomed Perriwig*; but we must be equally modish and tawdry in that Undress, we refinedly stile a *Deshabillé*. We have too many of your empty *Virtuoso's*, that are ambitious of glittering in this State of Negligence, and seem to take a gay *Cap* and *Slippers*, with a *Scarf* and *Party-colour'd Gown*, to be the Ensigns of Dignity and Distinction.

The *Advice to the Ladies* in the Regulation of *Dress*, is as proper and applicable to our Sex, and the Reflection drawn from the primitive Designs of Habit, as much a Subject for our Meditation. We should consider that *Cloaths* were not the Effect of Pride, but of Sin; and that instead of making us vain, they should serve to humble and mortify us, as having lost that Innocence which was a much greater Ornament

ment to us than the most glorious Apparel can be ; since Shame was the Original of Cloathing, it ought to be modest ; and all Fashions which are not so, are sinful, arguing the Wantonness of the Wearer, and provoking that of the Spectator ; both which carry Sin in them.

There is not a more contemptible Animal in Nature, than a *Man of meer Outside* : I at once abhor, and am ashamed of the Creature, that can look on the fashionable *Head of a Cane, or Hinge of a Snuff-Box*, to be Accomplishments ; that values himself only on exterior Ornaments ; and thinks *Conduſt* consists in the Regulation of a Grimace, a practised Smile, or a studied Bow.

There are a Set of such intollerable *Fops* in the World, that seeing but a new fashioned *Shoe*, will look upon their own, and blush, and can no longer believe themselves dressed : That come to Church, only to shew themselves : Are proud of a soft Hand, which they preserve so by a scented Paste ; Laugh with or without Reason, because either way they shew the Whiteness of their Teeth : They study an engaging Turn of the Head, and a sort of Sweetness and Languishing in the Eyes, which they never forget to make use of, as Graces to set themselves off : Their
very

very Gaits are contrived, and artificial, and every Step they take borrow'd from a Minuet : 'Tis true, they wear Breeches and a Hat, and have some aukward Pretence to Humanity ; but they are so strongly offensive to good Sense and Reason, that I had rather see an honest *Hod-mandod*, with his Girdle of raw Guts about him.

It may perhaps be reply'd, in Vindication of *Dress* and *Fashion*, That as Man is govern'd principally by his Senses, and lively struck by the Objects which appear to him in an agreeable Manner, *Cloaths* contribute to make us agreeable Objects, and we owe it to ourselves to labour to appear such. Every Day's Experience shews us, among Variety of People with whom we are not acquainted, that we take Impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of Men at first Sight from their *Habit*. I think there is a Conduct and Medium to be observ'd in *Dress*, as much as any Thing. A Youth in the Possession of an ample Fortune, cannot recommend his Understanding to those who are not of his Acquaintance more suddenly, than by *Sobriety* in his *Habit* : As this is winning at first Sight, so a Person gorgeously fine, gives as immediate Offence.

*Est modus in rebus sunt certi denique fines;
Quos ultra, citraque, nequit consistere rectum.*

Says Horace,

*There is a Mean in all Things, certain Rules;
Which to transgress confirms us Knaves or
Fools.*

I would not have my Son practise *Rusticity* in his Apparel, or be careless therein to a Pitch of Nastiness ; let him be cautious of either Extreme : There is a wide Interval betwixt the *Sloven* and the *Fop* ; and sometimes as much Pride taken, and Affectation used, of being unlike the rest of the World in Dress, as equipping the *accomplished Beau*.

I would be understood, that I mean it is a foolish thing, and which very much betrays our Weakness, to surrender ourselves wholly to reigning Customs, and be Slaves to *Fashion*, either in Diet or *Habit*, in Health or in Conscience : To have an Affection, not for those Things which are best, but for those which are most sought after, and in Vogue. A Man of *Mode* cannot be long so ; for Fashions are very transitory : One has hardly destroyed another, but 'tis jostled out by a newer, which must itself make way for its Successor, and which will not
be

be the last ; such is our Levity. During these Revolutions an Age is spun out, and then all these favourable Embellishments are ranked among Things past, and dead to Imitation.

A Gentleman's *Mien* and *Behaviour* are sufficient to discover him, without any great Dependence upon Shops and Taylors. After all, the best Way of distinguishing, is by the *Qualities of the Mind*. Let Persons of Condition strive rather to be richer in their Disposition than the Vulgar : Let them put on a better *Humour*, wear a finer *Understanding*, and shew a more shining *Fortitude*. Let them appear remarkably just, inoffensive and obliging. This is the way to be nobly popular, and gives them the Hearts, as well as the Ceremony of their Inferiors.

Is the Largeness of our Circumstances to be taken as an Excuse for *Prodigality in Habit* ? Because we abound in Money and Vanity, have we therefore the Liberty of being as expensive and modish as we please ? No, if our Fortunes swell to an Excess, let the Surplusage of our Wealth rather be employed in *Clothing the Poor* : Let our Superfluities supply their Want of Necessaries ; and such a generous Use of Fortune will give Lustre to our Reputations, and

make the World look with Wonder and Regard upon us.

With what Advantage shall we convey our *Memoirs* to Posterity; by making our Substance beneficial to our Country, and laying out our Abilities in the Service of Religion, in promoting *Arts* or *Knowledge*, in easing the Distress of suffering Merit, and setting it free from the Tyranny of Debts, and insupportable Oppression of a starving Circumstance? 'Tis to be hoped we have, and always shall have shining Examples of *Charity*; some that think themselves *Heaven's Stewards* in the Application of their Estates, and employ the intrusted Talents in doing Offices of *God*: These Men can condemn the false Glare of a *Wardrobe*; and know that *fine Cloaths* signify nothing in the Value of a Man, because they are but Signs of Wealth at best; and as Cloaths don't suppose a Man considerable, so neither can they make him so: Such Men as these rather despise this Kind of *Finery*; they are above stooping to the vulgar Notion of Things, and scorn to establish their Reputation by counterfeit Signs of Worth.

I believe I may dare pronounce it a general Maxim, That the greatest Pride and Affectation in *Apparel*, are lodged with Persons of the most substantial *Ignorance*.

The

The Souls of *Idiots* are actuated meerely by frail Sense; their Eyes are made their principal Directors, and draw them into every pleasing Gaiety that strikes their *Fancy* through that Sense: Diversity of Colour has there a powerful Charm; *Beauty* and *Elegance* consist in the dear *Variety*, and *Worth* and *Distinction* are the Consequences of their *Finery*. These *Fools in Trappings* are enough to make Men of Gravity and sound Reason sick of rich Habits; and such a Prostitution of *Dress* must make it nauseous to the Wise. We should be cautious of imitating the Extravagances of a Blockhead in many Respects; and shall we set a Guard on our Actions only, yet at the same Time put on the Colours of Foolery? It is sinking beneath our proper Level, going out of the Character we would in other Things support, and disgracing the Dignity of our Nature by admiring *Trifles*.

I could wish our *Country*, like many Parts abroad, oblig'd its Subjects to a Distinction of *Degrees in Habits*; that we had *sumptuary Laws* to confine the Condition of Persons, and asserting the Heraldry of their *Dress*; as well as Precedency in *Birth* and *Quality*: Then should our *Nobility*; be distinguished from our *Gentry*; our *Gentry* from *Traders* and *Mechanics*; and every Class and Order of Men restrain'd from an ille-

gal aspiring into a forbidden Station. How many Tricks have been carried on, Fortunes stole, and Frauds committed, by a worthless Inferior's putting on an Air of Quality, assuming a Figure he had no Pretence to, and deceiving the Credulity of unsuspecting Strangers, that have taken his Appearance of Grandeur for real, and consented to their own Impositions, from the superficial Lustre of a disguised Varlet?

There is one important Consideration, which makes me with some Ardour desire such a Restriction; which is, That the Credit and Fortune of an *industrious Tradesman* too often sink in the supporting the Extravagance of those, whom Vanity prompts to provide such *Apparel*, as the State of their Purse and Condition have no Pretence to. How many are there that profess *Gentry* in the World, and are proud of the boasted Worth of their Families, yet have neither Honour nor Conscience enough to discharge these personal Engagements, but protract Payment to an unreasonable Date, and perhaps at last force their Creditor to the Trouble of a Prosecution? 'Tis an ignominious Piece of Injustice in us to stand indebted for the *Finery* we have worn Thread-bare, and calls our Reason as well as Honour in Question. Let us make the Case our own, and we

we shall condemn the Practice with the utmost Freedom and Impartiality : If a reputed Friend presume so far on his Interest in my Affection, as to borrow my Habit, and having borrowed, neglect to return it : Shall I not count him dishonest and ungenerous ? And shall I, on the Strength of my Figure and Circumstances, prevail on a *Tradesman* to furnish me on Trust with what I mean to be careless in paying for ? And shall not he have as vile a Suspicion of my Integrity ? Believe me, these intentional Delays are real Frauds ; and however they appear in the Eye of the Law, in Fact they are but *more licensed Robberies*. We may sin this Way with greater Indemnity ; but the Escape of Punishment takes not off from the Blackness of our Crime : All but such as are accustomed to the same Fault, will despise our Morals for it, and be apt to believe, that it is not bare Conscience which restrains us from Enormities, which would make us liable to a judicial Correction.

It seems to me plain, that a distinguishing Bravery of *Habit* is only proper to mark out the Patrician, or add exterior Authority to those who are possessed of public Charges in a Government. For as People generally take their Measures more from the Appearance, than Reason of Things,

their Apprehensions are so disposed, that they think nothing *great* but what is *gambours*, and glitters upon the Senses : And if their Governours had not some Advantage of them in Figure, they would be apt to overlook their Character; and forget their Distance. Here is only an innocent Stratagem, to deceive the *Vulgar* into Duty, and to awe them into a just Sense of *Obedience*.

But granting this Furniture of the Body may be somewhat of Guard to Authority, yet no public Person has any Reason to value himself upon it : For the Design of this Sort of State is only to comply with the Weakness of the Multitude. He should rather be sorry that his Authority needs the Support of so little an Artifice, and depends in any Measure upon the Use of such Trifles. Nor in reality are we to imagine the *Magistrate* cannot support his Office without *fine Cloaths* : For if he be furnish'd with general *Prudence*, with Abilities particular to his Business, and has a competent Share of *Power*, he needs not doubt his Influence over the People.

It may be likewise urged, with Respect to *Quality*, that without the additional Distinction of *Dress*, it may be sufficiently maintained by *Title*, *Arms*, and *Precedency* : And that there is no Necessity for Persons, without Jurisdiction, to march always with Colours

Colours displayed, or make a needless Ostentation of their Wealth and Grandeur : For admitting that Persons of *Quality* have some little Colour for their Vanity, yet *Singularity* seems to have always a Spice of *Arrogance* in it.

Besides, if we will weigh the Matter justly, for Persons of Condition to expect an extraordinary Observance upon the Account of fine *Gloaths*, argues them conscious of their own little Worth, and seems to imply, that the greatest Part of their *Quality* comes out of the *Dressing-Room* : That having nothing to prefer them to the Esteem of the Judicious, they are contented to take up with the Ceremony of the Ignorant, and with a little *Glitter* and *Pageantry* draw the gazing unthinking *Mobile* to admire them.

Upon the whole Matter, the appearing pompous in *Equipage* or *Habit*, is but a vain-glorious publishing our own *Grandeur* ; a silent triumphing over the *Inferiority* of others, and is in Effect to proclaim ourselves extraordinary People. Should we not sneer, and think it odd in a *Soldier*, to give a History of his *Valour* and *Conduct* in Conversation ? Or for a Man of *Learning* to make Harangues upon his own *Parts* and *Performances*, and tell the Company how ignorant they are in respect of him ? And

yet we can submit to let our Vanity boast itself in glaring Colours, and the Richness of our *Outside* speak the real or pretended Excess of our Circumstances, without thinking ourselves accuseable to the World of *Pride*, or a nauseous *Ostentation*.

There is one thing, more than the Odium of *Vanity*, which makes this over-curious Regard to the *Drapery* worthy to be censured: That when the governing Passion in a Man lies this Way, it too generally poisons his Disposition to good Offices: His *Charity* is disabled, his *Good-Nature* fails, *Justice* is overlooked, and he is lost to all the noble Purposes of Life: Hence are *Relations* neglected, *Tradesmen* unpaid, and *Servants* stinted to mortifying Allowances, for the Support of this *Vanity*. To see these insignificant Ornaments valued at so great a Rate, and preferred to the Necessaries of Life, and Regards of Virtue, is no small Disparagement to the Understandings of Men.

But the general and prevailing *Mode* of the Times may be admitted as a Plea of no small Weight in Defence of *Dress*: For that 'tis as a great Weakness to be *out of Fashion*, as to affect to be in it: The World are for Ornament, and we give it them; are covetous of *Superfluity*, and we shew it; some value others for their *fine Linnen*, or
rich

rich Silks : Nay, and there are some Places where a *broader or narrower Lace* on our Cloaths, will gain or lose a Man Admittance. But after all, however *general* this Custom is, 'tis at best but a *spreading Contagion*, and *epidemical Follery* of the Age ; and we ought in Prudence no more labour to humour it, than we would a *Surfeit* ; for let it prevail never so much amongst the weakest Clafs, the more polite and reasonable Spirits will always distinguish betwixt *Merit* and *mere Fashion*.

To define the Matter rightly, a *fashionable Man*, is like a certain blue Flower, which grows spontaneously in plowed Grounds ; it choke the Corn, spoils the Crop, and takes up the Room of something better ; it has no Beauty nor Value, but what is owing to Whim ; born and dead in the same Instant ; To Day 'tis in Vogue, and the Ladies deck themselves with it ; to Morrow 'tis neglected, and left to the Vulgar. But a *Man of Merit*, on the contrary, is a Flower which we do not describe by its Colour, but which we call by its Name, which we cultivate for its Scent or Beauty ; One of the Graces of Nature, one of the Things which beautify the Creation ; admired by all Men in all Ages ; which our Fathers valued, and we after them have as great a Value for.

In short, those that are desirous to set up for *Fops* and *Concombs*, should be *singular* in their *Habit*: Those that would avoid this Imputation, should be *modest* in their *Dress*; and *Men of Merit* desire nothing more. For a *handsome Woman*, the more *natural* she is, so the more *beautiful*; as she loses nothing by being careless, without any other Ornament than what she draws from her *Beauty* and *Youth*; as an innocent Grace that shines in her Face, animates every little Action so much, that there would be less Danger to see her adorned with all the Advantages of *Dress* and *Fashion*: In like Manner an *honest Man* is respected independent from all that outward Shew, by which he would endeavour to make his Person more grave, or venerable, and his Virtue more specious. A *starched Behaviour*, *affected Modesty*, a *Singularity in Habit*, add nothing to *Probity*, nor heighten *Merit*; but rather hurt, and often make it look less pure, and more suspected.

So short and transitory as Life is, so many *Duties* as we have to run through to fit us for *Eternity*, should be Considerations to make us think of more than laying out our Time on *Dress* and *Fashion*: For what will become of these *Fashions* when *Time* itself shall disappear; *Virtue alone*, though
least

least in Fashion, will be able to survive
Time.

It falls out with many People in this Case of *Dress*, as it does in other *Gallantries*: They fancy themselves dispensed with on account of their *Age* and *Fortune* from being discreet or regular: They borrow from *Court* the *worst Part* of the *Court*; and appropriate to themselves *Vanity*, *Luxury*, *Intemperance*, and *Libertinism*, as if all those Vices belonged to them: Thus affecting a Character far distant from what they ought to maintain, they become, according to their Wishes, *true Copies* of most *wicked Originals*. They step in like manner out of all *Decorum* in Point of *Habit*; and 'tis an Observation that *Ordinary People*, when they happen to abound in *Money* and *Vanity*, have their Houses and Persons as richly furnished, as those who are much their Superiors in *Quality*.

But how great is the Madness of some private Men, who, being possess'd of large Estates, which their Fathers got for them by *Trade* and *Industry*, form their *Wardrobe* and *Equipage* from the Manner of the Nobility; and by excessive Expence, and ridiculous Stateliness, provoke the Laughter of the whole Town; which they a while fancy is dazzled with their Lustre, till they ruin themselves in the End with labouring
to

to make themselves *ridiculous* ! The Foolishness of some *Pretenders* in the City, in their wretched Imitation of *Court Accomplishments*, is more offensive than the ill Breeding of ordinary Men, and the Rusticity of Villagers.

Indeed, the most improper Things we commit in the Conduct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force of *Fashion* ; and a prevailing *Custom* too often makes us act against the Rules of *Nature*, *Law*, and *common Sense*. The general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the *Habit of the Court* ; nor does the Humour prevail only on those whose Fortunes can support any Change in their *Equipage*, nor on those only whose Incomes demand the *Wantonness* of new Appearances, but on those also whose Circumstances, in reality, would scarcely reach to clothe them with *Decency*. A *Simplicity* of outward Appearance, is the ornamental Habit of those who desire to be taken notice of for more than their *Dress*. Indeed, the Man who is *single* and *free* in the World, if he has some Share of Sense, may live and make a Figure above his *Fortune*, or *Quality* : But this is not so easily done, if he is confined ; for *Marriage* seems to range every Body in their proper *Rank* and *Degree*.

C)

But

But when I am admitting a *single Man* to make this Figure in Life, I cannot allow him to throw away too much Money or Inclination upon *Curiosity in Habit* : For at this Rate of Management, a Man loses his *Wealth and Reputation* at the same Time, makes himself *expensively ridiculous*, and overshoots *Extravagance* it self. It is equally faulty in a Man to launch out into *over-large* Expences in any other Subjects of *Vanity*, for one of a middle Station and moderate Fortune to value himself on a *splendid Table*, to affect *Pomp and Finery* in the *Furniture* of his *House or Lodgings*, to be only pleased with *Recreations* fit for his *Superiors*, or aim at the Pride of keeping *too many Attendants*.

A *very rich Man*, says Monsieur *Bruyere*, may eat his Dainties, paint his Cieling and Alcoves, regale himself at his Palace in the Country and keep another in Town, marry his Daughter to a Duke, and buy a Title for his Son : This is just, and within his Compass ; but it belongs perhaps to other Men to live content. What is *Splendor, Sumptuousness, and Magnificence* in People of *Quality*, is *Extravagance, Folly, and Impertinence* in *private Men*. A *Cleopatra* may drink down a Pearl worth a Province, and not find the Miss of it ; though *Reason, Morality, and Religion*, shall condemn the *Luxury* :
But

But shall mere *Plebeians*, only because they are rich, have the Impudence to swallow at a single Morsel the Nourishment of an hundred Families?

All the Attonement which Men can make for wanton *Expences*, which is a Sort of insulting the Scarcity under which others labour, is, that the *Superfluities* of the Wealthy give Supplies to the *Necessities* of the Poor: For what a prodigious Number of People do our *Vanities* maintain? and what a Circulation of Money do they occasion? *Providence in this Case*, says the SPECTATOR, *makes use of the Folly which we will not give up, and it becomes instrumental to the Support of those who are willing to labour.* But this I am sure, cannot fairly be alledged as an Excuse for *Prodigality in Habit*: No Commiseration of the *Wants* of our Fellow-Creatures makes us exceed in this respect; our Thoughts have entirely another Turn, and we are feeding our own *Pride*, and laying Baits for the *Respect* of others.

It would surely be no small Curb on our Vanity, and serve to regulate our *Expences* this Way, if we should look back on the *Frugality* of the Ancients. Every thing they did agreed with their Circumstances; their *Expences* were proportion'd to their *Income*; *Livery, Household Goods, Equipages, Tables, City and Country-Houses*, were all measured

measured by their *Revenues* and *Conditions* : They had less than we have, and had enough ; richer by their *Oeconomy* and *Módesty*, than their *Revenues* or *Demefnies*. They never knew how to deprive themselves of *Necessaries* to get *Superfluities*, nor to prefer *Shew* to *Substance*. Nay, let us but have Regard to our own Ancestors, two or three Generations back, and we shall find them as frugal : They were Strangers to the Formality of *Wax Illuminations* ; negligent of the Splendor of appearing in their Coaches ; and were of the Opinion, that Men had Legs given to walk on, and they used them. They did not suppose they should be esteem'd a whit the more for being Masters of a *glittering Chariot*, a *numerous Retinue*, and *six Horses* to draw them in State. Indeed at this Time of Day, a Man is in some Measure to be forgiven, who fancies himself the greater *Wit*, and the more nobly descended, because of his *rich Coaches*, *fine Cloaths*, and *splendid Equipage* ; 'tis but the same Opinion which he reads in the Faces and Eyes of those who address him.

Every Man of Sense that sees another making a Shew with *Trimmings* and *Embroidery*, may perhaps tacitly admire the Fancy of the *Taylor*, but will be sure to despise the Ostentation of the *Owner*. We have

have an elegant and accurate Description of these professed *Fops* in a very happy Writer, whose Words I believe the Reader will no more grudge to peruse, than I do to transcribe. " Ask him what a
 " Clock 'tis (*says he*) and he pulls out a
 " *Watch*, which for the Workmanship is
 " a Masterpiece; the *Handle of his Sword*
 " is an *Onyx*; and he wears on his *Finger*
 " so large and bright a *Diamond*, that
 " it dazzles your Eyes to look on it: He
 " wants none of all those curious Toys,
 " which are worn more out of Ostentation
 " than Service; and is as prodigal in his
 " *Dress*, as a young Fellow who has
 " married a rich Widow. Well, at last,
 " you have given me the Curiosity to see at
 " least all his *Finery*; but send me hither
 " those *Cloaths* and *Jewels* of his, and I'll
 " excuse you his Person."

To draw towards some Conclusion on this Head, let me recommend the Opinion of so wise a Man as *Cicero*, in respect to external Ornaments. *Adbibenda est præterea munditia, non odiosa, neque exquisita nimis; tantumque fugiunt agrestem & inhumanam negligentiam. Eadem ratio est habenda vestitus; in quo sicut in plerisque rebus, mediocritas optima est.* We must have a Regard to Cleanliness; which we are not to run into too exquisite and offensive Nicety, but only so far
 as

as to avoid Rusticity, and a Negligence below the Dignity of our Nature. We are to take the same Measures as to our Apparel, in which, as in most other Things, a due Mean is commendable.

This due Mean must terminate in such a Regulation of our Cloaths, that they may neither by their Finery, declare that we set too high a Value on ourselves, nor by their Negligence and Nastiness, look as if we would have the World esteem us Brutes. Slovenliness, says Theophrastus, is a lazy and beastly Negligence of a Man's own Person, whereby he becomes so sordid, as to be offensive to those about him. It is a Quality very various in its Kind, as well as Degrees; sometimes confined to Habit in general; sometimes incident to Men most accomplish'd in Dress. There are some the most costly and accurate in the Furniture of their Bodies, yet disgrace that Nicety with an insufferable Dirtiness of their Skins, or letting their Nails grow to the Length of Eagles Talons. There are others who will neither bear a Spot on their Cloaths, nor the least Soil on their Flesh, yet are so coarse and negligent in their Diet, that they will without Scruple fall to a Dish, which a Porter would be disgusted at. And there are still another Tribe of Animals, who are careless and unpolish'd in their
own

own Persons, yet are afraid of being polluted by the Dirt of their Neighbours.

We likewise meet with those in Conversation, who delight and pride themselves in being *Slaves*: A set of Men, who, without being subjected to it by the Unkindness of their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the *Ridicule* of the World in this Particular. But whether this Affectation be always owing to mere *habitual Nastiness*, or whether *Avarice* has not a great Influence, is hard to determine. Nothing is more obvious, than to see Men of known *Wealth* and *Ability* shrunk out of their proper Character, and shuffling about the Town with a Weather-beaten Wig, a Thread-bare Coat, darn'd Stockings, and a dirty Shirt: They are so much out of their Element, when dress'd up, that they only then seem to think themselves in *Disguise*; and yet expect People should see their *Quality* and *Circumstances* through their *rusty Outside*, and pay a Deference to their Wealth, though cloak'd in *Beggary*.

This *Singularity* is equally contemptible and blame-worthy, as *Finicalness* and *Foppery*: But Mankind in general is wedded to *Extremes*. The *Medium* between a *Fop* and a *Sloven*, is what every Man of Sense should endeavour to keep, and not be ambitious of transgressing in either kind:

Kind : We should make the great *Phocion's* Wife our Example, who despised the more delicate Parts of female Garniture ; and as *Ælian* in his various History words it, *Ἡμπεύχετο δὲ πρῶτα μετὰ τῇ σωφροσύνῃ δεύτεροισι γε μὴν τοῖς παῦσι* : *She first arrayed herself in Temperance, and then put on what was necessary.* The Expression cannot need a Comment, for its Meaning is plain and easy to be comprehended.

The same Author tells us, That when *Diogenes* came to *Olympia*, and perceived some *Rhodian* Youths dress'd with much Splendor and Magnificence, with a Smile of Contempt he said to himself, *This is all Arrogance.* Afterwards some *Lacedæmonians* falling in his Way, as mean in Habit as the former were fine, *This*, says he, *is another Piece of Arrogance.*

It was a Custom of the old *Philosophers*, and principally of the *Cynics*, to make an Ostentation of *Rags* and *Nastiness* ; as if the first regular Step to *Wisdom* were to commence a *Sloven*. I do not well know how they supported their Authority, or could make their Precepts received by such Measures in those Ages ; but I am sure, at this Time of Day, few Things make a Man appear more despicable, or more prejudice his Hearers against what he is going to offer, than an *awkward* or *pitiful Dress*.

There-

. Therefore, as I have already more than once advised, let us restrain our Conduct on this Head to the Bounds of *Moderation*; and therein we shall be sure to preserve *Decency*, and neither become the Objects of *Disrespect* or *Ridicule*.



CON.



CONVERSATION,

AND THE

CHOICE *of* FRIENDS.

IT is a famous saying in *Aristotle*, That *he who is pleased with Solitude, must either be a wild Beast, or a God.* This Observation seems to import thus much ; That those *Beings* who can live without sociable Correspondence, are extraordinary either in their Defects or Perfections : They must be *under* the Standard of Human Nature, or *above* it ; and have something that is either *savage* or *divine* in their Composition.

The Faculty of interchanging our Thoughts with one another, or what we express by the Word *Conversation*, has always been represented by moral Writers as one of the noblest Privileges of *Reason*, and which more particularly sets Mankind above the Brute Part of the Creation. Human Nature is so imperfect, that it has not found
enough

enough to furnish out a *solitary Life*. Paradise barr'd from all Commerce, would be insupportable, and make a Man run mad with his Happiness, since Felicity consists in the *Conversation* and *Society* of some rational Creature, to share with us in those Things which we esteem Blessings.

If we consider the whole Scope of the Creation that lies within our View, as in the natural and corporeal Part, we shall perceive throughout a certain *Correspondence* of the Parts, a *Similitude* of Operation, and *Unity* of Design ; so in the moral and intellectual World we shall observe in the Spirits and Minds of Men a Principle of *Attraction*, whereby they are drawn together into *Communities*, *Friendships*, and the various Species of *Society*. This corresponding *social* Appetite in Human Souls is the great Spring and Source of moral Actions : It inclines us to an *Intercourse* with our Species ; produces that *Sympathy* in our Natures, whereby we feel the Pains and Joys of our Fellow-Creatures.

The Benefit of *Conversation*, if there was nothing else in it, would be no inconsiderable Improvement ; for *Discourse* creates a Light within us, and dispels the Gloom and Confusion of the Mind ; it raises Fancy, reinforces Reason, and gives the Productions,

ductions of the Mind better Colour and Proportion. *Conversation*, says Mr. Collier, is like the Discipline of drawing out, and mustering; it acquaints a Man with his Forces, and makes them fitter for Service.

But not to confine myself barely to the Definition, or abstracted *Effects* of *Conversation*, I must observe, that at our first pushing out into the World for ourselves, we are ever for endeavouring to establish an *Acquaintance*; that *Acquaintance* is naturally endeared by *Conversation*; and the habitual *Conversation* improved into a *Friendship*: When we are once engaged with the Society of a Man, the Intimacy is contracted into narrower Lines; we begin to desire to participate of his Counsels, think our own Conceptions and Designs imperfect till communicated, and are eager of pouring out the Secrets of our Souls.

This Propensity in Nature ought to set us early on the Exercise of our *Reason*; if we are forward of contracting an Intimacy, let our Judgments first examine with whom; there are fatal Consequences attending a *rash Conversation*, as well as real Advantages in a well-grounded Union. Let us consider betimes, e'er we are ensnared or seduced, that there are *more* Companions in the World than *good* ones; that *Conversation* does not consist alone in empty

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Prattle.

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Prattle, or vain Flashes of Wit and Merri-
ment, but rather in Admonition and Im-
provement.

The Hours which we spend in *Conver-*
sation are the most pleasing of any which
we enjoy; yet there is very little Care
taken to improve ourselves for the frequent
Repetition of them. And the common
Fault in this Case, is that of growing too
intimate, and falling into displeasing Fa-
miliarities, where even the *Design* of *Con-*
versation is inverted. If we were to give
a serious Attention to every trifling, vain,
and impertinent Thing said in Company,
we should be ashamed to speak or hear;
we should perhaps condemn ourselves to a
perpetual Silence, more injurious to Con-
verse than unprofitable Discourse.

'Tis a sad thing, when Men have nei-
ther Wit enough to speak well, nor Judg-
ment enough to hold their Tongues; this is
the Foundation of all *Impertinence*. Who
can promise himself, in keeping much Com-
pany, to avoid meeting with certain vain,
light, familiar, and positive People, who
are the *speaking Men* in *Conversation*, and
compel every one else to hear them? And yet
perhaps these Men either speak *before* they
think, or tediously *study* for every thing they
say. There is certainly such a thing as *speak-*
ing well, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably.
In

In the Company we keep, we shall often meet with Persons who disgust us with their ridiculous Expressions; with the *Novelty* and *Impropriety* of the Terms they use, which come from no body's Mouth but their own, and were not designed by the first Inventors to signify what they intended them for. They observe neither Reason nor Custom in their Discourse; but speak according to their foolish Whimsies. Fond of being *pleasant* and *shining* in *Conversation*, they run insensibly into a peculiar *Jargon*, which becomes at length their natural *Dialect*. All their Thoughts are wrapped up in *Metaphor*; and they are above expressing any one Thing in the common Way.

How often are we teased in Company with a Coxcomb, who stutters out some of his own Follies and Vanities; has so little Consideration for the Time, Persons, or Decency, that he tells every one their *own* without intending it; and no sooner sets himself down, but he disobliges the whole Table, and does not perceive it? These Companions are so grating and uneasy, that one would submit to be cloistered up in a Cell, rather than support the Fatigue of them.

I have already observed, that on our coming into the World, we cannot be too cautious in the *Choice* of our *Company*; so

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neither can we set too great a Guard on our Lips, or think we may be careless what Words escape us. We may as easily slip into Offence with our *Tongues*, as incur Danger by too open and inquisitive Ears; and this Way ruin the Advantages of *Conversation*; for though the Comforts of *human Life* depend on *Society*, though it is a Pleasure of the first Magnitude, yet *Company* is so dangerous, and *Speech* so liable to be depraved, that what was intended for our *Advantage*, becomes often the Source of our greatest *Misfortunes*. We are apt to count it a Part of our *Birthright* to let loose our *Tongues*, and to use the *Spur* where we should use the *Bridle*. Thus *Conversation* is generally corrupted; and he that enters into *Company*, has almost as many *Snares* as *Companions*. Every one, by his *Discourse*, *Example*, or *Behaviour*, does recommend to us, or *imprint* in us, or by a kind of *Contagion* insensibly *infect* us with some *Vice* or other; so that *Conversation*, which was intended to *cultivate* our *Minds*, and *civilize* the World, hath turned it almost to a *Wilderness*.

But therefore shall we take *Pet* at the *World*? shall we run into *Desarts*, to avoid *Society*, and bury ourselves in *Solitude*, for fear of being infected? shall we quit our *Stations* in *Life*, turn *savage* by ourselves,
and

and suffer *no Company*, for Fear of bad? No, it is sufficient only that we use *Caution*; that we borrow *Assistances* from our *Sense*, our *Reason*, and our *Education*; that our *Words* and *Manners* be strict and unblemish'd; and that we labour neither to be *seduced* to our Detriment, or lay *Snares* for trapping of others. This is a Point of such Importance, that upon it depends the whole *Course* of young *Gentlemen's* Lives and *Manners*: The frequenting with *wicked Companions*, brings them acquainted with *Vice*, makes them behold it without Emotion; by Degrees they begin to act it with some *Pleasure*; and Time breeds in them a *Habit* of loving it.

St. *Augustine*, by a *low*, but very apt *Allusion*, has set out the Danger of *ill Company*; It is a *Nail*, says he, *driven into a Post with a Hammer*, which after the first and second *Stroke*, may be drawn out with little *Difficulty*; but being once driven up to the *Head*, the *Pincers* can take no hold to draw it out; which cannot be done but by *Destruction of the Wood*. It is even thus in relation to *Society*: We may be easily weaned from pernicious *Companions*, before they are *wedged* into our Souls, and *incorporated* with us; but when once they have taken hold of us by a strong and deep-*Interest*, the *Separation* cannot be made without imminent

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Prejudice. The physical Advice of the
Poet, is very applicable to this Subject,

*Principiis obsta; sero Medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.*

*Guard against the first Symptoms of your Distemper ;
for Medicines are applied too late when the Ma-
lady has got Head through too long Delays.*

The Difference of Men is in some Measure to be read in their *Behaviour* ; and a short Observation of that will often tell us, as much as a long Conference and Intercourse. It is our Business, therefore, before we fix our *Companion*, to take our Lessons from his *Deportment* for our Security ; to survey what *Recommendations* he carries with him, and be as timorous, as we should be of going aboard a leaky Vessel in a troubled Sea.

Now, as the Hazards are great of a *dis-
solute Conversation* ; so, on the other Hand, there is nothing that puts better Thoughts in a Man than a *good Companion* : For *Ex-
ample* hath the Force of *Precept*, and touches the Heart with an Affection to *Goodness*. It is indeed a fair Step towards *Happiness* and *Virtue*, to delight in the Conversation of *good and wise Men* ; and where those cannot be had, it is best to keep no Company

at

at all. There are some Persons whose *Company* we cannot too much frequent; 'tis certain, by seeing them *often*, besides the *Improvement* we have by being with them, we gain a *good Esteem* to ourselves, as we *perfuse* ourselves upawares by walking amongst the *Jessamines* and *Orange-Trees*. A Man of *good Breeding* and *good Morals* hath solid *Virtues* in him; and when we once love him for these *Endowments*, we shall *always* love him.

However we are supplied with *Wit* and *Learning*, we ought still to be more willing to *bear* than to *speak*, to *learn* than to *teach*: It being a great Folly to be more ready to shew all that is in us, rather than learn *Knowledge* of another; to *spend* our own Stock, rather than to *get* new. *Applause* attends a *Moderation* in this Respect; and we shall be valued while we are neither *over silent*, nor *over talkative*: The *first* Error may lay us open to a Censure of *Stupidity* or *Scorn*; and the *latter* will render us accusable of *Giddiness* of the *Brain*.

There is one Unhappiness of *mix'd Conversation*, which reigns too much in all Companies; an Affectation of being reputed *Orators*, and speaking above the Pitch of Comprehension. The best Art of Speech shews itself under a natural Dress. Our *Discourse* should never smell of Study and Elabo-

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borateness: It is a Pedantry that deserves not the Benefit of Pardon: For unless our Speech be fitted to the *Capacities* of those we discourse with, though it be never so elaborate, it will rather confound than edify. Too much *Fancy* is not necessary in our *Conversation*; it begets vain and puerile *Ideas*, which tend neither to make us *wiser* nor *better*. Our Thoughts should be produced by *good Sense* and *right Reason*, and ought always to be the Effect of our *Judgment*.

I do not know whether I am not in some sort slipped from my Argument, and giving Directions, rather for our *Manner of Speech*, than *Conversation in general*: However, if this be not the *main Body* of the Subject, I dare say it must be looked upon as a *material Branch*. We are obnoxious to so many criminal Indecencies of *Expression*, that giddy and unintended Words frequently make the Danger of Society; and these habitual and uncorrected Faults, often contribute to *pervert* the Manners and *debauch* the Mind.

Our *Words*, and common Strain of Talking, may be very blameable and pernicious in many kinds; they may be *froward*, *abusive*, and *scurrilous*; they may be *wanton*, *vicious*, and *obscene*; they may be loaded with Oaths and *Imprecations*,

or

or tower into a yet higher blasphemous *Impiety*.

To *speak*, and to *offend* with some People, are one and the same thing. Their Disposition is sharp and bitter, their Language mingled with Gall, and Wormwood; and *Rattling*, *Injury*, and *Insolence*, run from their Lips like Spittle. The little Vivacity and Wit they have, do more Hurt than other Mens Dulness; not always satisfied with giving sharp Answers, they attack frequently with *Arrogance*; they strike whenever they speak, and wound the Present and Absent, at least, in their Reputations. Instead of giving ourselves over to such *rude* and *injurious* Liberties, we should weigh our unborn *Words* in the Ballance, make our *Speech* temperate and decent, and keep it up to a Strain of Courtesy and Civility. Nothing can more charm than that Graciousness of Language, *Quæ nè illos quidem quos damnat offendit*, That gives no Offence, even where it gives Reproof. Good Words are afforded at the same Price as ill; and are not only cheap, but prevalent upon all Occasions. The Air and Manner, which we neglect as little Things, are frequently what the World judge us by, and make them decide for or against us. A little Care to appear *obliging* and *polite* before Men, will prevent their making

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a bad Judgment of us. The least Thing in the World is enough to make People believe we are *proud, uncivil, disdainful, and disobliging*. On the other Hand, as little is required to be esteemed the contrary. To make ourselves be heard with Pleasure, we must say such Things as others will be *glad to hear*, and say them *pleasantly*; which is the best Way to make us be beloved: For *Politeness* seems to be a certain Care, by the Manner of our *Words* and *Actions*, to make others pleased with us and themselves. It gives a Man the Appearance of *supposed Virtues*; and makes him seem that *without*, which he ought to be *within*. In short, it puts *Merit* forward, and renders it agreeable; and a Man must have eminent Qualifications to support himself without it.

As to the second Vice of *Speech*, it is of a Nature no Apologies can excuse; and whenever introduced in Society, shews *Conversation* at a very low *Ebb* indeed, or the Morals of the Company bad to a great Degree: It is very rare that an artful *double Entendre* can have a Grace; but a downright *Obscenity* must always be shocking: *Modesty* is a Qualification that ought to reign in all Discourses: We should suppose her sitting at the Head of our Tables; and expect her Censure and severe Correction, when-

whenever we are rude enough to put her to the Blush: Let us be cautious of offending so nice a Mistress; nor let her see us pleased at *Wantonness*. We ought to keep our Hearts from drawing in the Breath of *obscene* Discourses; which are the very Pest of Conversation. Let us guard our Ears, check the Pleasure in our Eyes, and preserve our Minds and Inclinations untainted. We should learn herein to imitate the Philosopher *Xenocrates*, who being asked an obscene Question, made no Reply: Being again importuned to answer, said most commendably, *De tali re te hominem vanum interrogare decet, me autem respondere nequaquam*; You should put your Questions of this Sort to some vile and light Companion; it is fitting in me to give you no Answer.

In short, *obscene Speeches*, like Oil falling upon Linnen, will spread much; and as the Poison of the Body enters by the Mouth, so the Poison of the Heart enters by the Ear; and therefore those who have *Honesty* in their Hearts, will have only *civil* and *modest Words* in their Mouths.

The too common Fashion of *Oaths* and *Imprecations*, favours strongly both of Levity and Prophaneness: It is a Sin that flies in the Face of an express Commandment: Our *Oaths* call the sacred King of

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Heaven a Witness to all the Vanities we utter; who; were we rightly to consider, can only testify to our Disobedience. We are not to take his Name in vain, or to strengthen our Affeuration by such an Appeal: Yet is this Crime grown into a Custom; and the Invocation of our *Maker* to every Trifle, used but as a florid Expletive in Speech. Discourses are adorned with *Oaths* and *Blasphemies* by way of *Tropes* and *Figures*; and *yea, yea, and nay, nay,* are not only literally, but significantly banished out of *Conversation*. It must be both Want of *Sense* and *Religion*, that can make a Man guilty in this kind; and it was excellently well said, That this *Folly* had no Temptation to excuse it, no Man being born of a *swearing Constitution*. The other *Species* of this Enormity, is an impious a Habit of *Imprecation*. Daring and insolent! Shall we that cannot add one Cubit to our Stature, wish Damnation to the Soul of our Brother? Or shall we confirm the Fooleries of our Tongues, with calling down Perdition on our own Heads, and not expect the Almighty should take us at our Words?

Blaspheming is another Part of the *Exe-crable* Faults in Speech; and one that stands in the highest Rank of *Impiety*. It is an insulting of Heaven, and all Things sacred;
a Crime

a Crime peculiarly of the Growth of *Atheism*, and which surely can be practised only by those who have renounced all Thoughts of Futurity, flatter'd themselves out of the Existence of a *Godhead*, that either hears or can avenge their Impiety: I say, it should be only these Reprobates, that can give into a Guilt of so horrid a Complexion; yet I fear, this *Abomination* is used for *Wit* and *Gallantry*, even by such as are check'd in Conscience at it; by such as are scar'd with Nature's common Operations and shrink into Corners at the Grumbling of *Thunder*.

I will expatiate no farther on these Heads; but rather draw them, and the Subject of my Discourse into an Application; which is, that we should look on all these *Vices of the Tongue* with Contempt, Horror, and Detestation; that we should guard against the *Practice* of them in ourselves; and that Caution will secure us from being infected by them in other Persons: It will be a Direction in the Choice of our *Acquaintance*, and teach us to abandon the Commerce of those, who give themselves a Loose in such Liberties. There is no greater Mark nor Discovery of a Man, than to judge him by the *Company* he keeps; it being impossible but that he shall much resemble them, and partake of some of their Qualities. *Bad Com-*

Company is very contagious to the wisest and best settled Men; for, as *Plutarch* has somewhere observed, *Si juxta claudum habites, subclaudicare discas*: If you live too near a lame Man, he will unavoidably teach you to halt.

Amongst wise Men, the principal End of *Company* is *Conference*; and *Conference* to be better'd by, is not usually met with in Crowds: The Chattering of Magpies is better Music than a Consort of senseless Persons; and a *Desart* is to be preferred before *debauch'd Companions*; for the Wildness of the Place is but *unbearful*, whilst the Wildness of lewd Persons is *infectious*.

Judgment and *Caution* are therefore to be employed to direct us in the *Choice* of those, with whom we covet to be familiar and intimate; and we must not catch at the Offers of every forward Companion who courts our Acquaintance. It will concern us much, not to be too rash in fastening on the next that may accidentally offer; nor presently to affect every one that pretends to be fond of our Friendship. Let the Search rather begin on our own Part; and our *Choice* fix on those who approve themselves really worthy of our Respect: For what is cheap, and with Ease obtain'd, is too often below our Notice. Persons who officiously stick and twist themselves
about

about us, are generally such as deserve our Scorn and Contempt; and upon a long and serious View of all Circumstances, we ought rather to court the Kindness of those who are of *Repute* in the World, and may prove most advantageous to ourselves. The Reply of the famous *Zeuxis*, to some who blamed the Slowness of his Pencil, deserves our Consideration; That *he therefore spent a long Time in painting, because he design'd his Work should last to Eternity*. So he that would secure a lasting *Friendship* and *Acquaintance*, must first deliberately judge, and thoroughly try its *Worth*, before he settles it.

It may be objected, That this Curiosity of *Choice* and *Judgment* is dependent on every casual *Familiarity* and *Commerce*, and only of use in respect to the *strictest Friendships*.

But let us consider, that the most casual *Conversation* is an Avenue to *Friendship*, and the strictest Unions generally are founded on slight Occurrences. *Familiarity* and *Converse* are the genuine Products and Enjoyments of *true Friendship*; and the highest Pleasure the best Friends aim at, is a *mutual Exchange* of good Humour, a daily *Complacency* in each other's Company; and a free *Communication* of their *Thoughts*, *Designs*, and *Counsels*.

That

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That which procures *Love* and *Friendship* in the World, is a sweet and obliging *Temper of Mind*, a lively Readiness in doing good *Offices*, together with a constant Habit of *Virtue*; than which Qualifications, nothing is more rarely found in Nature. This World is linked together by *Love*, and Men by *Conversation*; and one of the greatest Pleasures we enjoy herein (if duly weigh'd) is the sweet Society of a *Friend*, which multiplies our *Joys*, and divides our *Griefs*. There can be no stricter Union upon Earth, than that of a *virtuous Friendship*. And nothing can be more satisfactory, than to improve and benefit that Person who is thus become a Part of us.

I would not be thought to assert, That we ought to confine ourselves only to *one* Friend; but, amongst the rest, there should be one eminently so. The Term carries *Society* in it; but affects not a Herd or Number. A *Friend* being usually called and esteem'd *another Self*, is a convincing Argument, that the Number *Two* is the adequate and compleat Number of *Friendship*; and such was it accounted by the *Roman Poet*, when he said, *Nos duo turbamur*. The most eager Affection, if derived among numerous Objects, like a River derived into several Channels, must needs flow very weak and languishing. Lay-
ing

ing all at *once* the *Foundations* of *several Acquaintances*, we leave each unfinish'd; and when we have scarce fixed on one, our Love immediately palls there, while we passionately pursue some other: Like Women of the Town, admitting the Embraces of all Gallants that come; at the gay Appearance of the last which occurred, we neglect, slight, and forget the former, and one jostles the Image of the other out of our Fancies.

The useful and profitable *Conversations*, which give a right Stamp and Impression to our Minds, are those *Friends* that will be *Supporters* to us in our Prosperities, *Safeguards* in our Difficulties, *Counsellors* in our Doubts, and *Comforts* in our Adversities. With those we ought to contract a *strict Acquaintance* and Inwardness, and embrace their Company upon all fitting Opportunities. We shall see some who have hot and cold Fits of *Friendship*; that shall hug you one Day, and not know you the next. This *Unevenness* of Temper is by all means to be avoided in *Conversation*: A good Man will always keep a *steady Course* of Friendship, which may always run like a smooth Stream, and never change, but be a perpetual Spring.

There are three Requisites, as *Plutarch* tells us to true Friendship; *Virtue*, as a
 Thing

Thing lovely and desirable; *Familiar Conversation*, as pleasant; and *Advantage*, as necessary. For we must first chuse a *Friend* upon a right Judgment made of his excellent Qualities: Having chosen him, we must perceive a *Pleasure* in his Converse; and upon Occasion, he must be *useful* to us in our Concerns. All which (especially *Judgment* in our Choice, the main Point of all) are inconsistent with a *numerous Acquaintance*.

Now, that human *Friendships* are partly founded upon the *Wants* and *Imperfections* of Nature, may be said without Disparagement to so noble a Relation. The Exchange of Offices, when 'tis managed with Frankness and Fidelity, excites native *Generosity*, and improves into *Confidence* and *Affection*. Indeed, to derive *Friendship* merely from *Indigence*, is, in my Opinion, to mistake its Original, and assign it too mean an Extraction. *Inclination*, and *Esteem*, and *Generosity*, seem more creditable and likely Causes of so noble a Production. 'Tis *Worth*, and *Bravery*, and *good Humour*, which engage one virtuous Person to another. These Qualities excite *Admiration*, and *Admiration* improves into *Love*, and *Love* proceeds to *Intimacy* and *Union*.

I believe I may add, that *Conformity* of Judgment and Temper seem no inconsiderable

derable Motives to begin a *Friendship*. A Resemblance in *Humour* or *Opinion*, a *Fancy* for the same Business or Diversion, is oftentimes a Ground of *Affection*. Men love to see their Thoughts and Inclinations approv'd; and Nature, like *Narcissus*, is strangely taken with its own Reflection. A Man sees his own Being, as it were, doubled and extended in his *Friend*; and then 'tis no wonder if he loves him. This so frequent Rise of *Friendship* gives no small Sanction to *Aristotle's* Definition of it, *Μίαν ψυχὴν διὸν συμπάσιον ἐνοικῶσαν*, that it is compos'd of a single Soul inhabiting a Pair of Bodies.

The Poets, whose Descriptions ought always to have Truth and Nature in View, through all Ages, even down to the Moderns, have kept up to the same Notions of this great Union; and *Dryden's Anthony* and *Dolabella*, are a substantial Proof of it.

———— I had a Friend that lov'd me,
 I was his Soul, he liv'd not but in me.
 We were so clos'd within each other's Breasts,
 The Rivets were not found that join'd us first:
 That does not reach us yet;—We were so mix'd
 As meeting Streams; both to our selves were lost:
 We were one Mass; we could not give or take
 But from the same; for He was I; I He.

Tully

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Tully was the first who observed, That Friendship *improves* Happiness, and *abates* Misery, by the *doubling* of our Joy, and *dividing* of our Grief. These are Effects, indeed, that extreamly add to the Price of an *Intimacy*; for the best *Society* and *Conversation*, is that in which the *Heart* has a greater Share than the *Head*. Those who have no Friend to discharge their Cares, and their Grievances upon, says Mr. Collier, are (if one may use so harsh an Expression) a sort of Cannibals to themselves, and prey upon their own Vitals. A swelling Discontent is apt to suffocate and strangle without Passage: Whereas those who live within the *Communication of Friendship*, have a *Vent* for their Misfortunes. They may safely go to the Bottom of the Matter, report the nicest Case, and expose the Part affected to Cure and Compassion. *Friendship* has a noble Effect upon all Accidents and Conditions: It *relieves* our Cares, *raises* our Hopes, and *abates* our Fears: It *doubles* our Joys, and *divides* our Grievs. A Friend who relates his *Success*, talks himself into a new Pleasure: And by opening his *Misfortunes*, leaves Part of them behind him. *Friendship*, like some universal Medicine, works contrary Ways, but always to the Benefit of Nature. And as the *Union of Bodies* fortifies the Action at Home, and weakens

weakens the Impressions of Violence; so there is a proportionable Improvement from the *Union of Minds*.

It is *Cicero's* Advice, That we should prefer *Friendship* to all human Things; and his Reason is, *Nil est enim tam Naturæ aptum, tam conveniens ad res, vel secundas vel adversas: Because there is nothing so agreeable to Nature, or so convenient to our Affairs, whether in Prosperity or Adversity.* It is a Quality of that refin'd Nature, that it absolutely renounces a Commerce with *Vice*; and *Virtue* alone begets or maintains it.

What is *Life* to him who cannot repose his Cares on the mutual Benevolence of a *Friend*? What greater Blessing is there, than to possess the Man with whom you may intrust the Secrets of your Soul as safely as with yourself? Where would be the great Advantage of good *Fortune*, without a *Partner* to share the *Joys* of your Success? So *Calamity* would be an insupportable Weight, without one whose Pity and condoling Kindness are fond of easing you of half your Burthen. All other Things desirable in Life are good, as appropriated to some Particular: *Money* serves our Uses; *Riches* procures us Respect; *Honours* gain us Applause; *Pleasures* contribute to our Enjoyment of the World; *Health* secures us
against

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against Pain, and gives us the true Use of our Limbs. *Friendship* contains in it a Number of Conveniences: It is of Service in all Exigencies and Circumstances of Life; is to be excluded from no Place or Occasion; can never be unseasonable, never troublesome.

The same great *Orator* gives a signal Instance of the Force of *Friendship*, and its Consonance to human Nature. When *Marcus Pacuvius* wrote his Tragedy of *Pylades* and *Orestes*, wherein the latter being in Danger from the Resentments of a Prince, to whom he was personally unknown, the gallant *Pylades*, to rescue his Friend from Death, proclaim'd that he was *Orestes*; and *Orestes*, as fearful of his Friend's Danger, strove to convince them of the Error they were running into through the Generosity of *Pylades*, and as constantly asserted, that he alone was the obnoxious Person. The Philosopher makes the following Remark on so pathetic an Incident: *Stantes plaudebant in re fictâ: quid arbitramur in verâ fuisse facturos? Facile indicabat ipsa natura vim suam; cum homines, quod facere ipsi non possent, id rectè fieri in alio judicarent: The Audience, says he, applauded the Fiction; what are we to think they would have done, had it been a Reality? Nature herself, without Constraint, confess'd her Force, when Men judg'd that*
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bravely done in another, which they could not have perform'd themselves.

Now, though many and signal Advantages are reap'd from *Friendship*, yet it ought not to flow from a sordid *Hope* thereof, or be founded on so base a Bottom as *Interest*: For as we are liberal, and inclin'd to good Offices, not to make a Merit, or be thanked for our Services, (for we are not to play the *Usurers* in Benefits, but be carried to Bounty by a Propensity in Nature;) so we must conceive, that *Friendship* is not to be sought from a View to *Profit*, and an *avaricious Inclination*, but all its Fruits and Advantages should consist in the Passion of *Love* and *mutual Benevolence*. This Correspondence of Love is to put them on an absolute Equality; and all their Emulation and Strife must be, which can get the Start in Acts of *Kindness*.

On whatever Terms of Inequality the *Union* be contracted, *Love* must reconcile the Lines of Difference, and make them run parallel. He that stands on an Eminence of Fortune, must stoop his Hand for his *Friend*, and raise him up towards his own Ground: The Advantage must be laid asleep. There must be no Challenge of *Superiority*, or discountenancing of *Freedom* on the one Hand; nothing of *Envy* or *Repining* on the other. As far as *Prudence*

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dence and *Justice* will permit we ought to
use a *Friend* with all the *Frankness* and *Ge-*
nerosity imaginable. There must be no
Stinting of Inclination, no *Computing* upon
Favours, for fear we should do more than
we receive; for this is more like *Mer-*
chandize than *Friendship*. Exactness, and
Management, and Observation, are Signs
of *Indifferency* and *Distrust*: Such a Prac-
tice may do well enough among Strangers;
but a *Friend* should be treated at a nobler
Rate, and used with more Confidence and
Affection. We should examine his Occa-
sions, and prevent his Desires; nor give
him Time to think he wanted an Assistance.
A Forwardness to oblige, is a great *Grace*
upon a Kindness, and doubles the intrinsic
Worth.

If the Considerations of *Profit* were to
be the Cement of *Friendship*, as the *Ad-*
vantage slacken'd, the *Union* would dissolve:
But as Nature cannot be chang'd; so *Friend-*
ships, established on *her* Principles, are ne-
ver impair'd, but are of equal Duration
with Life.

It ought to be a principal Law in *Friend-*
ships, neither to require an unjust Thing to
be done, nor to do one on Importunity:
Friendship there loses its Name, where Vio-
lations of *Conscience* or *Honour* intrude. All
Importunities against *Justice*, are feverish
Desires,

Desires and not to be qualified. He that would engage me unwarrantably, takes me for an ill Person: His Motion is an Affront, and I ought to renounce him for the Injury of his Opinion: This Rule proves the Maxim I but now advanced, That *real Friendship could only be amongst good Men, and exists in Virtue.*

It has been a pretty difficult Question (says CICERO) whether new Friends, that are not unworthy of being admitted into Friendship, are ever to be preferred to old ones: As it is usual to esteem young Horses above those worn with Years and Service. A Doubt, says he, unworthy of a Man: For we ought not to be satiated with Friendship, as with other Things, Most Things (like Wines that will bear Age) should have an Additional Sweetness from Time: And in this one Instance under Debate, we may believe the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach: Forsake not an old Friend; for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with Pleasure.

As we are to indulge a Friend when chose, so likewise our Election must be regulated by Time: We are not to be rash and precipitate, but let *Deliberation* and *Judgment* approve our Choice. Βραδέως μὴν φίλον γίνου, says SOCRA TES; *Make thyself a Friend slowly.* The sacred Author, I be-

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 fore quoted, strikes in with the Reasonableness of this Opinion ; *If thou wouldst get a Friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit : For some Man is a Friend for his own Occasion, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble : And there is a Friend, who being turn'd to Enmity and Strife, will discover thy Reproach.* 'Tis plain, therefore, that we ought to make choice of Persons of such Honour, for our Friends, as, if they should cease to be so, will not abuse our Confidence, nor give us cause to fear them as Enemies.

As the Danger of Conversation lies in the Society of Persons of vicious Principles, so the greatest Hazard of contracting Friendships, is for fear of falling into the Hands of Flatterers : For, Flattery, to describe it, in a Word, is no better than Interest under the Disguise of Friendship : 'Tis a smooth Application to the Vanity of another. The Art consists in stealing on the blind Side, seizing the Humour, and managing the Weakness of a willing Property : With one of this Constitution, Terence's Observation is valid, *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit : That Obsequiousness alone makes them Friends, and telling the Truth incurs their Aversion.*

The Wealthy and the Powerful are most obnoxious to this Sort of Imposition. A Flatterer's Aim is generally Interest ; and there-

therefore he'll endeavour to ply where there's most to be gotten. Thieves don't use to set upon Beggars; a poor Man's Brains are not worth the plundering: He may be allowed to understand himself, and make the most of his Discretion, if he pleases. To pursue such Game as this, is but Loss of Time, and setting a Butterfly.

As Conformity of *Manners* goes one Step towards the establishing of *Friendship*; the *Flatterer* will be sure to take care to suit the Temper of him he means to play upon: His Business is to *counterfeit* the Inclination, and *affect* the Diversions of another: He is for Town or Country, for Company or Retirement, for Exercise or Ease, as the World is given, and the Freak of his *Property* directs.

Did *Flattery*, indeed, as most other Misfortunes do, generally, or altogether, wait on the debauch'd and ignoble Part of Mankind, the Mischief were of less Consequence, and might admit of an easier Prevention: But, as Worms breed most in sweet and tender Woods, so usually the most obliging, the most brave, and generous Tempers, readiest receive, and longest entertain the flattering Insect that hangs and grows upon them. It is a Disease, which I fear, too many bring upon themselves by harbouring too large Ideas of their own *Merit*, which

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makes them think another cannot well out-praise them. Our *Affections* usually blind our *discerning Faculties*; and hence it is that we are so frequently exposed to the Attempts of a Parasite, under the Disguise and Vizard of a Friend. For *Self-Love*, that grand *Flatterer* within, willingly entertains another from without, who will but sooth up and second the Man in the good Opinion he has conceived of himself. For he who deservedly lies under the Character of one that loves to be flattered, is doubtless sufficiently fond of himself; and through abundance of Complaisance to his own Person, not only wishes, but thinks himself Master of all those Perfections which may recommend him to others.

It is a Business, of no small Importance, and which requires no ordinary Circumspection, so to be able to know a *Flatterer* in every Shape he assumes, that the counterfeit Resemblance some Time or other bring not *true Friendship* itself into Suspicion and Disrepute; A Man may hold an unknown Flatterer in his Bosom, till the Hour of Trial once advances, when his verbal Friendship should be put in Practice, and his sworn Pretensions of Service amount to something more than a bare Profession. For then he begins to confess Falschood, withdraws his Familiarity, puts on Airs of Con-

Constraint and Coolness, and yet would be thought rather to seem sorry that he cannot, than unwilling to lend his Assistance. *Shakespeare*, in a Speech of his *Julius Caesar*, has admirably deciphered these *Shadows of Friendship*, where he thus observes ;

————— Ever note, Lucilius,
 When Love begins to slacken and decay,
 It useth an enforced Ceremony ;
 There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith :
 But hollow Men, like Horses hot at Hand,
 Make gallant Shew and Promise of their Mettle ;
 But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
 They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,
 Sink in the Trial.

This is the true Characteristic of a professing Friend, and the direct Opposite of a real active one. *Amicus certus in re incertâ cernitur*, says *Ennius* : A true Friend is distinguished in the Crisis of Hazard and Necessity ; when the Gallantry of his Aid may shew the Worth of his Soul, and the Loyalty of his Heart. The same Sincerity of Love, that taught his Tongue to speak kind Things, engages him to confirm his Kindness by Action.

Flattery, in short, is nothing but false Friendship, fawning Hypocrisy, dishonest Civility, base Merchandize of Words, and

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a plausible Discord of the Heart and Lips. His Tongue walks ever in one Track of unjust Praises; and can no more tell how to discommend, than to speak true. His Heart is nothing but a delightful Couſenage, whose Rules are smoothing and guarded with Perjury; whose Scope is to make Men Fools, in teaching them to over-value themselves.

As *Euripides* says of Truth, That it loves plain Language; so the Temper of a Friend is sincere, natural, without Paint or Varnish; but that of a *Flatterer*, as it is corrupt and diseas'd in itself, so stands it in need of many, and those curious and exquisite Remedies too, to correct it.

It must be our Care, therefore, with the utmost Penetration we are Masters of, to make Discoveries of the Man we would cherish; to know ourselves and distinguish him. For *Flattery* is an ensnaring Quality, and leaves a very dangerous Impression; It swells a Man's Imagination, entertains his Vanity, and drives him to Dotage upon his Person. Some People are flattered out of common Sense, their Understanding is spirited away, and they have hardly the least Glimpse of themselves. They live, as it were, under Delusion, repose prodigious Confidence in the Succours of their specious Friend, and think it is impossible
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they can ever be unhappy. Indeed, the Friend whom Virtue or Religion hath gain'd, who is not fix'd either by Gain or Pleasure, him Extremity doth but fasten; whilst, like a well-wrought Vault, he lies the stronger, by how much more Weight he bears. When Necessity calls him to it, he can be a Servant to his Equal, with the same Will wherewith he can command his Inferior. These Qualities are the Touchstones of Friendship, and that discover the base Metal of the *Flatterer*: For when Misfortunes begin to pinch and embarrass, when his Aid is required to disengage you, if he regards your Person, and values your Conversation, the Correspondence will go on, and the old Signs of Friendship continue: But if he grows willing to drop the Acquaintance, and withdraw his Ceremony, if his Air grows flat, and his Countenance cools, these are all Indications of Falshood and Management. This Change of Behaviour argues his former Fondness was only to furnish his Fancy, and serve his Convenience.

But it will not be Wisdom in us to stay till such fatal Junctures, and then to try the Experiment; which will not only be useless, but dangerous and hurtful: For 'tis a deplorable thing for a Man to find himself then destitute of Friends, when he

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most wants them, and has not an Opportunity neither of exchanging his false and faithless for a fast and honest Friend. And therefore we should rather try our *Friend*, as we do our *Money*; whether or no he be passable and current, before we need him. For 'tis not enough to discover the Cheat to our Cost, but we must so understand the *Flatterer*, that he put no Cheat upon us: Otherwise we should act like those who needs take Poison to know its Strength, and foolishly hazard their Lives, to inform their Judgments.

But as a reasonable Caution is necessary, as our Reason must endeavour to defend us against Frauds; so, on the other Hand, Prejudice and capricious Jealousies are not to lead us into too light Suspicions. We need not think every Compliment paid us, is designing and treacherous; Commendations, though too often favouring of Artifice, are not always certain Proofs of Flattery. 'Tis true, to be always ringing of People's Praises in their Ears, and burning Perfumes before them, smells strongly of Design: However, to commend upon some Occasion is a defensible Practice, proper Acknowledgment, and a serviceable Office. It shews the Justice and Benevolence of our Temper, and that we are pleased with the Advantage of our Neighbour. We are not
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immediately to suspect a pleasant and an easy Conversation for a Cheat : For a *Friend* is not a dull tasteless thing ; nor does the Decorum of *Friendship* consist in Sourness and Austerity of Temper, but its very Port and Gravity is soft and amiable.

Indeed, did not the *Laws of Friendship* admit of a little Pleasantry and good Humour, why would the *Parasite* insinuate himself under that Disguise ? And yet he, as counterfeit Gold, imitates the Brightness and Lustre of the true, always puts on the Easiness and Freedom of a Friend, is always pleasant and obliging, and ready to comply with the Humour of his Company. And therefore 'tis no way reasonable to look upon every just Character that's given us as a Piece of Flattery : For certainly a due and seasonable *Commendation* is as much the Duty of one Friend to another, as a pertinent and serious *Reproben*sion : Nay, indeed, a sour querulous Temper is perfectly repugnant to the Laws of Friendship and Conversation : Whereas a Man takes a Chiding patiently from a Friend, who is as ready to praise his Virtues, as to animadvert upon his Vices ; willingly persuading himself that mere Necessity oblig'd him to reprimand, whom Kindness had first moved to commend him.

May it not be said then, that 'tis infinitely difficult to discover the Disparity, and distinguish the *Flatterer* from the *Friend*, since there is no apparent Difference either betwixt the Satisfaction they create, or the Praises they bestow. For since *Friendship* is agreeable and entertaining, *Flattery* refines upon the Character, and creeps in under this Disguise. Nothing is so smooth as a Parasite. He strains his Courtesy, and carries the Complaisance to an Excess: He waits upon every Turn of Humour, strikes in with the Freaks, and commends the Follies of his *Property*: But then to cover himself from Suspicion, he makes Profession of great Impartiality, and clear Dealing. He declares against winking at the Weakness of a *Friend*, and suffer him to miscarry without Notice. Without this Quality, he cries, *Friendship is betray'd, and there's no being true to the Engagements of Honour*. By such Kinds of Artifice does he fasten his Interest, make himself Master of the Person he practises upon, works himself into Credit, Esteem, Caresses, and is let into Affection without being suspected.

It was an artful, as well as noted Disimulation, in *Alcibiades*, to smother his particular Genius and Inclination, and conforming himself to Appearance, to put on the

the Manners and Dispositions of every Country where he resided: Was it not being a great Master in the Profession, and flattering a whole City or Nation at once? While he liv'd at *Athens*, he affected Pleasantry and Jestings, kept Horses for the Race, followed the Mode, and appeared with an Equipage: When he dwelt at *Sparta*, he walked the Streets in a mean Habit, and conformed to the Discipline and unornamented Manner of that Republic: When he travelled into *Thrace*, he put on a Military Humour, and was all for Fighting and Battle: When he removed from thence into the *Persian* Dominions, he became a finish'd Debauchee, comply'd with the Licence of the Place, and spent his Time in Balls, Intrigues, and Entertainments. The *common Flatterer* is but such a Conformist in a narrower Circle; his Game is confin'd to one Object, and that he indefatigably pursues.

'Tis the Height of Injustice; says *Plato*, to appear just, and be really a Knave. So are we to look on those *Flatterers* as most dangerous, who walk not barefaced, but in Disguise; who make no Sport, but mind their Business: For these often personate the true and sincere *Friend* so exactly, that 'tis enough to make him fall under the like Suspicion of a Cheat, unless we be extremely curious in remarking the Difference be-

twixt them. Now, because the Enjoyment of a *Friend* is attended with the greatest Satisfaction incident to Humanity, therefore the *Flatterer* always endeavours to render his Conversation highly pleasant and agreeable.

It has been an Observation, that a *Flatterer* may be discerned by counterfeiting Imperfections, imitating bad Qualities, and pretending a Resemblance of Misfortune. When *Dionysius* of *Sicily* grew dim-sighted, his Courtiers pretended it was an Epidemical Distemper, tumbled upon one another, as if they were almost blind, and threw down the Side-Boards, and the Dishes. Thus, in the Reign of *Alexander* the Great, a wry Neck was the general Fashion. This Imitation of Depravities is every Day conspicuous amongst the Class of Mankind, who think to insinuate themselves by Compliance of Fashions and Gestures, which it would be more commendable to avoid.

It is a Task above my Power to ascertain all the Rules by which a Flatterer may stand disclosed, or to enter into a Detail of Cautions, by which any one may be secured against his Attempts: The Art of the Vocation is so dependant on Circumstances of Action and Fortune, and a thousand Varieties that cannot be prescribed to.

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As I have before said, we must use our Sense and Judgment in the Election of our *Friends*, grow acquainted with the Character they bear in the World, before we take them into our Bosom, and by the best Pre-knowledge we can gather from Observation and Report, prevent the Danger of being surprized with Treachery. For there is nothing more troublesome in human Society, than the Disappointment of Trust, and Failing of Friends: For besides the Disorder that works in our own Affairs, it commonly is attended with a necessary Deficiency of our Performance to others: The leaning upon a broken Reed gives us both a Fall and a Wound: Such is a *false Friend*, who after Professions of Love, and real Offices, either slinks from us, or betrays us.

Plutarch, in his *Books of Morals*, has wrote a copious Chapter concerning the Differences of a *Friend* and *Flatterer*, and laid down several Rules whereby they may be known asunder: The Steps which the *Flatterer* takes to conceal his Hypocrisy, and appear a Friend, and the Means by which his Artifice may be discovered. The curious Reader may consult him on this Head; but I believe he will be able to help himself more from natural Prudence, and a little Observation, than Volumes of written Directions.

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Left I should be thought more prolix, than useful on this Subject, I shall subjoin but a few Observations more, and proceed on another Topic. It is granted, as I have above advanced, That the Comfort of Life depends upon Conversation, on good Offices and Concord: For *Human Society* is like the working of an Arch of Stone; all would fall to the Ground, if one Piece did not support another. We should remember, that we are several Members of one great Body; that we are all of a Consanguinity, formed of the same Materials, and designed to the same End: This obliges us to a natural Tenderness and Converse; and the other to live with a regard to Equity and Justice.

I have likewise observed, that the Love of Society is natural; but that the Choice of our Company is Matter of Virtue and Prudence. Ill Examples, Pleasure, and Ease, are, no doubt of it, great Corrupters of Manners; and as an ill Air may endanger a good Constitution, so may either a Place or Person of ill Example endanger a good Man. He that converses with the Proud, shall learn insensibly to be puffed up; and an Acquaintance with the Licentious and Dissolute, shall teach a Man to be a Libertine and incontinent. *Hannibal* himself was unmann'd by the Looseness of *Camp*
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pania; and though a Conqueror by his Arms, was overcome by his Pleasures, and shrunk from all the Glory obtain'd at *Canna*, by the Luxury he suffer'd himself to fall into at *Capua*.

Let us know never so many sage Rules for our Conduct, and be taught by written Wisdom to avoid the Paths of Error and Hazard, yet if we meet with living Precedents to warrant our Deviation, the Instruction loses Ground with the Mind, and we are won over to Vice and Folly by the powerful Influence of evil Communication: Men may give great Credit to their Ears; but they take much stronger Impressions from Example, than Precept. For there is just the same Difference in this Respect, as there is in *Dramatic Poetry*, betwixt the Force of a *Narration*, and an *Object* presented:

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

It often happens, that what we read, though we firmly believe it to be right, we neglect to put in practice; but what we see, through we know it to be a wrong Strain, and of fatal Consequence, we are too subject to follow and incline to.

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But leaving it for granted, that of all Felicities, the most charming is that of a firm and gentle *Friendship*; but that the great Difficulty rests in the Choice of the Person, I shall conclude with a short View of the Advantages resulting from this sacred Intimacy, when this Choice is properly made.

Now, that Advantages may follow from our contracting Friendships, it is very essential to this End, that the Partner of our Love be *virtuous* and *honest*: For Vice is contagious, and there is no trusting of the Sound and the Sick together. That *Friendship*, where Mens Affections are cemented by an equal and common Love of *Goodness*, it is not either Hope or Fear, or any private Interest, that can ever dissolve; but we carry it with us to the Grave, and lay down our Lives for it with Satisfaction; *True Friends* are the whole World to one another; their Conversation is ever new to each other, ever endearing: For as there is no Relish in the possessing of any thing without a Partner, so there is no Relish wanting to any Thing dividing it with a true one. Even the Correspondence by Letter of an absent Friend, gives more real Satisfaction, than the Society of twenty indifferent Persons: In reading his Epistles, I can suffer myself to be deluded, and fancy

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I have his Company ; and when I answer them, I do not only write, but speak : For in effect, a *Friend* is an *Eye*, a *Heart*, a *Tongue*, a *Hand*, at all Distances. I look upon my Thoughts to be as safe in his Breast as my own ; and in this Belief can I unburthen my Soul ; and ease my Heart of all its Disquietudes. I can depend on his Virtue and sincere Kindness ; and therefore ought, without any Scruple, to make him the Confidant of my most secret Cares and Counsels : For it goes a great Way towards the making of a Man faithful to let him understand that you think him so : And he who does but so much as suspect that I will deceive him, gives me a Sort of Right to couzen him. If then our Hearts are one, so must be our Interests and Convenience : For *Friendship* lays all Things in common ; and nothing can be Good to the one, that is Ill to the other. And is not this a *Felicity*, this an Advantage ?

In a Word, unless then we can find a Person in whom we may repose this absolute Confidence, with whom we may share our Fortune and Disappointments, let us be cautious how we carry our Intimacy farther than an Acquaintance ; but when we have once fixed on the Man in whom our Friendship may be secure, it should be the Business, as well as the Pleasure of
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our Lives, to improve the Union, and never let it be dissolved but by that which separates the Soul from the Body. I shall conclude with the Advice of *Polonius* in *Hamlet* ;

*The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel.*



LOVE



L O V E

A N D

G A L L A N T R Y.

CUSTOM and *Fashion* have made it so universal, that the *Youth* of our Age are no sooner entered into Conversation, but they must likewise have an *Amour* on their Hands, and run into a Vein of *modish Gallantries*. Nature and Constitution invite to the former; and Companions, that strike in with the Gaiety of their Years, provoke them to the latter: Yet to be in *Love*, is not always the Effect of Nature, but mere *Gallantry*; and young Gentlemen esteem it a Part of their Duty, to make Addresses of Complaisance, if not of Sincerity, to the Ladies.

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I confess, I would not chuse to have my Son too forward in this Passion : A *Love* of Sincerity too early begun has Inconveniences and uneasy Consequences ; and an *Amour* of perfect Gallantry is a Deceit I would blush to have him guilty of. *Love* seizes on us suddenly, without giving us Time to reflect ; our Disposition, or Weakness favours the Surprize ; one Look, one Glance from the Fair, fixes and determines us. Young Hearts are tender and flexible, and apt to take strong, as well as sudden Impressions from *Beauty* ; and as the Issues of this Passion are of the greatest Moment in Life, a thousand Circumstances are to regulate its Rashness, and every Youth should set a Guard on his Eyes and Breast, for fear of being captivated by an improper Object. It is for this Reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the Inclinations of the Sexes to each other. Daily Experience shews us, that the most rude Rustic grows humane, as soon as he is inspired by this Passion ; it gives a new Grace to our Manners, a new Dignity to our Minds, a new Visage to our Persons : Whether we are inclined to *liberal Arts*, to *Arms*, or *Address* in our Exercise, our Improvement is hastened by a particular Object whom we would please. *Cbearfulness, Gentleness, Fortitude, Liberality,*

ety, Magnificence, and all the *Virtues* which adorn Men, which inspire Heroes, are most conspicuous in *Lovers*; but yet this Refinement of the Soul may overtake us at a wrong Season, and attach us to a Person, in the careſſing of whom Parents may be diſobeyed, and Friends diſobliged.

It is remarkable that no Paſſion has been treated by all who have touched upon it with the ſame Bent of Deſign, but this. The *Poets*, the *Moralists*, the *Painters*, in all their Deſcriptions, Allegories, and Pictures, have repreſented it as a *ſoft Torment*, a *bitter Sweet*, a *pleaſing Pain*, or an *agreeable Diſtreſs*, and have only expreſſed the ſame Thought in a different Manner. It is certain there is no other Paſſion which does produce ſuch contrary Effects in ſo great a Degree. But this may be ſaid for *Love*, that if you ſtrike it out of the Soul, Life would be inſipid; and our Being but half animated. Human Nature would ſink into Deadneſs and Lethargy, if not quickened with ſome active Principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to poſſeſs the Mind in the Abſence of this Paſſion, it muſt be allowed that they have greater Pains, without the Compensation of ſuch exquisite Pleaſures, as thoſe we find in *Love*.

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The old *Mythologists* made *Venus* the Mother of two different *Cupids* ; the one of which, was the God of *innocent* and *pure* Desires ; the other of *unlawful* and *carnal* Pleasures. To unpersonate these chimerical Beings, and reduce them to Qualities, the first is what we call *Love* ; and the latter *Lust* ; which, in their Natures, differ as much as a Matron from a Prostitute, or a Companion from a Buffoon. Their distinct Descriptions in the Poets, are full of Instruction, as well as Spirit. *Love* is a beautiful *blind* Child, adorn'd with a Quiver and a Bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without Design or Direction ; to intimate to us, that the Person below'd has no Intention to give us the Anxieties we meet with, but that the *Beauties* of a worthy Object are like the Charms of a lovely Infant. On the other Side, the *Sages* figur'd *Lust* in the Form of a *Satyr*, of Shape, Part human, Part bestial ; to signify, that the Followers of it prostitute the *Reason* of a Man to pursue the Appetites of a Beast. This *Satyr* is made to haunt the Paths and Coverts of the *Wood-Nymphs* and *Shepherdesses*, to lurk on the Banks of Rivulets, and watch the purling Streams, as the Resorts of retir'd *Virgins* ; to shew, that lawless Desire tends chiefly to prey upon Innocence, and has something so unnatural
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is it, that it hates its own Make, and shuns the Object it lov'd, as soon as it has made it like itself. Love, therefore, is a *Child* that complains and bewails its Inability to help itself: *Lust*, a watchful *Thief*, which seizes its Prey, and lays Snares for its own Relief; and its principal Object being *Innocence*, it never robs, but it murders at the same Time.

From these two distinct *Ideas*, we may settle our Notion of the different Desires, and accordingly rank their Followers. 'Tis true, as *Charity* is esteemed a Conjunction of the good Qualities necessary to a *virtuous Man*; so *Love* is the happy Composition of all the Accomplishments that make a *fine Gentleman*. The Motive of a Man's Life is seen in all his Actions; and such as have the beauteous Boy for their Inspirer, have a Simplicity of Behaviour, and a certain Evenness of Desire, which burns like the Lamp of Life in their Bosoms; while they who are instigated by the *Satyr*, are ever tortured by Jealousies of the Object of their Wishes, often desire what they scorn, and as often consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent. He certainly does not understand either *Vice* or *Virtue*, who will not allow that Life, without the Rules of *Morality*, is a wayward uneasy Being, with
Snatches

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Snatches only of Pleasure; but under the Regulation of Virtue, a reasonable and uniform Habit of Enjoyment. *Cupid* would not loose his Divinity, if too many of his Votaries did not take their Direction from the *Satyr*; but the generality of *Lovers* are of that vile and degenerate Stamp, that it forces us to conclude with *Phocylides*,

. Οὐ γὰρ ἔρως ἑστίν, πάθος δ' αἰδήλον ἀπάντων,

that *Love* is no God, but a blind Passion, to which all are subject: It is a too common Levity in Youth, to make *Love* an Exercise or Recreation: When the Hours of Life hang heavy on their Hands, they are for whining them away with *Phyllis*, or *Silvia*; The *Nymph* hears, and smiles at the tender Things they utter, is pleased at the Raptures she imagines her Beauty has inspired, is transported at being compared to a Goddess, dissolves to Softness, and looks upon the amorous Flatterer as one who will adore her to the End of her Life. And what is the Consequence of all this Passion? She is only courted perhaps to be betrayed; all the fine things that are said, prove but *extempore* and *accidental*; imply no real Desire, no Design, except of making the Female fond of herself, and working her into the *Toil* that is set for her Honour. Or supposing the *Gallant* proceeds with more
Loyalty

Loyalty, that he views her as an Object in which he proposes *Happiness* and *Joy* ; that he consents to take her to his Arms for Life ; 'tis ten to one, if *Fruition* do not alter his Opinion of her *Charms*, if his *Appetite* do not grow dull with the Feast, and his *Fancy* and *Affections* begin to covet a *new Object*. The Truth is, we generally make *Love* in a Stile, and with Sentiments very unfit for ordinary Life ; they are half Theatrical, half Romantic. By this Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in human Life : And because we did not before-hand think of the Creature we were enamoured of, as subject to *Dis honour*, *Age*, *Sickness*, *Impatience*, or *Sullenness*, but altogether considered her as the Object of *Joy*, human Nature itself is often imputed to her, as her particular Imperfection or Defect : Whereas we should consider things in their right Light, and as *Nature* has formed them, and not as our own Fancies or Appetites would have them.

Love was always accounted the Mother of Poetry ; and still produces among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary Distresses and poetical Complaints. It makes even a *Lacquey* talk like *Oroondates*, and converts a brutal Rustic into a gentle Swain. The most ordinary *Plebeian* or *Mechanic* in *Love*, bleeds and

G

pines

pines away with a certain Elegance and Tenderness of Sentiments which this Passion naturally inspires. These inward Languishings of the Mind, infected with this *Softness*, hath given Birth to a Phrase, which is made use of by all the Melting Tribe, from the highest to the lowest; I mean that of *Dying for Love*.

Romances, which owe their very *Being* to this Passion, are full of these metaphorical Deaths. Heroes, and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damsels, are all of them in a *dying* Condition! Many of the Poets, to describe the Execution which is done by this Passion, represent the Fair Sex as *Basilisks*, that destroy with their Eyes: And Mr. Cowley has, with great Justness of Thought, compared a beautiful Woman to a *Porcupine*, that sends an Arrow from every Part.

There is no Way so effectual for the Cure of this general Infirmary, as a Man's reflecting upon the Motives that produce it. When the Passion proceeds from the Sense of any Virtue or Perfection in the Person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a Man considers that all his heavy Complaints of Wounds and Deaths rise from some little Affectations of *Coquetry*, which are improv'd into *Charms* by his own fond Imaginations, the very laying be-
fore

fore himself the *Cause* of this Distemper, may be sufficient to effect the *Cure* of it.

It is one of the greatest Faults of too juvenile a Passion, that the Mistress is more *ador'd* than lov'd, and rather worship'd as an *Idol*, than courted as a *mortal Beauty*. She is accosted in the Language proper to the Deity ; *Life and Death are in her Power ; Joys of Heaven, and Pains of Hell, are at her Disposal : Paradise is in her Arms ; and Eternity in every Moment that you are present with her ; Raptures, Transports, and Extacies, are the Rewards which she confers ; Sighs and Tears, Prayers and Broken Hearts, are the Offerings which are paid to her : Her Smiles make Men happy ; and her Frowns drive them to Despair.*

I grant, the pleasantest Part of a Man's Life generally is that which passes in *Courtship*, provided his Passion be sincere, and the Party belov'd kind with Discretion : *Love, Desire, Hope, all the pleasing Motions of the Soul, rise in the Pursuit.* It is easier, however, for an artful Man, who is *not in Love*, to persuade his Mistress he has a Passion for her, and to succeed in his Pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest *Violence*. *True Love* hath ten thousand Grievs, Impatiences, and Resentments, that render a Man unamiable in the Eyes of the Person whose Affections he solicits :

besides, that it sinks his Figure, gives him Fears, Apprehensions, and Poorness of Spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous, where he has a Mind to recommend himself.

There is one particular Occasion of *unhappy Marriages*, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this : Every Man in the Time of *Courtship*, and in the first *Entrance of Marriage*, puts on a Behaviour like a Holiday Suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the Possession of his Mistress. He resigns his Inclinations and Understanding to her Humour and Opinion : He neither loves nor hates ; nor talks, nor thinks, in Contradiction to her : He is controuled by a *Nod*, mortified by a *Frown*, and transported by a *Smile*. The poor young Lady falls in Love with this supple Creature, and expects of him the same Behaviour *for Life*. In a little Time she finds that he has a Will of his own ; that he pretends to dislike what she approves ; and that instead of treating her like a *Goddess*, he scarce uses her like a *Woman*. What itill makes the Misfortune worse, we generally find the most abject *Flatterers* degenerate into the greatest *Tyrants*.

To discourse on this *Passion* in its full Extent, to examine all its Causes and Effects, its Influence and Power, and its various

rious Ways and Degrees of actuating, were to swell this Treatise on *Love* to the Bulk of a Volume. I shall therefore close this Subject with a Reproof to those *Knight-Errants* in the World, who, quite contrary to those in *Romance*, are perpetually seeking Adventures to bring Virgins into Distress, and to ruin Innocence. When Men of Rank and Figure pass away their Lives in these criminal Pursuits and Practices, they ought to consider, that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent Man can be, whatever low Station his Fortune or Birth have placed him in. To bring *Sorrow*, *Confusion*, and *Infamy* into a Family, to wound the Heart of a tender Parent, and stain to Life a poor deluded young Woman with a *Dis-bonour* that can never be wiped off, are Circumstances, one would think, sufficient to check the most violent Passion, in a Heart which has the least Tincture of *Pity* and *Good-Nature*.

And yet so corrupt are the *Fashions* and *Principles* of the Age, that Facts of this Nature are considered but as Flights of *Gallantry* and *Sprightliness*. We are come up to such an extraordinary Pitch of *Politeness*, that the Affectation of being Gay and in *Fashion*, has very near eaten up our *good Sense* and our *Religion*. Is there any thing.

so just, as that *Mode* and *Gallantry* should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the Institutions of *Justice* and *Piety* among us? And yet is there any thing more common, than to run in perfect Contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other Pretensions, than that it is done with what we call a *Good Grace*.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature itself should prompt us to think so: Nor is there any Evil under the Sun so great as the *Abuse* of *Understanding*; and yet there is no one Vice more common. It has diffused itself through all Degrees and Qualities of Mankind; and there is hardly that Person to be found, who is not more concern'd for the Reputation of *Wit* and *Sense*, than *Honesty* and *Virtue*.

Those Errors of Life which owe their Rise particularly to what we call *Gallantry*, are often of a more pernicious Kind, than those we commit from a Spirit of *Libertinism*. The *Rake*, who, without Sense of Character or Decency, wallows and ranges in common Houses, is guilty no further than of prostituting *himself*, and exposing his *Health* to *Diseases*: But the Man of *Gallantry* cannot pursue his Pleasures without *Treachery* to some Man he ought to love,

love, and making despicable the Woman he admires. To live in continual *Deceit*, to reflect upon the *Disbonour* you do some *Husband*, *Father*, or *Brother*, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy, did you know they did the like towards you, are Circumstances which pall the Appetite, and give a Man of any Sense of Honour very painful *Mortification*. What more need be said against a Gentleman's Delight, than that *he himself* thinks *himself* a *base Man* in pursuing it? When it is thoroughly considered, he gives up his very Being as a *Man of Integrity*, who commences a *Gallant*.

There are scarce any Actions beneath a Man of common good Morals, which do not make a Part in the Composition of a bright Man of Gallantry, who goes on in a constant Pursuit of *criminal Satisfactions*. In the Account of *Fashion* and *Custom*, it is but giving ones self a genteel Air, to get immoderately drunk, and break a Drawer's Head; to quarrel with a Watchman, draw the Sword on a Passenger, and enter on perpetual *Riots* and *Intemperance*. The Affectation of these Airs and Freedoms of Action, insensibly grow into habitual Dissoluteness; and then the Person who sets out a *Gallant*, finishes his Course in a *complete Rake*. Those Actions which we are

driven into, generally through the Heat of *Wine* or *Youth*, Mr. *Hobbs* calls the *Effects* of a natural *Drunkennes*, and that therefore we are consequently more excusable for any Errors committed during the *Deprivation* or *Suspension* of our *Reason*, than in the Possession of it. I am afraid we cannot have the Benefit of this Excuse for our Extravagances of Gallantry : We are drawn into them barely by our Will ; we are fond of hazarding our Characters by Flights borrowed from others ; we are forced by no Necessity on committing them ; and have no Impulse to them but *Vanity*, and a Disposition of *Fluttering* and *Foppery*. It is unaccountable to conceive, that Men who have had a *liberal Education*, and have a good Foundation of *Sense* and *Understanding* ; who know that Reason should be the Measure of their Conduct, and *Standard* of their Actions, should suffer themselves so far to be swayed by *Levity*, as to forfeit all Pretences to *Modesty* and *Discretion*, merely out of a Humour of being fashionably *Gay*, and an Affectation of mistaken Gallantry.

I would as soon profess the Character of a *Rake*, as like to be distinguished for a *Man of Gallantry* : and yet a *Rake* is a Man always to be pitied ; and, if he lives, is one Day certainly reclaimed : For his
Faults

Faults proceed not from *Choice* or *Inclination*, but from strong *Passions* and *Appetites*, which are in *Youth* too violent for the Curb of *Reason*, good *Sense*, good *Manners*, and good *Nature*. He is a poor unwieldy Wretch that commits Faults out of the Redundance of his good Qualities : His *Desires* run away with him through the Strength and Force of a lively *Imagination*, which hurries him on to *unlawful Pleasures*, before *Reason* has Power to come in to his Rescue. There is not a Being under the Sun so miserable as this : He goes on in a Pursuit he himself disapproves ; and has no Enjoyment, but what is followed by *Remorse* ; no Relief from *Remorse*, but the Repetition of his Crime.

This is the Character of a *Rake* ; and every Man of thorough *Gallantry* is a zealous Pretender to it. We should labour to assume no *Gallantry*, but that of Spirit, which is stiled *Magnanimity* and *Greatness of Soul* ; an Air of doing great and good Offices ; a Pleasure in exercising our Virtues, and drawing them out to Light for the Service of Mankind. This is *Gallantry*, this is Elegance of Action ; and the other, only called so by *Fashion* and *Folly*, is but a poor and mean Imitation of *Vice* in Disguise.



C O U R A G E

A N D

H O N O U R.

C*OURAGE* and *Honour* are two Qualities very essential to our Characters in the World, yet often mistaken by the Constructions which are put upon them. The former is a Quality which we have from *Nature* ; the latter is to be acquir'd and cherish'd by *Rule* and *Discipline*.

I shall consider *Honour* as two-fold ; as a *Fortitude of Soul*, and an *Inclination to Honesty* : In the latter Sense, it stands for *Justice, fair Dealing, and Uprightness of Actions*. The old *Academics* laid it down for a Principle, That when *Profit* and *Justice* came to a Competition, the latter should always carry it. This did not satisfy *Tully* : He has stated the Case higher, and determined, *That every thing that was honest, was for a Man's Interest ; and that nothing unjust*

unjust could possibly be serviceable. Justice is the Cement of the World : All Societies stand upon this Basis ; and therefore *Fraud* and *Violence* are every where punish'd No Advantage can countervail the Loss of *Honesty* : He that dispenses with *Justice* and *clear Dealing*, degrades himself to a Brute, though he does not go upon All-four : For what signifies the Diversity of Shape, when the Qualities are the same ? In short, *Honesty* is the Support of Commerce ; and even Knaves would be undone without it.

To do as we would be done by, our Blessed Saviour tells us, is *the Law and the Prophets* ; that is, it contains the Sense, includes the Compass, and obliges to the same moral Duties which they do. The Meaning of *Honesty* may be easily known, if a Man is but willing to be inform'd. To acquit ourselves fairly in this Matter, there's generally required no great Reach of Thought, no refin'd Understanding, no Advantage of *Education*. We need not turn over the *Pandects*, nor tire ourselves with *Statutes* and *Reports* : 'Twas the Dishonesty, more than the Weakness of Mankind, which occasion'd these *Volumes*. Did not designing Men make it their Business to start Ambiguities, to entangle Property, and lay in wait to deceive, most People might be

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their

their own *Lawyers*. If in doubtful Cases they would ask their Reason a few Questions, and try their Usage of their Neighbours upon themselves, the World would seldom have any just Ground to complain of them.

Was this Rule generally observed, did People *do as they would be done by*, the World would have quite another Face. What inviolable *Friendship* might we then expect? What *Exactness* in Commerce? What *Easiness* in Conversation? *Want* would be in a great measure removed, and *Envy* thrown out of Society. The *Poor* would not steal from the *Rich*; nor the *Rich* starve the *Poor*. There would be no such thing as *Fraud* and *Oppression*; no secret Mischiefs, or open Barbarities: No Sallies of Ambition, no grasping at forbidden Greatness, to disturb the World. What Largeness of Mind; what Harmony of Humours, what Peace in Families and Kingdoms would this one Maxim produce? Upon this Principle public Quarrels would be easily reconciled: there would be *no leading into Captivity, no complaining in our Streets*: Men might then *beat their Swords into Plowshares, and their Spears into Pruning-hooks*. *Nation would not rise against Nation, neither would they learn War any more*; but *Justice* would

would run down like Water, and *Righteousness* like a mighty Stream.

To define a Man who is *rightly honest*, is to speak of one who looks not to what he *might* do, but what he *should*. *Justice* is his fast Guide, and the second Law of his Actions is *Expedience*. He had rather complain than offend ; and hates Offence more for the Indignity of it than the Danger. He hath but one Heart ; and that lies open to Sight : And were in not for Discretion, he never thinks aught whereof he would avoid a Witness. All his Dealings are square and above-board ; he discovers the Fault of what he would sell ; restores the over-seen Gain of a false Reckoning ; and esteems a *Bribe* venomous, though it comes gilded over with the Colour of *Gratuity*. His Cheeks are never stained with the Blushes of Recantation ; nor does his Tongue falter to make good a Lye, with the secret Glosses of double or reserved Senses. His Ear is the Sanctuary of his absent Friend's Name, of his present Friend's Secret ; neither of them can miscarry in his Trust. His fair Conditions are without dissembling, and he loves Actions above Words ; hates Falshood worse than Death ; is a faithful Client of Truth, and no Man's Enemy ; it is doubtful, whether he is more another Man's Friend, or his own ; and, to conclude his Commend-

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Commendation, if there were no Heaven, yet would he be *virtuous*.

Thus far have I treated of *Honour*, as it is *Honesty* ; and I must now consider it under that other Denomination. Every Principle that is a Motive to good Actions ought to be encourag'd, since Men are of so different a Make, that the same Principle does not work equally upon all Minds. What some Men are prompted to by *Conscience*, *Duty*, or *Religion*, which are only different Names for the same thing, others are prompted to by *Honour*.

The Sense of *Honour* is of so fine and delicate a Nature, that it is only to be met with in Minds which are naturally *noble* ; or in such as have been cultivated by great Examples, or a refined *Education*. True *Honour*, though it be a different Principle from *Religion*, is that which produces the same Effects. The Lines of Action, though drawn from different Parts, terminate in the same Point : *Religion* embraces *Virtue*, as it is enjoyn'd by the Laws of God : *Honour*, as it is graceful and ornamental to human Nature. The religious Man *fears*, the Man of Honour *scorns* to do an ill Action : The former considers *Vice* as something that is beneath him ; the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being ; the one, as what is *unbecoming*, the other, as what is

is forbidden. Thus *Seneca* speaks in the natural and genuine Language of a Man of Honour, when he declares, That *were there no God to see or punish Vice, he would not commit it ; because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a Nature.*

There are Persons who treat this Principle as chimerical, and turn it into Ridicule. Men who are professedly of no *Honour*, are of a more profligate and abandon'd Nature, than even those who are acted by false Notions of it ; as there is more Hopes of a *Heretic*, than of an *Atheist*. These Sons of Infamy consider *Honour* as a fine imaginary Notion, that leads astray young unexperienced Men, and draws them into real Mischiefs, whilst they are engaged in the Pursuits of a Shadow. These are generally Persons, who, in *Shakespeare's* Phrase, are *worn and hackney'd in the Ways of Men* ; whose Imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate Sentiments which are natural to Minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old batter'd Miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their present Interest ; and treat those Persons as Visionaries, who dare stand up, in a corrupt Age, for what has not its immediate Reward joined to it. The Talents, Interest, or Experience of such Men, make them

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them very often useful in all Parties, and at all Times. But whatever Wealth and Dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a Blot in the Annals of his Country, who arrives at the *Temple of Honour* by any other Way than through that of *Virtue*.

Honour is a Theme whose Description has employed the Pens of the greatest *Poets* ; but none have touch'd it with that Delicacy and Elegance as the ingenious Lord *Hallifax*. His Verses set it in so fair and advantageous a Point of Light, and give it that Beauty, as well as Grandeur, that they deserve a Place in the politest Pages.

*Not all the Threats, or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him who to strict Honour is inclin'd.
Tho' all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait
On public Places, and Affairs of State,
Should fondly court him to be base and great ;
With even Passions and with settled Face,
He would remove the Harlot's false Embrace,
Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,
That Church-Magicians in their Cells devise,
And from their settled Basis Nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear ;
Secure in Innocence, condemn them all,
And, decently array'd in Honour fall.*

Honour !

*Honour ! that Spark of the Celestial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aspire,
Enobles the rude Passions of our Frame :
With Thirst of Glory, and Desire of Fame :
The richest Treasure of a gen'rous Breast,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
Wit, Strength, and Courage, are wild dang'rous
Force,*

*Unless this soften and direct their Course.
Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,
Raise maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice ;
Their modest Nature curbs the struggling
Flame,*

*And stifles what they wish to act with Shame :
But, once this Fence thrown down, when they
perceive*

*That they may taste forbidden Fruit, and live ;
They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin :
True to no Principles, press forward still,
And only bound by Appetite their Will ;
Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,
But shift with every veering Blast their Sails.
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love.
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the
Way,*

With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.

True

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True Honour is, in a great Measure, confined to what we, in other Words, might term *Fortitude* ; a Virtue that implies a Firmness and Strength of Mind which enables us to do and suffer as we ought. It puts us into a Condition to maintain our *Reason*, to stand by our best *Interest*, and act up to *Decency* and *Conscience*. 'Tis a vigorous and enterprising *Virtue* ; and won't be beaten off a brave Action by any Menaces whatever. When the Cause is good, *Fortitude* is rather animated, than discourag'd by Difficulty : It rises upon an Opposition ; and when *Glory* rightly stated, when public Service, and the Benefit of Mankind ; when these Colours are display'd for Invitation, the Man of *Fortitude* chuses the *Post of Honour*, and seeks the fairest Opportunities to distinguish himself.

'Tis the Property of this Quality, to be always under the *Direction of Reason*. A Person *truly brave*, never ventures at any thing ill or impossible. To be *bold* in an indefensible Enterprize, is brutish Impetuosity, and no Part of the Credit which belongs to a Man. *Courage*, without *Conduct* and *Conscience*, is one of the most pernicious Things in the World ; and serves only to furnish People to do Mischief to themselves and their Neighbours.

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In truth, it is no new thing to meet with Resolution without Justice, and to find People daring in unwarrantable Undertakings. If Mens Spirits sunk in Proportion to the Declension of their Honesty, if they could not dismiss their Conscience without parting with their *Courage*, the Peace of Society would be wonderfully secured.

There are Men in the World who owe their *Courage* to *Infidelity* ; others to *Ignorance* : Some *fear* nothing, because they *believe* nothing : Others are *bold*, because they are *blind*. Do but surprize their Understandings, and you may warm their Blood, prescribe their Motions, and bring all their Passions to your Pleasure. He that lets himself loose without a warrantable Motive ; he that ventures beyond Reason ; and runs great Hazards for small Returns ; has no just Pretensions to this Virtue : A *bold* Man we call him ; but he is far from being a *brave* one. *True Courage* maintains itself without foreign Assistance ; needs no sanguine Complexion, or Heat of Youth, or Passion ; 'tis made up of more lasting Principles, and furnish'd from a better Fund than this amounts to : It subsists upon Thought, and grows out of the Strength of the Mind. Our Resolution must be govern'd by such Notions of *Honour* as will endure the Touchstone, and stand the Test
of

of this World, and a better. Those who kindle upon a slight Provocation, run the utmost Risque for a lewd Custom, and fight the Quarrels of Debauchery and Pride, fall lamentably short of this Quality. To throw away our Courage in such Service, is a dismal Instance of Folly and Distraction : He that leaps from a Garret, or drives down a Precipice, may put in for a Heroe at this Rate. But the Seat of solid *Honour* is in a Man's own Bosom ; and no one can want Support, who is in Possession of an honest Conscience, but who would suffer the Reproaches of it for other Greatness.

There are Numbers who entertain very mistaken Notions of *Honour* ; and these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a Point of *Honour*, which is contrary either to the *Laws of God*, or of their *Country* ; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an Injury ; who make no Scruple of telling a lye, but would put any Man to death who accuses them of it ; who are more careful to guard their Reputation by their *Courage*, than by their *Virtue*. *True Fortitude* is indeed so becoming in Human Nature, that he who wants it, scarce deserves the Name of a Man : But we find several who so much abuse this Notion, that they place the whole Idea of *Honour* in a kind of *brutal Courage* : By which
Means

Means we have had many among us, who have called themselves *Men of Honour*, that would have been a Disgrace to a Gibbet. In a Word, the Man who sacrifices any Duty of a reasonable Creature to a prevailing Mode or Fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable, that is displeasing to his *Maker*, or destructive to *Society*, who thinks himself obliged by this Principle to the Practice of *some Virtues*, and not of *others*, is by no means to be reckon'd among *true Men of Honour*.

All *Gallantry* and *Fashion*, one would imagine, should rise out of the *Religion* and *Laws* of that Nation wherein they prevail : But, alas ! Gay Characters and those which lead in the Pleasure and the Inclinations of the *fashionable World*, are such as are readyest to practise Crimes the most abhorrent to Nature, and contradictory to our Faith. A *Christian* and a *Gentleman*, are made inconsistent Appellations of the same Person : You are not to expect *eternal Life*, if you do not forgive Injuries ; and your *mortal Life* is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a Murder, in Resentment for an Affront : For good *Sense*, as well as *Religion*, is so utterly banish'd the World, that Men glory in their very Passions, and pursue Trifles with the utmost Vengeance : So little do they know that to forgive is the
most

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most arduous Pitch human Nature can arrive at.

When *Honour* is a Support to virtuous Principles, and runs parallel with the *Laws* of God and our Country, it cannot be too much cherish'd and encouraged : But when the Dictates of *Honour* are contrary to those of *Religion* and *Equity*, they are the greatest Depravations of Human Nature, by giving wrong, ambitious, and false Ideas of what is good and laudable ; and should therefore be exploded by all Governments, and driven out, as the Bane and Plague of human Society.

I cannot dismiss this Subject of *false Honour* and *mistaken Courage*, which has push'd too many Men on Duelling and Murder, without some Notice taken of that criminal, but prevailing Custom. It is pity but the Punishment of such mischievous Notions should have in it some particular Circumstance of Shame and Infamy, that those who are Slaves to them, may see, that instead of *advancing* their *Reputations*, they lead them to *Ignominy* and *Dis honour*. *Death* is not sufficient to deter Men, who make it their Glory to despise it : But if every one that fought a *Duel*, were to stand in the *Pillory*, it would quickly lessen the Number of these imaginary Men of *Honour*, and put an End
to

to so absurd a Practice ; to a Custom which has prevailed only among such as had a Nicety in their Sense of *Honour* ; for it has often happen'd, that a *Duel* has been fought, to save Appearance to the World, when both Parties have been, in their Hearts, in Amity and Reconciliation to each other.

It is a notorious Fault, that Fashion should prevail in Contempt of all *Laws*, Divine and Human ; and that it should become a Custom for Gentlemen, upon slight and trivial Provocations, to invite each other into the Field : There by their own Hands, and of their own Authority, to decide their Controversies by *Combat* ; when thereby, in Despite of all the Precepts of Religion, and the Rules of right Reason, the greatest Act of a Human Mind, *Forgiveness of Injuries*, is become vile and shameful ; when thereby, the Rules of good Society and virtuous Conversation are inverted and broken ; when thereby the Loose, the Vain and the Impudent insult the Careful, the Discreet, and the Modest ; when all *Virtue* is suppress'd, and all Vice supported, in the one Act of being capable to *dare* to the Death. It were to be wish'd that all Men of Sense would think it worth their while, to reflect upon the Dignity of *Christian Virtues* : It would possibly enlarge their Souls
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into such a Contempt of what Fashion and Prejudice have made honourable, that their Duty, Inclination, and Honour, would tend the same Way, and make all their Lives an uniform Act of *Religion* and *Virtue*. How shall the Man who shall die by the Sword of Pride and Wrath, and in Contention with his Brother, appear before him, at whose Presence Nature shall be in an Agony, and the great and glorious Bodies of Light be obscured ; when the Sun shall be darkened, the Moon turn'd into Blood, and all the Powers of Heaven shaken ; when the Heavens themselves shall pass away with a great Noise, and the Elements dissolve with fervent Heat ; when the Earth also, and all the Works that are therein, shall be burnt up ? What may justly damp in our Minds the diabolical Madness, which prompts us to decide our petty Animosities by the Hazard of *Eternity*, is, That in that one Act, the Criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the Presence of his Judge : That is certainly his Case who dies in a Duel. I cannot but repeat it : He that dies in a Duel knowingly offends God ; and in that very Action, rushes into his offended Presence. Is it possible for the Heart of Man to conceive a more terrible Image, than that of a departed Spirit in this Condition ?

dition? Could we but suppose it has just left the Body, and struck with the terrible Reflection, that to avoid the Laughter of Fools, and being the By-word of Idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the Den of *Demons*, and the Howlings of eternal Despair; how willingly now would it suffer the Imputation of Fear and Cowardise, to have one Moment left not to tremble in vain.

The Concern of declining the Infamy of Fear, of being branded with Cowardise in the Eye of the World, and the Regard to the Preservation of a Character of Bravery, has urged Men on to this Act of impious Temerity. *Duelling* is the Triumph of the Fashion, and the Thing in which it has exercised its greatest Tyranny: This Custom does not give the *Coward* the Liberty to live, and leads him out to be killed by a Man of more Bravery than himself, and makes him fall undistinguished from the Man of Courage: It has entailed Honour and Renown on an Action full of Folly and Extravagance; has obtained Reputation by the Presence of Kings; and sometimes has had a Sort of Religion to countenance its Practice: It decided the Innocence of Men; and whether Accusations in capital Crimes were true or false: It was so deeply rooted in the Opinion of the World, and got such

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an entire Possession of the Minds of Men, that it has been one of the most glorious Actions of the Life of a potent Monarch to cure them of this Folly. Custom has made it a Maxim, that we must defend what we call our *Honour*: For to suffer under the Imputation of *Cowardise*, is worse than being buried alive.

But may it not be reply'd to those advent'rous Heroes, What if it was the Custom to *tilt* your Heads against a Post for a Morning's Exercise; would you venture the Beating out your Brains, rather than be unfashionable? What if it was the Custom for People of Condition to betray a Trust; to forswear a Debt; or forge a Conveyance; would you follow the Precedent, or forfeit their good Opinion?

As much a Custom as we would make *Duelling*, 'tis not improv'd into Common Law? Therefore if Men of Honour are too great to be govern'd by the Law, they should be so modest, as not to plead it for their Advantage. The Notion of *Honour* is certainly to be taken from the Laws and Government, and not from any private Set of People, how valuable soever in other Respects. *Duelling*, therefore should be a very dishonourable Practice: For when you have given the best Proof of your Sufficiency, and kill'd your Man, you are seiz'd into the
Hands

Hands of Justice, treated like Assassins, and condemn'd to die with Circumstances of Ignominy. You are not indicted for acquitting yourselves like Gentlemen; but for disturbing the public Peace, and murdering the King's Subjects. Now, the Law never loads a Man with Reproaches, nor punishes him thus coarsely, for doing a handsome Action. To be plain, your *common Fighters* are a Tribe of *Murderers* by *Principle*, which is something worse than *Malice propense*; because 'tis ready upon all Occasions, and often acts without any Provocation, except the Vanity of complying with a barbarous Custom. As if it was as indifferent a Thing to cut a Man's Throat, or let it alone, as to wear a broad or narrow-brim'd Hat; and that these little Concerns of *Blood* ought to be perfectly govern'd by the *Fashion*: And when the Barbarity is committed, you have the Assurance to maintain it, and to argue for the Murder against Law and Gospel.

To have our Swords ready to execute the Orders of every paultry Passion, to put Murder into our Creed, and cut Throats upon profess'd Principles, is a tragical Business. Besides that, it is renouncing the public Sense in Matters of the highest Importance: It is counting that a noble Atchievement, which the Laws pu-

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nish as a capital Offence. Now to set up a Notion of Honour against the Government, with such Circumstances as these, is of very dangerous Consequence. 'Tis such an Affront to the Constitution, such a deliberate Contempt, such an open Defiance of Authority, as nothing can be more. It makes the Laws cheap and ridiculous; the Solemnities of Justice of Piece a Pageantry; the Bench a few Reverend Puppets or Scaramouches in Scarlet: And thus by exposing the Administration, the very Foundations of Peace and Property are shaken and sapped. The Methods of killing, and that of Highway-Men, are alike *fair* in the Eye of Justice, and the same Rewards are assigned to both. Princes ought to resent the Breach of their Laws, and the Loss of their Subjects, a little more heartily; they should not encourage a Practice which insults their Authority, ridicules their Ministers, and keeps up a Spirit of Barbarity throughout the Nation.

What an insufferable Pride must it be for private Men to erect a Magistracy of their own; to *judge* and *execute* in Matters of Life and Death, and to *hang* and *draw* within themselves. If the Subjects may set the Laws aside with so little Ceremony, and make supplemental Provisions at Discretion, the Significancy of Government will

will be unintelligible. If Authority may be slighted in an Instance of so high a Nature, why not in an Hundred? And when the Fences are broken down, Impiety will flow in like a Torrent.

If all Subjects should take the same Liberty as these dangerous *Duellists*, we should have wild Work? if the under Sort of People should take the Hint, and practise upon it in the Instance of Property? What these daring Advocates for Vengeance alledge in their Justification is, that particular Satisfaction for every Affront in Conversation, cannot be awarded by *stated Laws*: The Circumstances are too many to be brought within a Rule; the Giving the *Eye* or any such Indignities, will not allow of a Complaint to a Magistrate, or juridical Prosecution; and since the Government is defective in considering the *Respects* of Honour, they think themselves privileged to be their own Carvers? These at best are but Pleas of *Pride* and *Mistake*; the Affronts which the Laws take no Cognizance of, are beneath our Observation; and such Indignities are to be answered with Contempt, and not Revenge. For unauthorized Reparations, where the Injury is either overlooked by the Law, or the Injured has no public Warrant for Reprisals, are by no Means defensible or convenient. *Private*

vate Revenge is most dangerous to Society; were every Man his own Magistrate, and trusted with the Power of punishing, there would be strange Confusion in a short Time, and the World be ruin'd by doing Justice.

If Ignorance and Ill-nature might condemn and execute at Discretion, if Spleen and Pride might play without Controul, and Resentment make a Sally upon every Pretence, the four Winds might better be let loose upon us, than all the Passions of such a Liberty. Besides that Heat and Impatience are very ill Directors; when the Mind is thus clouded with Passion, 'tis odds but that a Man misses his Way: When Violence hurries on too fast, and Caution does not keep pace with *Revenge*, People generally do themselves more Hurt than the Enemy.

Our wearing a Sword, gives us no Power of personal Satisfaction; nor are we to take a greater Freedom with the Government than the Vulgar: Our Quality cannot be our Excuse, or bear us out in the usurp'd Privilege: Quite contrary a Gentleman is supposed to be better acquainted with Laws than a Peasant; therefore his breaking of them must be a greater Fault; because it implies more of Contempt in the Action. Besides, where the Example is of worse Consequence, the Care to check it should be

be the greater. The Influence of Men of Figure is considerable; when they are at the Head of an ill Custom, they have presently a Train to attend them. The Infection spreads like Lightning; and 'tis a Credit to live counter to Reason and Regularity. Nor is it an Allegation of any Weight, to say, that the Custom of *Duëls* puts Gentlemen upon their good Behaviour; or that 'tis a Check upon Conversation, and makes it more inoffensive than it would be otherwise: For though Misunderstandings will happen sometimes in Company, yet the Disorders of Conversation may be prevented without such a dangerous Expedient: For not to mention *Religion*, a moderate Share of *Prudence* and *Behaviour* will do the Business.

There is another specious Defence for *Duelling*, which is, that the *Custom* has prevail'd for several Ages: But let us remember an Objection to this, that there is scarcely any Extravagance so singular, as to want a Precedent; but *Custom*, without *Reason*, is no better than ancient Error. If we look back to the Old *Romans*, who were as brave as any People can pretend to be, we shall meet with no Instances of these *private Decisions*. Indeed, there was a sort of *Duelling* among them, as that of the *Horatii* and *Curatii*; of

Manlius Torquatus, and the *Gaul* that challenged the Army. But then there was a Difference in the Persons and Occasions. These *Duellists* were Enemies, Subjects of different Princes; and a sort of fighting Representatives, chosen to decide the Controversy of the Field. At least, the Contest was allowed by public Authority, and undertaken upon the Score of their Country. But as for one Subject's cutting another's Throat about private Disputes, they were perfect Strangers to these Methods of Justice. And when *Mark Anthony*, after the Battle of *Actium*, challenged *Augustus*, he took no further Notice of the Insult, than sending back this Answer, *That if Anthony was weary of his Life, there were other Ways of Dispatch beside Fighting him; and for his Part he should not trouble himself to be his Executioner.*

There is a further Varnish may be put on this execrable Custom, that it is fine to seem above the Impressions of Fear, and to flash in the Face of Danger. Indeed *Fortitude* is a very valuable Quality: But then, as I have already observed, it must be under the Conduct of *Prudence* and *Justice*: Without this Assistance, the best Event will prove ruinous, and the Victory itself a Defeat.

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To be easily penetrated by an Injury, is a Sign we want either Reason to *guard*, or Strength to *endure* the Blow; whereas *Fortitude* and *Greatness of Mind*, makes a Man almost invulnerable, fences off the Stroke, turns the Edge of an *Affront*, and stupifies the Pain. They are generally *Children*, *Sick*, and *Unfortunate* People, that are most *toucb'd* and *resenting*; and who would be fond of so ill-descended a *Quality*? Besides, those who are *nice* and *exceptionous*, are soon thrown off their Temper; those who can bear, and pardon nothing, lie mightily exposed. Their Satisfaction requires such an entire *Obsequiousness* of Men and Things, that it is impossible to last long: A Word, a Look *mismanaged* or *misunderstood*, is enough to disconcert them. They make no Allowance for the *Mistakes* of *Ignorance*, the *Freedom* of *Friendship*, or the *Rudeness* of *Passion*: But salty out immediately, without distinguishing upon Circumstance, or Intention, as if every *Slip* was unpardonable, and all the Reason of Mankind was obliged to be upon Duty, to please their Humour, and gratify their Pride.

In a Word there is much more Honour in *contemning Injuries*, and passing them by, than in deciding the Controversy by the *Sword*, or humouring a *Spleen* and Vein of *Revenge*. For *Vindictiveness* is an un-

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creditable Quality, argues a *little* Mind, and a *Defect* of Generosity and Good Nature. *Revenge*, when improved into *Habit* and *Inclination*, is the Temper of a *Tyrant*: 'Tis a strong Composition of *Pride* and Cruelty, impatient of the least Provocation, and unconcerned at the Mischief of a *Return*.

How much nobler is it, to *palliate*, than *aggravate*; to *pardon*, than *resent*? Good Nature will teach us to *stifle* our Resentments, to dissemble the Pain, and *smother* the Injury, rather than let them *break out* to the Disturbance of another: A *generous Person* will pity that in another, which he will by no means pardon in himself. Good Nature is willing to make Excuses, and interpret Things to the best Sense; and always drives the Reasons of *Clemency* as far as they will go: It considers, that *Ignorance* is often at the Head of a Fault; that *Generosity* never goes to the *Rigour* of Matters, nor delights in giving *Pain* and *Punishment*; is willing to overlook and pity the uneven Starts, and Misperformances of *Life* and *Conversation*; backward to expostulate and complain, to *expose* Defects, or *demand* Reparations.

A *savage* and *inhospitable Disposition*, is the most unbeloved Quality; we should endeavour to *sweeten* our Humours, and keep the

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the Ferment down. I confess, the World affords Provocations enough, and some Men deserve to be mortified; but we may see, the *Remedy is worse than the Disease*. We should therefore arm ourselves with Thinking, and keep *Reason* upon the Guard: We should always look out for the best Constructions, wish every Body well, pity *Ignorance*, and despise ill Usage. In a Word, *true Honour* is always lodged with *Justice* and *Humanity*; and *Courage* must be blended with *Fortitude*, and have more in it than *Force* and *Daring*, to make it valuable.



H 6 A F F E C T A-



AFFECTATION.

AS bad as the World is, we may find, by a strict Observation upon *Virtue* and *Vice*, that if Men appeared no worse than they really are, there would be much less Work for *Reformation* than there is, as they order the Matter. For they have generally taken up a kind of inverted *Ambition*, and affect even Faults and Imperfections of which they are innocent.

Mr. *Locke* has defined *Affectation* to be an aukward and forced *Imitation* of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the *Beauty* that accompanies what is *natural*, because there is always a Disagreement between the *outward* Action and the Mind *within*.

Nature does nothing in vain; the Creator of the Universe has appointed every Thing to a certain Use and Purpose, and determined it to a settled Course and Sphere of Action, from which if it in the least deviate, it becomes unfit to answer those
Ends

Ends for which it was designed. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the *Absurdity* and *Ridicule* we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent *Affectation* of excelling in Characters Men are not fit for, and for which Nature never designed them. *Plain* and *tough Nature*, left to itself, is much better than an *artificial Ungracefulness*; and studied Ways of being ill-fashioned. The *Want* of an Accomplishment, or some Defect, in our Behaviour coming short of the utmost Gracefulness, often escapes Observation and Censure: But *Affectation*, in any Part of our Carriage, is lighting up a Candle to our Defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting Sense, or wanting Sincerity.

It is one Part and Symptom of *Affectation*, when a Man would outwardly put on a Disposition of Mind, which then he really has not, but endeavours, by a forced Carriage, to make a Shew of; yet so, that the Constraint he is under discovers itself: Thus a Man affects sometimes to appear *sad*, *merry*, or *kind*, when in Truth he is not so. Another Indication is, when Men do not endeavour to make *Shew* of Dispositions of Mind which they *have not*, but to express those they *have* by a Carriage not suited to them. And such in Conversation are

are all constrain'd Motions, Actions, Words, or Looks, which, though design'd to shew either their *Respect* or *Civility* to the Company, or their Satisfaction and Easiness in it, are not yet natural nor genuine Marks of the one, or the other, but rather of some *Defect* or *Mistake* within.

Affectation, indeed, is a Disease which breaks out upon us in various Kinds: It sometimes shews itself in our *Cloaths* and *Habit*, sometimes in our *Features* and *Mien* of the Face, often in our *Actions* and *Deportment* of the Body, and too frequently in our *Words* and *Conversation*. Each *Species* of it subjects a Man to a Proportion of *Ridicule*; but the Stiffness and affected Pedantry of *Expression* makes him most the Object of *Contempt*.

There are many Men, and some of great Sense too, that lose both the Profit and the Reputation of good *Thoughts*, by the uncouth Manner of expressing them. They love to talk in *Mystery*, and take it for a Mark of Wisdom not to be understood. They are so fond of making themselves public, that they will rather be *ridiculous*, than not *taken notice of*. When the Mind grows squeamish, and comes to a loathing of Things that are *common*, as if they were *sordid*, that *Sickness* betrays itself in our Way of speaking too: For we must have new
Words,

Words, new Compositions; and it passes for an Ornament, to borrow from the other Tongues, where we may be better furnish'd in our own.

An Affectation in Writing is equally nauseous as in Expression; in Matters of Composition, we should write, as we would speak, with Ease and Freedom; if we put our Thoughts in good Sense, the Matter of Ornament we may leave to the Orators. Yet where we can be eloquent, says SENECA, without more Pains than the Thing's worth, let us use our Faculty provided that we value ourselves upon the Matter, more than upon the Words; and apply ourselves rather to the Understanding, than the Fancy: For as for esteeming any Man purely upon the Score of his Rhetoric (continues the Philosopher) I would as soon choose a Pilot for a good Head of Hair.

But to speak more immediately of our *Actions and Behaviour*: Every Man has one or more Qualities, which may make him useful both to himself and others: *Nature* never fails of pointing them out; and while the Infant continues under her *Guardianship*, she brings him on in his Way, and then offers herself for a *Guide* in what remains of the Journey: If he proceeds in that Course, he can hardly miscarry: *Nature* makes good her Engagements; for as she never pro-
mises

mises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the Misfortune is, Men despise what they may be Masters of, and affect what they are *not* fit for: They reckon themselves already possessed of what their *Genius* inclined them to, and so bend all their Ambition to excel in what is *out* of their Reach: Thus they destroy the *Use* of their *natural Talents*, in the same Manner as *covetous Men* do their *Quiet and Repose*; they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they *have*, because of the absurd Inclination they are possessed with for what they *have not*.

The great Misfortune of these *Affectations* is, that Men not only *lose* a good Quality, but also *contract* a bad one; they not only are *unfit* for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are *unfit* for; and instead of making a very good *Figure* one Way, make a very *ridiculous one* another. It is to *Affectation* the World owes its whole Race of *Coxcombs*: Nature in her whole *Drama* never drew such a Part: She has sometimes made a *Fool*; but a *Coxcomb* is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwise than Nature designed; who ever bears an high *Re-sentment* for being put out of her Course, and never fails of taking her *Revenge* on those that do so.

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If Men would be content to graft upon *Nature*, and assist her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect? For wherever Nature designs a Production, she always disposes Seed proper for it; which are as absolutely necessary to the *Formation* of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the *Being* and *Growth* of a Plant. But opposing her Tendency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the same Success as declining from her Course in the Production of Vegetables: By the Assistance of *Art*, and an hot Bed, we may possibly extort an unwilling *Plant*, or an untimely *Sallad*; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid! All *Affectations*, which endeavour to correct natural Defects, and have always the laudable Aim of *pleasing*, yet always miss it; and the more they labour to put on *Gracefulness*, the farther they are from it. He that will examine wherein that *Gracefulness* lies, which always pleases, will find it arises from that *natural* Coherence which appears between the Thing done, and such a Temper of Mind, as cannot but be approved of as suitable to the Occasion.

In a Word, could the World be reform'd to the Obedience of that famed Dictate, *follow Nature*, which the Oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero*, when he consulted what *Course of Studies* he should pursue, we should

should see almost every Man as eminent in his proper Sphere, as *Tully* was in his ; and should, in a very short Time, find *Impertinence* and *Affectation* banish'd from the *Women*, and *Coxcombs* and false Characters from among the Men. Imitation of others, without discerning what is *graceful* in them, or what is peculiar to their Characters, often makes a great Part of our Faults. But *Affectation*, of all Kinds, whencesoever it proceeds, is always offensive ; because we naturally hate whatever is counterfeit, and condemn those who have nothing better to recommend themselves by.



IDLENESS.



I D L E N E S S.

SO true to *Industry*, and so zealous for *Employment*, have wise Men been in all Ages, that they have look'd upon *Idleness* and *Inactivity*, as Crimes of a heinous Nature. I remember it is a Reflection of Old *Hesiod* :

Τῷ δὲ θεοὶ νεμεσῶσι καὶ ἄνδρες ὅς κεν ἀεργός.
 Ζῶν, κηφῆνεσσι κοθύροι εἰκελὸς ὄρμην,
 Οἷτε μελισσάων κάμαλον τρύχουσιν ἀεργοί,
 Ἔσθοντες. —————

That both God and Men are angry at him that lives unactive, like Drones in an Hive, that devour the Fruit of the Bees Labour.

Idleness is of so general a Distemper, that a copious Treatise on this Subject could not but be of universal Use. There is hardly any one Person without some Allay of it ; and thousands spend more Time in an *idle Uncertainty*, which to begin first of two
 Affairs,

Affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The Occasion of this seems to be the *Want* of some necessary *Employment* to put the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their Lethargy. Were one's Time a little streightned by *Business*, like Water enclosed in its Banks, it would have some determined Course; but unless it be put into some Channel, it has no Current, but it becomes a Deluge, without either *Use* or *Motion*.

It has been observed by Writers of *Morality*, that in order to quicken *Human Industry*, Providence has so contrived it, that our *daily Food* is not to be procured without much Pains and Labour. The Chase of *Birds* and *Beasts*, the several Arts of *Fishing*, with all the different Kinds of *Agriculture*, are necessary Scenes of *Business*, and give Employment to the greatest Part of Mankind. If we look into the *brute Creation*, we find all its Individuals engaged in a *painful* and *laborious* Way of Life, to procure a *necessary Subsistence* for themselves, or those that grow up under them. The Preservation of their *Being* is the whole *Business* of it. An *idle Man* is therefore a Kind of Monster in the Creation. All Nature is *busy* about him; every Animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a Man, who lies as a *Burthen* or *dead Weight* upon the Species;
and

and contributes nothing either to the *Riches* of the *Commonwealth*, or to the Maintenance of himself and Family, consider that Instinct with which Providence has endowed the *Ant*, and by which is exhibited an Example of *Industry* to rational Creatures.

Notwithstanding we are obliged by *Duty* to keep ourselves in constant *Employ*, after the same Manner as inferior Animals are prompted to it by *Instinct*, we fall very short of them in this Particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater *Variety* of Business to which we may apply ourselves. *Reason* opens to us a large Field of Affairs, which other Creatures are not capable of: *Beasts of Prey*, and I believe of all other Kinds, in their natural State of Being, divide their Time between *Action* and *Rest*. They are always at work, or asleep. In short, their waking Hours are wholly taken up in seeking after Food, or in consuming it. The *human Species* only, to the great Reproach of our Natures, are filled with Complaint that the Day hangs *heavy* on them; that they do not know *what to do* with themselves; that they are at a Loss how to *pass away* their Time; with many of the like shameful Murmurs, which we often find in the Mouths of those who are stiled rational Beings. How monstrous are such Expressions amongst
Creatures

Creatures who have the *Labours* of the *Mind*, as well as those of the *Body*, to furnish them with proper Employments; who, besides the Business of their proper *Callings* and *Professions*, can apply themselves to the Duties of *Religion*, to *Meditation*, to the *reading* of useful Books, to *Discourse*: In a Word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded Pursuits of *Knowledge* and *Virtue*, and every Hour of their Lives make themselves *wiser* or *better* than they were before.

The irregular Starts of vicious Appetites, are in Time destroyed by the Gratification of them; but a well ordered Life of *Sloth*, receives daily Strength from its Continuance. *I went* (says Solomon) *by the Field of the Slothful, and the Vineyard of the Man void of Understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with Thorns, and Nettles had covered the Face thereof; and the Stone Walls thereof were broken down.* To raise the Image of this Person, the same Author adds, *The slothful Man hideth his Hand in his Bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his Mouth.* If there were no future Account expected of *spending our Time*, the immediate *Inconvenience* that attends a Life of *Idleness*, should of itself be Persuasion enough to the Men of Sense to avoid it.

I believe I may say, there is more Toil, Fatigue, and Uneasiness in *Sloth*, than can be

be found in any Employment a Man will put himself upon. When a thoughtful Man is once fix'd this Way, *Spleen* is the necessary Consequence. This directs him instantly to the Contemplation of his *Health*, or *Circumstances*, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy Enquiries. If he has any *common Business* upon his Hands, numberless Objections arise, that make the Dispatch of it impossible; and he cries out with *Solomon*, *There is a Lion in the Way, a Lion in the Streets*, that is, there is some Difficulty or other, which, to his Imagination, is as invincible as a Lion really would be.

If we would but take the Pains to consider the Consequences of *Idleness*, and to how many Inconveniences we are subject, by an *habitual Inactivity*, our Reason would prompt us to fly from Danger, and take Shelter under *Exercise* and *Employment*: The Man that wallows in the Bed of *Idleness*, is fit to invite Temptation: The *industrious* Man hath not so much Leisure to sin: The *Idle* hath neither Leisure nor Power to avoid it. *Exercise* is not more wholesome for the Body, than for the Soul; the Remission whereof breeds Matter of *Disease* in both. The Water that hath been heated, soonest freezeth, the most active Spirit soonest tireth with Slacking: The Earth stands still, and

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is all Dregs; the Heavens ever move, and are pure. We have no Reason to complain of the *Absurdity* of Work; the *Toil of Action* is answered by the *Benefit*; if we *did less*, we should *suffer more*. Satan, like an idle *Companion*, if he find us busy, flies back and sees it no Time to entertain vain Purposes with us: We cannot please him better than by casting away our Work, to hold chat with him; we cannot yield so far, and be guiltless.

There are indeed but very few who know how to be *idle*, and *innocent*; or have a *Relish* of any *Pleasures* that are *not criminal*. Every *Diversion* they take, is at the Expence of some one *Virtue* or another; and their very first Step out of *Business*, is into *Vice* or *Folly*. A Man should endeavour therefore to make the *Sphere* of his *innocent Pleasures* as *wide* as possible, that he may retire into them with *Safety*, and find in them such a *Satisfaction* as a wise Man would not blush to take.

If we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their Hours are taken up in those three important Articles of *Eating*, *Drinking*, and *Sleeping*. I do not suppose that a Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in *public Affairs*, or in an *illustrious Course of Action*. On the contrary, I believe one may spend his Hours more agreeably
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in some Pursuits which make no Figure in the World, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become *wiser* and *better*, by several Methods of employing one's self in *Secrecy* and *Silence*, and do what is laudable without *Noise* or *Ostentation*.

Bodily Exercise is of two Kinds: Either that which a Man submits to for his *Livelihood*; or that which he undergoes for his *Pleasure*. The latter of them generally changes the Name of *Labour* for that of *Exercise*; but differs only from *ordinary Labour*, as it rises from another Motive. Let us but consider the Anatomy of an human Body, and we shall discover how absolutely necessary *Labour* is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent *Motions* and *Agitations*, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and to cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers, of which it is composed; and to give their solid Parts more firm and lasting Tones. *Labour* or *Exercise* ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which, the *Body* cannot subsist in its *Vigour*, nor the *Soul* act with *Cheerfulness*.

Had not *Exercise* been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have

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made

made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an *Activity* to the Limbs, and such a *Pliancy* to every Part, as necessarily produce those *Compressions*, *Extensions*, *Contortions*, *Dilatations*, and all other kinds of *Motions*, that are necessary for its Preservation, as I have before observ'd. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the *Body* as is proper for its Welfare, it is so order'd, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention *Riches* and *Honour*, even *Food* and *Raiment*, are not to be come at without the *Toil* of the Hands, and *Sweat* of the Brows. Providence furnisheth Materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The *Earth* must be labour'd before it gives its *Increase*; and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for *Use*? *Manufactures*, *Trade*, and *Agriculture*, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty: And as for those who are not oblig'd to *labour*, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that *voluntary Labour* which goes by the Name of *Exercise*.

Those who have search'd into human Nature observe, that nothing so much shews the *Nobleness of the Soul*, as that its Felicity con-

consists in *Action*. If we look back into the old World, we shall find, that all its Vigour was owing to *Exercise*, *Sprightliness*, and *Activity*: *Luxury* and *Idleness* first debilitated and impair'd the Strength of Nature. I remember some fine Lines in a Poem of Mr. *Dryden's*, which are an elegant Confirmation of what I have here asserted.

*The first Physicians by Debauch were made;
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their
Food,*

*Toil strung the Nerves and purify'd the Blood:
But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to Threescore Years and
Ten.*

*Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise, for Cure, on Exercise depend,
God never made his Work for Men to mend.*

Yet as necessary as *Action* is, and as much a Duty as it is on Mankind, we, by our Behaviour and Carriage in the World, seem of the Stamp which *Horace* complains of,

Nos numerus sumus & fruges consumere nati,

*We make up the Number of Creatures,
creeping o'er the Surface of the Earth, and born
alone to consume its Produce. If we look into*

the *Bulk* of our *Species*, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a Moment after their Disappearance. They leave behind them no *Traces* of their *Existence*, but are forgotten, as though they never had been. I could wish, that Men, while they are in Health, would consider well the Nature of the *Part* they are engaged in, and what *Figure* it will make in the Minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for? Whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being? In short, Whether it appears graceful in this *Life*, or will turn to Advantage in the next?

Would we give ourselves the Trouble of a little *Self-Examination*, we should certainly be cured of that *Indolence* which betrays us, grow sick of *Negligence* and *Procrastination*, and rouse and exert ourselves to Action suiting the Dignity of our Nature. The Time we live, ought not to be computed by the *Number* of Years, but by the *Use* has been made of it: Thus 'tis not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly Rent, which gives the Value to the Estate.

There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous *Improvement* of every Part of our *Time*: Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasiness, nor has there been so many Devices for any one Thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly, and so

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no Purpose. We fear the Imputations of *Labour* and *Affiduity*, *Diligence* and *Industry*, have a mechanic Report; and *Employment* and *Application* favour of Drudgery. These Prepossessions make us pleased with our Ruin: We think *Laziness* is a desirable Character; and postpone and procrastinate every Intention to *Business*: *To morrow*, is still the fatal Time when all is to be rectify'd: *To morrow* comes; it goes; and still we please ourselves with the Shadow, whilst we lose the Reality: Unmindful that the *present Time* alone is ours, the *future* is yet unborn, and the *past* is dead, and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the Actions it has produced. To conclude: We should labour to make this the Rule of our Conduct, which *Seneca* tells *Lucilius* was his Practice. *Id ago, ut mihi instar totius vitæ sit dies quisque. Nec meberculè tantquam ultimum rapio: Sed illum sic aspicio, tantquam esse vel ultimus possit. Ante senectutem curavi, ut benè viverem in senectute, ut benè morirer: benè autem mori, est libenter mori.* We should order it so, that every single Day should be like our whole Lives to us; not hold on it as the last, but look upon it in the Possibility of being such: To take care before *Age* surprizes us, to live well; and when *Age* advances to die as well: Now to die well, is to die willingly.



E N V Y.

E N V Y has been defined by Mr. Collier, to be a *Displeasure for some supposed Advantage in another* : And *Plutarch* tells us, that *Envy* and *Hatred* are Passions so like each other, that they are often taken for the same. Generally, indeed, all the *Vices* are so confusedly twisted and entangled, that they are not easily to be distinguish'd : For as differing Diseases of the Body agree in many the like *Causes* and *Effects*, so do the Disturbances of the Mind.

Whatsoever Resemblance these two Passions bear to each other, they have still peculiar Marks to make them distinct. *Hatred* proceeds from an Opinion, that the Person we detest, is *evil* ; and if not *generally* so, yet at least, in *particular* to us : For they who think themselves injured, are apt to hate the *Author* of their Wrongs ; and even those, who upon other than Self-Respects, are reputed *injurious*, we usually nauseate and

and abhor. But *Envy* has only one Sort of Object, the *Felicity of others* ; yet by this it becomes infinite, and like an evil or diseased *Eye*, is offended with every thing that is bright.

The *Object* of this Passion is something *desirable* ; and though Excellency, precisely consider'd, cannot occasion Dislike ; yet *Excellency* misplaced, may. The *Envious* believes himself eclipsed by the Lustre of his Neighbour. It must be certainly from this Motive, that Authors are not considered with due Regard whilst alive, though *Justice* is done their Memory in *Athes*.

*Virtutem præsentem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi.* HOR.

Superior Wit or Excellence in any kind, are Reproaches to the Character of him that cannot stand in Competition for them ; and when his Abilities do not rise, he envieth the Man for possessing Qualities of Advantage, which seem to set his Inferiority more to View. The Reason that we scarce ever esteem a Man equal to his Merit, till we have lost him, seems to be justly touch'd by Velleius Paterculus, in these Words, Præsentia invidiâ, præterita veneratione prosequimur. Et illis nos obrui, his instrui credimus. We always treat Things present with Envy, Things past with Veneration ;

tion ; for we believe ourselves kept under by the former, but instructed by the latter.

Envy must be determin'd a most ill-natur'd Vice ; 'tis made up of *Meanness* and *Malice* ; it wishes the Force of *Goodness* restrain'd, and the Measure of *Happiness* abated. It laments over *Prosperity*, and sickens at the Sight of *Health*. Had this Passion the Governing of the Creation, we should have a sad World of it. How would it infect the Air, and darken the Sun ; make the Seas unnavigable, and blast the Fruits of the Earth ? How would the Face of Nature be overcast ? We should see *Confusion* without *Settlement*, *Madness* without *Intervals*, and *Poison* without *Antidotes*. Could the *Envious* prevail, all noble *Undertakings* would be crush'd, and *Invention* nipp'd in the Bud. Nothing extraordinary in *Industry*, *Sense*, or *Bravery*, would be endured : Whatsoever was shining, would soon be eclipsed : To excel either in *Art* or *Nature*, would be a Crime ; and none could be safe, but the *Ill* and the *Useless*.

The *envious Man* is in Pain upon all Occasions, which ought to give him Pleasure. The *Relish* of his Life is inverted ; and the *Objects* which administer the highest Satisfaction to those who are exempt from this Passion, give the quickest Pangs to Persons who are subject to it. All the *Perfections* of
their

their Fellow Creatures are *odious*; *Youth*, *Beauty*, *Valour*, and *Wisdom*, are Provocations of their Displeasure. What a wretched and apostate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and hate a Man because we approve him! The Condition of the *envious Man* is the most emphatically miserable: He is not only incapable of rejoicing in *another's Merit* or Success, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a *Plot* against his *Quiet*, by studying their *own* Happiness and Advantage.

It is no small Confirmation of the *Baseness* of this Passion, that the Reliefs of the *envious Man* are those little *Blemishes* and *Imperfections*, that discover themselves in an illustrious Character. It is Matter of great Consolation to an *envious Person*, when a Man of known *Honour* does a Thing unworthy himself; or when any Action, which was *well-executed*, upon better Information, appears so altered in its Circumstances, that the Fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret Satisfaction to these *Malignants*: The Person whom before they could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their *own* Condition, as soon as his *Merit* is *shared* among others.

There is nothing that more denotes a *great Mind*, than the Abhorrence of *Envy* and

and *Detraction*. That which gives Birth to this detestable Passion in a base Soul, produces a generous *Emulation* in better Dispositions. Now, *Emulation* is an handsome Passion ; 'tis enterprizing, but just withal ; it keeps a Man within the Terms of *Honour*, and makes the Contest for *Glory* fair and generous. Here is nothing malevolent and insidious : The Advantage is gain'd by Improvement, not by Injury. The Man strives to *excel* ; but then 'tis by *raising* himself, not by *depressing* another.

'Tis an honourable Heat, that takes fire at another's Excellence, and blazes out into the Rivalship of his *Virtues* ; to give the Man we contend with all his *Merit*, and strive fairly to *outshoot* him. But *Envy* always wants the *Spirit*, as well as the *good Nature* and *Honour* to exert itself so commendably ; and, as if it were conscious of its own *Impotence*, folds its Arms in *Despair*, and sits *curfing* in a *Corner* : For when *Envy* conquers, 'tis commonly in the *Dark*, by *Treachery* and *Undermining*, by *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Envious* are always *ungrateful* ; they *bate* a noble Temper, though shewn upon themselves. If you oblige them, 'tis at your Peril ; they'll fly in the Face of a *good Turn* ; and outrage where they ought to *reward*.

Whosoever will read, and with Deliberation weigh the Character which the Learned Bishop HALL has given us of the *envious Man*,

Man, if he has either Sense or Integrity on his Side, will utterly detest so sordid a Passion. It may not be amiss to transcribe such Part of it as seems to be general in the Application. An envious Man (says he) feeds on other's Evils, and hath no Disease, but his Neighbour's Welfare; whatsoever God doth for him, he cannot be happy in Company; and if he were put to chuse, whether he would rather have Equals in a common Felicity, or Superiors in Misery, he would demur upon the Election. You shall have him ever enquiring into the Estates of his Equals and Betters: Wherein he is not more desirous to bear all, than loth to bear any thing over good; and if just Report relate aught better than he would, he redoubles the Question, as being hard to believe what he likes not. Whom he dares not openly backbite, nor wound with a direct Censure, he strikes smoothly with an over-cold Praise; when his Equal should rise to Honour, he strives against it unseen, and suborneth Obstacles: But when he sees his Resistance vain, he can give an hollow Gratulation in Presence, but in secret disparages that Advancement; either the Man is unfit for the Place, or the Place for the Man. No Person is safe from his malignant Censure; no Action from his jealous Construction.

Since Envy is so odious, and every way unlucky; since it makes so disagreeable a Fi-
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gure,

gure, and does so much *Mischief* to itself and others, it may not be improper to offer something particular to prevent it.

We should consider, that *Providence* has given the least of us *more* than we can pretend to: If we could make out a *Title* to more *Privilege*, to complain were not unreasonable; but none can be so hardy, as to say *Heaven* is in his Debt, and owed him a nobler Being or Substance. We should remember that we are liberally dealt with; and then we should not be troubled to see another in a *better* Condition. To consider that we have *more* than we *deserve*, will help our *Reason* to silence our *Murmuring*, and make us ashamed to *repine*. If we don't over-rate our Pretensions, all will be well: *Humility* disarms *Envy*, and strikes it dead.

We should endeavour likewise to improve our respective *Abilities*: Men naturally desire to stand fair in the Opinion of others; and to have somewhat of *Value* to support them in their own Thoughts. To be easy, a Man should examine his *Genius*, exert his *Spirits*, and try to make the most of himself. There are few but may be remarkable in their *Station*; so far, at least, as to guard off *Contempt*, and secure a moderate *Repute* to themselves. And those that are good for something *themselves*, will be contented that *others* should be so too.

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To conclude: Let us entertain so *vile* Notions of this Passion, as to think ill of ourselves for giving it Harbour: Let us paint it in its worst Colours to our Imagination, and so we shall discountenance our Opinion of it: Let us reflect on it as a Compound of *Impotence* and *Malice*; as a Quality that will prey on our *Ease* and *Satisfaction*, disgrace us to the World, and make us miserable to ourselves.



R E C R E A



RECREATIONS AND STUDIES.

WE all of us complain of the *Shortness of Time*, saith *Seneca*; and yet have more than we know what to do with. *Our Hours*, says he, *are either spent in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our Days are but few, and acting as though there would be no End of them. Thus although the whole Life is allowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is composed.*

How acceptable a Piece of Service would it be to the World, if any one could be happy enough to point out to them certain *Methods* for their filling up the *empty Spaces of Life*? There are useful and innocent *Diversions*

versions to rub off Part of our *Time*, but we are not easy to be fix'd at them: We are continually wanting an *Amusement*; but at a loss to determine in what *Recreations* it must consist. I must confess, I think it is below reasonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such *Diversions* as are merely *innocent*, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no Hurt in them.

Pleasure and *Recreation*, of one kind or other, are absolutely necessary to relieve our Minds and Bodies from too constant *Attention* and *Labour*. Indeed the Use of *Wisdom* stands in tempering our *Pleasures*: There are some so rigid, or so timorous, that they avoid all *Diversions*, and dare not but abandon *lawful Delights*, for fear of *offending*. These are hard *Tutors*, if not Tyrants to themselves, whilst they pretend to a mortified Strictness, are *injurious* to their own *Liberty*, and to the *Liberality* of their Maker. We should learn first, by a just Survey, to know the due and lawful *Bounds* of *Pleasure*; and then beware either to go beyond a known Boundary, or in the Licence of our Desires, to remove it. When *Pleasure* is made the *chief Pursuit* of Life, a constant *Application* to its Allurements will naturally root out the Force of *Reason* and *Reflection*, and substitute in their Place a general *Impatience* of Thought;
and

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and a constant *Pruriency* of inordinate Desire. He that buys his *Satisfaction* at the Expence of *Duty* or *Discretion*, is sure to over-purchase. When *Virtue* is sacrificed to *Appetite*, *Repentance* must follow; and that is an uneasy Passion. All *unwarrantable Delights* have an ill Farewell; and destroy those that are greater. The main Reason why we have Restraints clapp'd upon us, is, because an *unbounded Liberty* would *undo* us.

Besides *Pleasure*, when it is a Man's chief Purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant Application to it palls the Faculty of *enjoying* it, though it leaves the Sense of our Inability for that we wish, with a Disrelish of every Thing else. There is more *Fatigue* in a Round of circulary and continued *Pleasures*, than in the Prosecution of *Business* and *Affairs*: The *Enjoyments* we pursued, grow stale in the Possession; and when we have run through them, leave us flat and insipid, spent and over-labour'd. 'Tis a fair Inference from hence, that *Pleasure* can be only so, when pursued with *Moderation*. As far as *Health* is kept up, and *Melancholy* discharged by these Amusements, they may be tolerable enough within a Rule. The *End* of *Pleasure* is to support the Offices of Life, to relieve the *Fatigue* of Business, to reward a regular *Action*, and encourage the Continuance.

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I remember Mr. *Locke*, speaking of *Recreations*, reckons the Exercise of *Manual Arts* under this Head; and says, *That it has been nothing but the Vanity and Pride of Greatness and Riches, that has brought unprofitable and dangerous Pastimes into Fashion, and persuaded People into a Belief that the learning, or putting their Hands to any Thing that was useful, could not be a Diversion fit for a Gentleman: For that the great Men among the Ancients, understood very well how to reconcile manual Labour with Affairs of State; and thought it no lessening to their Dignity, to make the one the Recreation to the other.*

I am not about to prescribe any particular *Diversions*, so they in general be innocent in the Object: *Inclination* in every one, must be left to its Choice. Indeed, when the Mind demands *Relaxation* and *Refreshment*, if we would fill up the Vacancies of our Leisure by *Physical Direction*, it should be in some *Exercise* of the *Body* which unbends the *Thought*, and confirms the *Health* and *Strength*. But what shall we say, when every Man has a peculiar Gust of *Pleasure*? The *Tempers* of some are so solid, and their *Constitutions* so sedentary, that they cannot relish *Activity*, or rough *Exercise*; their very *Diversions* are in a manner contemplative, and bent on *Speculation*; therefore they require *Amusements* of a more refined Nature.

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For my own Part, I cannot think the loose Hours of Life better employ'd than in the Diversions of the *Theatre*, if our Vices do not strike in to marr the Intention of the Entertainment. There are Materials fitted both for *Pleasure* and *Improvement*. Every *Scene* has, or ought to have a *Moral*. Human Life may be instructed from fictitious Characters; and we learn to demean ourselves in real Actions, from seeing how others have either succeeded or miscarry'd in represented ones. But of this no more: It may look odd for me, in a *Moral Work*, to turn Advocate for a *Play-House*. Though the Stage might be made a perpetual Source of the most noble and useful Entertainments, were it under *proper Regulations*.

There are many other useful *Amusements* of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all Occasions, have Recourse to some Things, rather than suffer the Mind to lie idle, or run a-drift with any Passion that chances to rise in it. Nor am I against having a Gentleman accommodate himself to the innocent *Diversions* in Fashion amongst those of his Age and Condition. I am so far from having him *austere* and *morose* to that Degree, that I would perswade him to more than ordinary *Complaisance* for all the *Gaieties* and *Diversions* of those he converses with, and to be averse and
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testy in nothing they should desire of him, that might become a Gentleman and an honest Man.

Indeed, as to the *Diversions* of *Cards* and *Dice*, however engaging, I must declare myself for them with *Abstinence*, and that they are to be used with *Caution*. These Sorts of *Plays* are oftener Provocatives to Avarice and Loss of Temper, than mere *Recreations* and innocent *Amusements*. They are so betraying and dangerous in their Consequences, that People sit down to them rather with the Spirits of *Gamesters*, than a Design to while away the vacant Hours. They pursue it with as much Ardour as they would a *Hunting-Match*; and the only Difference is, that here they are each other's Prey.

Thousands have been ruin'd by *Gaming*, says *Bruyere*; and yet they tell you very coldly, they *can't live without it*. What an Excuse is this? Is there any violent and shameful Passion which may not use the same Language? Would we admit one to say, he can't live without *murdering, ravishing, and robbing*? Is *playing without Bounds, without Consideration or Intermision, to the total Ruin of your Adversary, whilst transported with a Desire of Gain, made outrageous by Losses, and inflam'd by Avarice, you expose on a Card or the Chance of a Dye, your own,*
your

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your Wives, and your Childrens Fortune; Is this allowable? Is this the *Sport* you cannot live without? Are there not worse Consequences than these often at *Play*? When entirely routed, you are obliged to part with your Cloaths, your Food, and the Provision of your Family, for this unreasonable *Diversion*. There is too much Folly and Puerility in exposing one's self to these great Losses. There is but one *Affliction* which is lasting, the *Loss of an Estate*: *Time*, which sweetens all others, sharpens this; we feel it every Moment during the Course of our Lives, that we *miss* the Fortune we have lost.

'Tis said of *Play*, that it *equals all Conditions*: But there is often such strange *Disproportions*, and such vast *Distance* between this and that Condition; that our Eyes are shock'd and offended to see such Extremities meet together. 'Tis like *Discord* in Music; *Colours* ill-sorted; *Words* which jar the Ear; *Sounds* and *Noises* which make us shudder. In a Word, 'tis *overturning* all Distinction and Decency: A *jumbling* of Qualities and Degrees together upon the *Level*; and sorting Men of *Rank*, by the Privilege of the Table, with Fellows that are too vile for the most menial Offices.

But setting aside the Regard to *Equality*, and *Conversation* in your own Sphere, we should

should dread the Custom of *common Gaming*, for the *Passions* it excites, and the unreasonable *Ferments*, *Commotions*, and *Inquietudes*, it puts its Clients into: Because it banishes *Mirth*, and the *Relish* of Society; and ties down the Eyes and Affections to the Concern and Eagerness of *Winning*. An Assembly of States, or Courts of Justice in capital Cases, appear not more serious and grave, than a Table of *Gamesters* playing very high; a melancholy Severity reigns in their Looks, implacable to one another, and irreconcilable Enemies while the Meeting lasts; they consider neither *Friendship*, *Alliances*, *Birth*, nor *Distinctions*. Chance alone, that blind and wild Divinity, presides over the Circle, and decides sovereignly there on all Occasions; they all adore her by a profound Silence and Attention, which they are not able to observe elsewhere; and all the *Passions* seem suspended, to give place only to one. *I think it is very wonderful*, says the SPECTATOR, *to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a Dozen Hours together, in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game Phrases, and no other Ideas, but those of black or red Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not a Man laugh to hear one of this Species complaining that Life is short?*

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I am not surpriz'd, that there are so many public *Gaming-Houses*; which are like so many *Snares* laid for Mens Avarice, like *Whirlpools*, where the *Money* of private Men is sunk without *Hopes* of Return, like *Rocks*, where such as play, are lost, and dash'd in Pieces; that *Sharpers* have continually their *Emissaries* abroad, to learn who comes laden from the Country with the Price of an Estate lately sold; who has got a Suit at Law, which has brought him in a great Sum; who has been successful at Play; what Heir has leap'd into a large Inheritance; or what Officer will venture his whole Cash on the *Turn of a Card*. *Cheating*, 'tis true is a filthy rascally Trade; but 'tis an ancient known Trade, and practis'd in all Times by the Men we call *profess'd Gamesters*; they have a Sign at their Doors, and this may be their Inscription, *Here is Cheating upon Honour*; for, I suppose, they will not pretend to be unblameable. Every one knows, that to *enter*, and *lose* in their Houses, is one and the same Thing; but that they should have Bubbles enough to make a Subsistence on't, is what I cannot comprehend, But I have treated this Head at all the Extent I allow, and proceed now to the *Second Subject* proposed in this Chapter.

Of all the *Diversions of Life*, there is none so proper to fill up its empty Spaces, as the
reading

reading of useful and entertaining *Authors*: And the best Employment of our dead unactive Hours, is in Improvements by *Study* and Pursuits of *Knowledge*. The Truth of it is, there is not a single Science, or any Branch of it, that might not furnish a Man with Business for Life, though it were much longer than it is; yet this Consideration should not cut us off from our Enquiries, or stint our Disquisitions: Let us make our Inroads as far as we can, and not entirely withdraw our Troops, because we cannot be Masters of the whole Country. The Usefulness of *Knowledge*, and the Pleasure and *Perfection* it gives the Mind, should excite our Ambition to as many Conquests as we can make this Way. How different is the View of *past Life*, in the Man who is *grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom*, from that of him who is *grown old in Ignorance and Folly*? The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country, that fills his Eye with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains, which produceth nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and a spacious Landskip, divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields; and can scarce cast his Eye on a single Spot of his Possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful Plant or Flower.

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I have already spoken on the Subject of *Reading Books*, in my Chapter on LEARNING; all I have to add on the Occasion here, is, to advise to keep our *Studies* within the Compass of *Use* and *Utility*. There are some *Studies* which are only Matters of Curiosity, and Trials of Skill: Others of *Pleasure*, and of *Use*. But still there are many Things worth our *knowing*, perhaps, that were not worth our *learning*. There are some *Tricks of Wit*, like *Slights of Hand*, which amount to no more than the tying of Knots only to loosen them again; and it is the very *Fallacy* that pleases us; for, so soon as ever we know how they are done, the Satisfaction is at an End.

He that duly considers the Business of *Life* and *Death*, will find that he has little Time to spare from that *Study*; and yet, how we trifle away our Hours upon impertinent *Niceties* and *Cavils*! There are *impertinent Studies*, as well as *impertinent Men*. *Didymus*, the Grammarian, wrote four thousand Books, wherein he is much concern'd to discover where *Homer* was born; who was *Æneas's* true Mother; and whether *Anacreon* was the greater Whore-Master or Drunkard. A Man is never a Jot the more learned for this Curiosity, but much the more troublesome: Are not those *Speculations* of much more Importance, that teach us
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to *Providence*, to our *Neighbour*, and to *ourselves*; to *master* our Appetites, and to *renounce* the World?

Profit and *Pleasure* are the *Ends* that a rational Creature should propose to obtain by *Study*, or, indeed, by any other Undertaking. There is no Entertainment upon Earth more noble and befitting a reasonable Mind, than the Perusal of *good Authors*; or that better qualifies a Man to pass this Life with Satisfaction to *himself*, or Advantage to the *Public*. *Reading* is to the Mind, what *Exercise* is to the *Body*: As by the one, *Health* is preserv'd, strengthen'd, and invigorated; so by the other, *Virtue* (which is the *Health* of the *Mind*) is kept alive, cherish'd, and confirm'd. And yet there is nothing in which Men deceive themselves more ridiculously, than in the Point of *reading*; which, as 'tis commonly practis'd under the Notion of *Improvement*, has less Advantage. The Generality of *Readers*, who are pleased with wandering over a Number of *Books* almost at the same Instant; or if confin'd to *one*, who pursue the Author with much Hurry, and Impatience to his last Page, must without doubt be allowed to be notable *Digesters*. This unsettled Way of *reading* naturally seduces us into as undetermin'd a Manner of *thinking*; which unprofitably fatigues the Imagination, when a continued Chain of

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Thought

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Thought would probably produce inestimable *Conclusions*. The swift Dispatch of *common Readers*, not only eludes the Memory, but betrays their *Apprehension*; when the Turn of *Thought* and *Expression* would insensibly grow natural to them, would they but give themselves Time to receive the Impression. The common Defence of these People is, that they have no Design in *reading*, but for *Pleasure*; which I think, should rather arise from the *Reflection* and *Remembrance* of what one *has read*, than from the transient Satisfaction of what one *does*; and we should be *pleased* proportionably as we are *profited*.

I cannot conclude this Topic of *Studies*, without taking notice, that as *Books* are profitable, and *Reading* an Improvement, so much more will the *reading* of our own Lives, a *Survey* of our Actions, and an Inspection into the Division of our *Time*, be an Advantage, as it certainly is a Duty. The *Shortness of Life*, I know, is the Complaint both of *Fools* and *Philosophers*; as if the *Time* we have, were not sufficient for our *Duties*: But 'tis with our *Lives*, as with our *Estates*: A good *Husband* makes a little go a great Way; whereas, let the Revenue of a Prince fall into the Hand of a *Prodigal*, 'tis gone in a Moment: So that the Time allotted us, if it were well employ'd, were abundantly enough to answer all the Ends and Purposes of

of Mankind. The Truth is, we are more solicitous about our *Dress*, than our *Manners*; and about the *Order* of our *Periwigs*, than the *Regularity* of our *Conduct*. We live as if we should never die, and without any Thought of *human Frailty*: Whereas we should do by *Time*, as we do by a Torrent, make use of it while we may have it; for it will not last always. It is the *Duty* of Life to prepare ourselves for *Death*; and there is not an *Hour* we live that does not mind us of our *Mortality*.

That *Time* which is good for nothing else, we dedicate to *Virtue*; but 'tis not enough to *philosophize*, when we have nothing else to do; we must attend *Wisdom*, even to the Neglect of all things else; for we are so far from having *Time to spare*, that the Age of the World would be yet *too narrow* for our Business. There is nothing that we can properly call our *own*, but our *Time*; and yet every body fools us out of it, that has a Mind to't. 'Tis good Advice yet, to those who have the World before them, to play the *good Husband* betimes; for 'tis too late to spare at the Bottom, when all is drawn out to the Lees: 'T would be a strong Motive to the right Disposition of our Lives, to consider, that he that is *not* at Leisure many Times to *live*, *must*, when his *Fate* comes, whether he will, or no, be at Leisure to *die*.



COVETOUSNESS.

THE two great and most general Principles of Action in the Breast of Man are *Luxury* and *Avarice*: The first of which has its Origin from the *Love of Pleasure*; and the latter from the *Fear of Want*. The Vice of *Covetousness* is what enters deepest into the Soul of any other; and you may have seen Men, otherwise the most agreeable Creatures in the World, so seized-with a Desire of being *richer*, that they shall startle at indifferent Things, and live in a continual Guard and Watch over themselves from a remote Fear of Expence. No *pious* Man can be so circumspect in the Care of his *Conscience*, as the *covetous* Man is in that of his *Pocket*.

If a Man would preserve his own Spirit, and his natural Approbation of higher and more worthy Pursuits, he could never fall into this *Littleness*, but his Mind would be
still

still open to *Honour* and *Virtue*, in spite of Infirmities and Relapses. There is an universal Defection from the Admiration of *Virtue*. *Riches* and outward *Splendor* have taken up the Place of it; and no Man thinks he is *mean*, if he is *not poor*. But, alas! this despicable Spirit debases our very Being, and makes our Passions take a new Turn from their natural Bent.

The Man that would be truly rich, says *SENECA*, *must not increase his Fortune, but retrench his Appetites. For Riches are not only superfluous, but mean, and little more to the Possessor than to the Looker-on. Avarice is so insatiable, that it is not in the Power of Liberality to content it; and our Desires are so boundless, that whatever we get, is but in the Way to getting more without End: And so long as we are solicitous for the Increase of Wealth, we lose the true Use of it; and spend our Time in putting out, calling in, and passing our Accounts, without any substantial Benefit, either to the World, or to ourselves.*

Every Step that a Man makes beyond a moderate and reasonable Provision, is taking so much from the Worthiness of his own Spirit; and he that is entirely set upon making a *Fortune*, is all that while undoing the Man. He must grow *deaf* to the *Wretched*, estrange himself from the *Agreeable*,

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learn *Hardness of Heart*, disrelish every thing that is *noble*, and terminate all in his despicable *Self*. Indulgence in any one immoderate *Desire* or *Appetite*, engrosses the whole Creature, and his Life is sacrificed to that one *Desire* or *Appetite*; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their Condition, and shews the Man, whether a Prince, or a Beggar, above his Fortune?

To proceed to a sort of Definition of this *Vice*, it will be best discovered in the Influences and Effects it has on the Persons tainted with it. The Man then may be determin'd to be *covetous*, who balks any Part of his Duty, for fear he should grow the *poorer*, and chuses rather to save his *Money*, than his *Conscience*: He that *denies* himself the *Conveniences of Life*, without either Necessity or Religion; he that is *anxious* in *Riches*; he that sets his *Interests* above his *Honour*, and values insignificant Gains, which hold no Proportion with his Fortune.

In his Acquisitions, a *covetous* Man never troubles himself with the Niceties of Morality; his Business is to secure the *End*, not to distinguish upon the *Means*. With him, as *Juvenal* has worded it;

— Qua-

——— *Quærenda pecunia primum est,
Virtus post nummos.* ———

A good Share of *Coin* is his great and principle Ambition ; and *Virtue* must wait without Doors, till his *Avarice* is satisfied. Let the Project be but *rich* and practicable, and he enquires no further : *Honour* and *Conscience* are fine things ; but they seldom fill the *Pocket*. When they will serve a Turn, and purchase any thing, a good Manager can counterfeit them ; but to be ty'd down to a set of Notions, is the Way to be a *Beggar*. He that resolves to *thrive*, won't be discourag'd by a few hard Names : Though *Reason* and *Religion* should interpose sometimes, the *covetous* Man can either set them aside, or step over them.

To recount the Disorders of Life, the *Knavery* and little Practices that flow in upon us from this Spring, were almost infinite. Whence comes all Circumvention in *Commerce*? Whence Over-reaching and imposing on the Ignorance or *Necessity* of our Neighbours? 'Tis nothing, for the Generality, but the *Love of Money*, which makes the *Court* and the *Camp*, the *Bar* and the *Pulpit*, mean and mercenary : How many *Trusts* are abused, *Wills* forg'd, *Orphans* and *Widows* robb'd and ruin'd, upon this Score?

Where *Avarice*, rules and rages, there is nothing of Humanity remaining. *Conscience* and *Covetousness* are never to be reconcil'd; like *Fire* and *Water*, they always destroy each other, according to the Predominancy of the Element.

Now one would think, that he who takes so much Pains for a *Fortune*, and purchases so dear, should know how to use it: One would think he had refined upon the Satisfaction of Life: One would imagine his *Appetites* were more keen and lasting; his *Capacity* enlarg'd; and that he could please himself faster and farther than his Neighbours. For why should we put ourselves to an uncommon Trouble, for a common Advantage? Or how can Anxiety and Ease stand together? He that is always afraid of *losing*, has little Leisure to *enjoy*: Besides, a continual Load of *Cares* depresses the Vigour of the Mind, dulls the Inclination, and clouds the Chearfulness of the Spirits. But, alas! were he never so much disposed, he has not the Courage to recreate his Senses, and reward his Industry: No, he has more Respect for his Wealth, than to take those Freedoms. 'Tis true, he can command the *Sight* on't, and call it his *own* too; but with great Impropriety of Language; for *Property* without *Application* to Advantage, is mere Cant and Notion. But where
Covetousness

Covetousness governs, the Appetite is ty'd up, and Nature is put under Penance. *Tàm deest avaro quod habet, quàm quod non habet*, has always been an Axiom on the Avaricious: *He that dares not enjoy, wants that which he has, as well as that which he has not.* The Increase of his Fortune is but an Addition to his Trouble; the more he has, the more he has to take care for; and an Ass is as much enrich'd by his Burden, as such a one is by his Estate.

Now, after all, *Wealth* does but serve to expose *Covetousness*, and make it more ridiculous; for what can be a more wretched Sight, than to see a Man mortify without Religion? To submit to such voluntary Hardships to no Purpose, and lose the present; without providing for the future? It is a Frailty likewise, that is its own Punishment: They are tortured with raging Fears of Want, and the greatest Abundance is not able to keep them in tolerable Humour. *Avarice* is never without its Stings: How miserable is it in the Desire? How miserable even in the attaining of our Ends? For Money is a greater Torment in the Possession, than it is in the Pursuit: For, fear of losing it is a great Trouble, the Loss of it a greater; and it is made greater yet by Opinion.

Avarice then, it is plain, is founded on *Error* and *Folly*; 'tis a Vice of a mean and irrational Stamp; it subjects Men to *Torments* from within, and *Aversion* and general *Contempt* from without. Let us endeavour therefore to banish it from our Bosom, extirpate the latent Seeds of it, and plant in their Room *Liberality* and *Kindness*, *Generosity* and *Benevolence*. All the Actions that flow from these Springs, will fill us with *Pleasure*, and make us dear to *Heaven*, and acceptable to *Mankind*. 'Tis an Observation of Mr. *Hobbes*, That *the Sense of having communicated Satisfaction, is naturally delightful*: If this Maxim hold, *Benevolence* is sure to be its own Reward: We are certain, it is a Quality which gives *Satisfaction* abroad, and that Property entitles it to giving *Delight* at home.

The Conditions on which we hold the *Goods of Fortune*, or rather *Providence*, should be a Circumstance to wean us from *Avarice*: They are Talents which we only are intrusted with from *Heaven*; and we are not to fold them up in a Napkin, or lay them in the Bowels of the Earth, with the *Miser*. We should consider ourselves the *Stewards* of the Almighty, and not mistake the Design of his Kindness. If he lend us wherewithal to be *communicative*, we must search out the *Object*, distribute his Bounty, and

and propagate Blessings. If we will not look thus high, to prompt us to *good Offices*, the very State of human Nature, is a tacit Invitation to them : The *Distresses* of our Fellow-Creatures should work us to Compassion : The most exalted Station is not secure ; we may be tumbled from the Top of Grandeur and Plenty ; and therefore *Policy* should teach us to secure a *Friend* in *Future*, make a Purchase of *Compassion* before we stand in need of it, and have *Pity* and *Assistance* wait *below* to receive us, and break our *Fall*.





L Y I N G.

HOWEVER *coarse* a Title this Section may seem to have, as the *Vice* is of so mean and contemptible a Nature, as not only to be unworthy of a Gentleman, but even of an honest Man, and a Disgrace to a Christian; yet, as by *Custom* and *Fashion*, it is grown *epidemical*, as the Sin of it is slighted and over-look'd, and Convenience has made it a *current Faculty*, I think it entitled to a Place in my Collection; that I ought to set its Malignity to View, and enter some Cautions against an Offence that is a *Stain* to our Nature.

There is a Spirit reigns too largely in the World, that seems to have an Antipathy to *Truth*, and runs from it without Interest or Provocation; that delights to make *Lying* a Diversion, *banter Companies*, and pass *Fables* for Fact. It is a just Matter of Complaint, that *Sincerity* and *Plainness* are out of Fashion, and that our Language is running

running into a *Lye*; that Men have almost quite perverted the *Use* of Speech, and made *Words* to signify nothing; that the greatest Part of the *Conversation* of Mankind is little else but driving a Trade of Diffimulation; insomuch that it would make a Man heartily sick and weary of the World, to see the *little Sincerity* that is in Use and Practice in it.

Amongst too many other Instances of the great Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age wherein we live, the general *Want* of Sincerity in Conversation is none of the least. The World is grown so full of *Diffimulation* and *Compliments*, that Mens *Words* are hardly any Signification of their *Thoughts*: That generous *Integrity* of Nature, and *Honesty* of Disposition, which always argues true *Greatness of Mind*, and is usually accompanied with undaunted *Courage* and *Resolution*, is in a great measure lost among us. In Truth, it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our *Contempt*, or our *Pity*, to hear what solemn Expressions of *Respect* and *Kindness* will pass between Men, almost upon no Occasion; how great *Honour* and *Esteem* they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before; and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his *Service* and *Interest* for no Reason; how infinitely and eternally *obliged* to him,

him, for no Benefit; and how extremely they will be *concerned* and *afflicted* for him too, for no Cause! I know it is said in Justification of this hollow Kind of Conversation, that *there is no real Harm, no Deceit, in Compliment*; but *the Matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another*; *Verba valent ut Nummi*, is now the Philosophy; *Words are like Money*, and when the current Value of them is generally understood, no Man is cheated by them. How unlike is this to the Notions of Antiquity, and how repugnant to the Tenor of this Moral, ὅτι λόγος ἔργα σκιαὶ παρὰ τοῖς σωφρονετέροις πεπίστευται, *That wise Men take Words for the Shadows of Things*. Indeed, *Words* now-a-days are *Shadows*; but such as have no Relation to the Substance.

There is so much Mischief and Meanness in the Practice of *Falseness*, that, methinks, we should hate it above all Things. *Lying* in Discourse is a Disagreement between the *Speech* and the Mind of the *Speaker*. When one Thing is declared, and another meant, and *Words* are no Image of *Thoughts*, it makes the *Marks* of Speech insignificant, and the *Meaning* of one Man unintelligible to another: This is a Breach of the Article of Commerce, and an Invasion upon the Fundamental Rights of *Society*. Words, as far as they reach, are designed for *Windows* to the

the Breast; their Business is to let in the Light, and make the Mind transparent.

St. JOHN, in decisive Language, pronounces, *That no Lye is of the Truth*: Some Commentators would have this relate plainly to *false Doctrine*; but St. *Augustine* has laid a great Stress upon this Place, and construes it to a general Precept against *Lying*. Upon this Ground he concludes all wilful Deviations from *Truth* unjustifiable. All *Lyes* must be Breaches upon the Divine Law, and Stretches of Iniquity; and to affirm *Lying* warrantable in any Case, is, upon the Matter, to maintain that some Sorts of *Injustice* are just. The same Father quoted is of Opinion, *That when one Thing is said, and another meant*, with an Intention to deceive, that Expression is a *direct Lye*. This cuts off the Doctrine of *Equivocation*, which is a Principle that allows the Use of *ambiguous Expressions*; and thus the *Hearer* takes them in one Sense, and the *Speaker* in another. What an Expedient is here found for sliding from the *Truth*, and not coming within the Verge of a *Lye*, as they suppose? and how are these *Equivocations* furthered with another Piece of *Sophistry*, called *Mental Reservations*; a Man may swear, according to the Tenets of these *Casuits*, that he never did a Thing which he had certainly done, if he has but the Discretion to keep these

these *Proviso's* in his Mind, that he did not do it such a Day, or before he was born; or by reserving to himself some other resembling Circumstance, which can never be discovered by the Language of his *Discourse*. What a Latitude is this for downright *Lying*, and Perjury to boot? what a Contrivance to undermine the Foundations of *Truth*, and eradicate the very Essence of *Sincerity*! I am so far from allowing these *Reserves* and pernicious *Disguises*, that I am of Opinion a Man's *Countenance* may be *untrue*, as well as his *Tongue*. When the Signs of Affirmation or Denying, of Assent or Refusal, of Pleasure or Dislike, appear counter to our Thoughts; this is hanging out false Colours: 'Tis being one Thing *without*, and another *within*. A Mute may be guilty of this Sin; for a Man may *point* or *look a Lye*, as well as *speak* one.

The Consequences of *Lying* are of a *fatal* Nature, and strike deep: To wave insisting on the *Injury* it does our *Souls* in our future *Being*, it is a Quality destructive to Society. *Truth* is the Band of Union, and the Basis of human Happiness. Without this *Virtue*, there is no Reliance upon *Language*, no Confidence in *Friendship*, no Security in *Promises* and *Oaths*. If there was nothing but Ambiguity and Ambush in Words; if they were made use of only to

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conceal *Fraud*, to evade *Justice*, and over-
reach the Unwary; what Fears and *Jealousies*,
what Distance and Disregard, what Distrust
and Aversion, must such Practice produce?
Nobody can close with a *Liar*; there is Dan-
ger in the Correspondence; and more than
that, we naturally hate those who make it
their Business to deceive us. In short, a *Liar*
is a *public Nuisance*; He disheartens Belief,
makes Reality suspected, and one honest
Man a Stranger to another. For the Busi-
ness of *Lying* is unfriendly in the Design;
there is commonly *Circumvention* at the Bot-
tom. Now what can be more unjust and
ungenerous, than to play upon the Belief
of a harmless Person; to make him smart
for his good Opinion, and fare the worse
for thinking me an *honest Man*.

It is besides a *mean* and a *cowardly* Qua-
lity: 'Tis altogether unbecoming a Person
of Honour. *Aristotle* lays it down for a
Maxim, *That a brave Man is clear in his*
Discourse, and keeps close to Truth: And
Plutarch calls *Lying* the *Vice of a Slave*. The
Honour of a Christian's Profession ties him
to *Sincerity* and good *Faith*; he cannot be
guilty of *Lying* without remarkable *Mean-
ness*, without wronging his Relation, and
putting ill Usage upon this Character. A
Liar affects Darknefs and Disguise; he has
not *Courage* enough to face the Light, to
report

report his Practice, and discover the *Reality* of the *Case*.

It is usually a leading Mischief; 'tis a fertile Principle, and contains the Seeds of various Productions; 'tis the *Pralogue* to an unhappy *Catastrophe*, and oftentimes the first ill Quality a Sinner sets up with. 'Tis seldom a *solitary Vice*, or a barren Misfortune. How often do we see People advance from *Lying* to *Stealing*, and from *Theft* to *Murder*? Nor need we much wonder at the Progress of Wickedness under such Encouragement: He that makes no Conscience of a *Lye*, is mightily in Danger of farther Lengths: They presume strangely upon the Advantage of Concealment, they think they have *Gyge's Ring*, and are invisible to every Body; and thus guarded they take their *Liberty*, and move as they please.

Mr. *Locke* in his *Treatise of Education*, says well, That *Lying* is so ready and cheap a Cover for any Miscarriage, and so much in Fashion amongst all Sorts of People, that a Child can hardly avoid observing the Use is made of it on all Occasions, and so can scarce be kept, without great Care, from getting into it. But it is so ill a Quality, and the Mother of so many ill ones that spawn from it, and take shelter under it, that a Child should be brought up in the greatest Abhorrence of it imaginable. It should be always (when occasionally it comes

to

to be mentioned) spoke of before him with the utmost Detestation, as a Quality so wholly inconsistent with the Name and Character of a *Gentleman*, that no body of any Credit can bear the Imputation a *Lye* ; a Mark that is judg'd the utmost *Disgrace*, which debases a Man to the lowest Degree of a shameful *Meanness*, and ranks him with the most contemptible Part of Mankind, and the abhorred *Rascality* ; and is not to be endured in any one who would converse with People of Condition, or have any *Esteem* or *Reputation* in the World.

When the Disguise is broken through, and the Lyar exposed, he makes an untoward Figure, says Mr. Collier. Now this Mortification frequently happens : *Lying* is a very hazardous Undertaking ; there is Danger almost in every Step, and the Ground is as hollow as the Man : How many Ways are there to draw the Curtain, and discover the Scene ? Surprise and Slips of Memory, Ignorance of the Subject, Starts of Passion, or unexpected Company ; any Emergency, any unfortunate Turn of this Kind, is enough to unmask the *Lyar*, and drag the *Imposture* into Light. In short, when a *Lyar* is discovered, his Credit is blown up ; he is disabled for his Function, and his Business is at an End. Whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be in *Falshood* and *Disimulation*,

mulation; it is soon over ; but the *Inconveniency* of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousy and Suspicion ; so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth ; nor trusted, when perhaps he means honestly : When a Man hath once *forfeited* the Reputation of his *Integrity*, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither *Truth* nor *Falshood*. No serious *Air*, no Solemnity of *Promise*, no Strength of *Asseveration*, will procure him any *Belief* : His *Capacity* must sleep, his *Parts* lie upon his Hands, and he will find himself good for a great many Things to little Purpose.

Lying is moreover a Character of *Contempt* : It throws a Man out of Consideration, makes him look *paltry* and *little*, and forfeit the Regard which would otherwise belong to him. Well may it subject us to *Contempt* and *Detestation*, when it is the distinguishing Characteristic of the Prince of *Demons*. What is it but *false* Suggestions, *wrong* Reasoning, and *deceitful* Colours, which give Force to his *Temptations*, and bring Mankind within his Power ; Therefore those who make use of *Falshood*, and manage by the same Measures, must be reckoned in his *Interest* ; by playing the *same* Qualities upon their Neighbours, they

imitate

imitate his Temper, *applaud* his Conduct, and *advance* his Kingdom.

Are not these Consequences, and ignominious Marks of *Lying*, sufficient to make Men detest and forsake it? And if we look into its Opposite, *Sincerity*, we shall find it has *Charms* which ought to engage the whole World to its *Service*. There is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in *Plato's* Description of the Supreme Being, That *Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow*. According to this Definition, there is nothing so *contradictory* to his Nature, as *Error* and *Falshood*. The *Platonists* had so just a Notion of the Almighty's Aversion to every Thing which is *false* and *erroneous*, that they look'd upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue*, to qualify an human Soul for the Enjoyment of a *separate State*.

Truth and *Reality* (says a learned *Archbishop* of our Church) *have all the Advantages of Appearance, and many more*. If the *Shew* of any Thing be good for any Thing, I am sure *Sincerity* is better: For why does any Man *dissemble*, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a *Quality* as he pretends to? For to *counterfeit* and *dissemble*, is to put on the *Appearance* of some real Excellence. Now, the best Way in the World for a Man to
seem

seem to be any Thing, is really *to be* that he would *seem to be*. Besides that, it is many Times as troublesome to make good the *Pretence* of a good Quality as to have it ; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it ; and then all his Pains and Labour to *seem* to have it, are lost.

It is hard to personate and act a Part long ; for where Truth is not at the Bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one Time or other. Therefore, if any Man think it convenient to *seem good*, let him *be so* indeed ; and then his *Goodness* will appear to every Body's Satisfaction : So that upon all Accounts, *Sincerity* is *true Wisdom*. Particularly, as to the Affairs of *this World*, *Integrity* hath many Advantages over all the fine and artificial Ways of *Disimulation* and *Deceit* ; it is much the *plainer* and *easier*, much the *safer* and *more secure* Way of dealing in the World : It has *less* of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it : It is the shortest and nearest Way to our *End*, carrying us thither in a straight Line, and will hold out and last longest. The Arts of *Deceit* and *Cunning* do continually grow weaker, and less effectual, or serviceable to them that use them : Whereas
Integrity

Integrity gains Strength by Use ; and the more and longer any Man practiseth in it, the greater Service it does him, by confirming his *Reputation*, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest Trust and Confidence in him ; which is an unspeakable Advantage in the Affairs and Business of Life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at Hand, sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware : Whereas a *Lye* is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention on the Rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false Foundation, which continually stands in need of Props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial Building at first upon a true and solid Foundation : For *Sincerity* is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it ; and because it is plain and open, fears no *Discovery* : Of which the *crafty Man* is always in Danger ; and when he thinks he walks in the Dark, all his Pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them : He is the last Man that finds himself to be found out ; and whilst he takes it for granted, that he makes Fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add

Add to this, that *Sincerity* is the most commendous *Wisdom* ; and an excellent Instrument for the speedy Dispatch of Business : It creates Confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings Things to an Issue in a few Words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which commonly brings a Man sooner to his Journey's End than By-Ways, in which Men often lose themselves. There is a fine and poetical Commendation of Truth in the Book of *Esdras*. *All the Earth calleth for Truth, and the Heaven bleisseth it ; and all Things are shaken and tremble ; neither is there any unjust Thing with it. Truth doth abide, and is strong for ever, and liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. With her, there is no receiving of Persons, nor Difference : But she doth the Things which are just, and abstaineth from unjust and wicked Things ; and all Men favour her Works. Neither is there any unjust Thing in her Judgment ; and she is the Strength and the Kingdom, and the Power, and Majesty of all Ages.*

To conclude. We ought to keep our private Life unexceptionable, to discharge the Business of our Station, and be in a Condition to answer a fair Question without straining Truth. *Innocence* is without Art ; and those that are true in *Life*, are true in *Language*. A Man thoroughly honest, has seldom an Occasion for *Lying*. If we
but

but keeps up to the Measures of *Honour*, and the Limits of *Modesty*: If we curb our *Vanity*, and dismiss our *Pride*, our *Truth* and *Sincerity* will be preserv'd at an easy Rate, and neither our Character lie at Stake, nor our Names be recorded in the Register of *Contempt*.



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WIT



WIT *and* HUMOUR.

WIT and *Humour* are two Qualities which recommend so highly in Conversation, that there are not two Men in three to be met with, who do not pretend to the one or the other of them : And yet their Pretences, seriously examin'd, are either founded on *Impudence* or *Affectation*.

Nothing is so much admir'd, or so little understood, as *Wit* ; no Author, that I know of, has written professedly upon it, and as for those who make any Mention of it ; they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentally fallen in their Way ; and that too, in little short *Reflections*, or in general declamatory *Flourishes*, without entering into the Bottom of the Matter. There is nothing more certain, than that every Man would be a *Wit*, if he could ; but many are disappointed by Nature, and more by wrong Apprehensions of the Thing they set up for.

Wit

Wit (saith the late Bishop of Rochester, in his elegant *Sermon* against the *Scorner*) as it implies a certain uncommon Reach and Vivacity of Thought, is an excellent Talent, very fit to be employ'd in the Search of Truth, and very capable of assisting to discern and embrace it. I am afraid, very few are ambitious of this Sort of *Wit*, or fond of applying the little Stock they pretend to, in *Disquisitions* of this Kind. They rather exercise it in *Railleries* on Company, in *Flashes* of *Merriment*, or such trivial Operations, as disgrace and degrade the *Essence* of it. I am wholly of Opinion with a polite Author, That good Nature is more agreeable in Conversation than *Wit*, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance, which is more amiable than Beauty. It shews *Virtue* in the fairest Light, takes off in some measure from the Deformity of *Vice*, and makes even *Folly* and *Impertinence* supportable. It is grown almost into a Maxim, That Good-natur'd Men, are not always Men of the most *Wit*. 'Tis pity this Observation should have any Foundation in Nature: And I take it to have sprung from the following Reasons: First, Because *Ill-nature*, among ordinary Observers, passes for *Wit*: A spiteful Saying gratifies so many little Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception: The Laugh

rises upon it ; and the Man who utters it, is look'd upon as a shrewd *Satyrift*. Another Reason why the *Good-natur'd* Man may sometimes bring his *Wit* in Question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be mov'd with Compassion for those Misfortunes or Infirmities which another would turn into *Ridicule*, and by that Means gain the Reputation of a *Wit* ; the *ill-natur'd* Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himself a larger Field, to expatiate in ; he *exposes* those Failings in human Nature, which the other would cast a *Veil* over ; *laughs* at Vices, which the other either *excuses* or *conceals* ; gives *Utterance* to Reflections which the other *stifles* ; falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies ; *exposes* the Person who has obliged him ; and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a *Wit*. It is no Wonder, therefore, he succeeds in it better than a Man of *Humanity* ; as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods, is more likely to grow *rich*, than the *fair Trader*. These People are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually called *Wit* : For a *lively Imagination*, when it is not govern'd by a good Understanding, makes such miserable Havock both in *Conversation* and *Business*, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw
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the least Word in its Way that may give it new Matter for Inveteracy.

What a miserable Ambition is it in your empty Pretenders to Excellence, that to carry on their Design, they must break through all Things that other People hold sacred! *Religion* and *Morality* are the Topics of *Ridicule*; and all they aim at, is to bring them, as they think, into *Contempt* and *Raillery*. If they thought *Wit* was no way to be used, but to the Advantage of Society, this *Sprightliness* and *Ostentation* would have a new Turn; and the World would expect what they are going to say, with *Satisfaction*, instead of *Fear*: In short, *Wit* is laudable in the Man who possesses it only for the just Application of it. A *bright Imagination*, while it is subservient to an honest and noble *Soul*, is a Faculty which makes a Man justly admir'd by Mankind, and furnishes him with Reflections upon his own Actions; which adds Delicates to the Feast of a *good Conscience*. But when *Wit* descends to wait upon sensual Pleasures, or promote the base Purposes of any Passion, it is then to be condemn'd in Proportion to its Excellence.

I do not know any thing which gives greater Disturbance to Conversation, than the *false Notion* some People have of *Raillery*. It ought certainly to be the first Point

to be aim'd at in Society, to gain the Good-will of those with whom you converse. The Way to that is, to shew you are well inclin'd towards them. What then can be more absurd, then to set up for being extremely *sharp* and *biting*, as the Term is, in your Expressions to your Familiars. To rally well, it is absolutely necessary, that *Kindness* must run through all you say, and you must ever preserve the Character of a *Friend*, to support your Pretensions to be free with a Man. It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among Men to take the Liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes, that the *Contention* is, who shall be most *disagreeable*; when, if you enquire into the Reason, it is only done for *Exercise of Wit*. The Freedoms of the Pen are much more pernicious and shocking than *extempore* Liberties. There is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. *Lampoons* and *Satires*, that are written with *Wit* and *Spirit*, are like poison'd Darts, which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. *Humour* and *Ridicule*, in the Possession of an ill-natured Man, are dangerous Qualifications. But if, besides the Accomplishments of being *witty* and *ill-natur'd*, the Man is *vicious* into the Bargain, he is one of the

the most mischievous Creatures, that can enter into a civil Society. So pernicious a Thing is *Wit*, when it is not temper'd with *Virtue* and *Humanity*.

As, therefore, it suffers by the Mixture of an invidious Character, so likewise it is often observ'd, that *Wit* in an *ingenious Man* is turn'd into Absurdity, by the meer Force of *Affectation*. When a Man appears diligent to do Justice to his fine Parts, when his Imagination is on the Stretch, to find out something uncommon, when you see him look about for *Applause*, discover an itching Inclination to be *commended*, and lay Traps for a little Incense, even from those whose Opinion he values in nothing but his own Favour, how do we condemn and despise the Artifice? How meanly do we think of his Qualifications? And what Distastes do we take from assuming the Quality?

A great deal of *Fire*, and a more than ordinary *Application* to Studies, sometimes gives Mens Conversation a particular *Turn*, and they sparkle out into *false Wit*. They are like young Trees shooting out into Blossoms before their Time; and, as *Lapwings*, that go from under the Wing of their Dam with the Shell on their Heads, they run wild. *True Wit* can never dwell with *Extravagance*, but must always border on the Confines of Judgment. If *Wit* is to be measured by the

Circumstances of Time and Place, there is no Man has generally so little of that Talent, as he who is a *Wit* by Profession: What he says, instead of rising from the Occasion, has an Occasion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other Reason, than that he talks like no body else; but has taken up a Method of his own, without *Commerce* or *Dialogue* with other People.

Mr. *Locke* has an admirable Reflection upon the Difference of *Wit* and *Judgment*; whereby he endeavours to shew the Reason why they are not always the Talents of the same Person. His Words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given some Reason of that common Observation, that Men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearest Judgment, or deepest Reason: For Wit lying most in the Assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant Pictures and agreeable Visions in the Fancy. Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side; in separating carefully, one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the least Difference, thereby to avoid being misled by Similitude, and by Affinity, to take one Thing for another. This is a Way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein, for the most part,*

part, lies that Entertainment and Pleasantry of Wit, which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all People.

This Definition of *Wit* and *Judgment* must be acknowledged to be very Philosophical ; but still it gives us a just *Idea* how far our *Wit* may go, and keep its Quality ; and how essential *Judgment* is to its Regulation. I shall pursue this Theme no further than in a few supplemental Rules, for the *Use* and *Application*, of our *Wit* in Company : We should endeavour to wear out the Vein of *Pedantry* and *Affectation*, to have our Sense esteem'd to its Merit : We should check in ourselves all Vanities of glittering on the *Imagination* of another with the Lustre of our Parts ; we should learn to *think* with the Wise, but *talk* with the Vulgar ; to keep our *sublime Notions* to ourselves, and converse in the common received Sentiments of Mankind : To believe, that though nothing so much gains upon the Affections as *extempore Eloquence*, yet that we very rarely meet with any who excel in it ; that if we resolve to please, we should never speak, to gratify any particular *Vanity* and *Passion* of our own, but always with a Design either to divert or inform the Company : That we should talk extremely little of ourselves, to avoid putting on an Air of *Wisdom* by speaking in *Proverbs*, or deciding

Controversies with short *Sentences*; and to take care to be sometimes silent, on a Subject where every one is satisfy'd we could speak well; for by this, we shall often be thought no less knowing in other Matters, where, perhaps, we are wholly ignorant. The Observation of these few *Rules*, I am satisfied, will secure *real Wit* from *Odi*um, and establish the Reputation of an *imaginary one*, where *Conduct* alone conceals *Folly*.

Now, as all the World, more or less, as I have before observ'd, are Pretenders to *Wit*, so every one is ambitious of putting in his Claim to a Share of *Humour*. It is, indeed, much easier to describe what is not *Humour*, than what it is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than COWLEY has done *Wit*, by *Negatives*. Amongst all Kinds of *Writing*, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry, than in Works of *Humour*; as there are none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, that furnish out Productions of *Humour*; so neither are unreasonable Distortions of the Countenance, whimsical Gesticulations of the Body, and an absurd Set of surprizing and incongruous Notions, to be esteem'd *such* in Conversation.

True

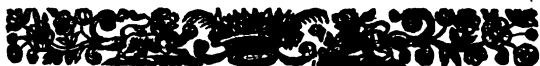
True Humour must always lie under the Check of *Reason*; and it requires the Direction of the *nicest Judgment*, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless Freedoms. In short, it must consist in a *Pleasantry* deriv'd from Nature; in *Vivacity* and *Mirth* without *Affectation*, bounded by *Truth*, and supported by *good Sense*. For this Reason, a *Coxcomb* can never arrive to an *Humourist*: He may give himself awkward and strain'd *Airs*, run into a Length of *Oddities* in Behaviour, and pretend to be obstinate in some particulars; yet cannot go out of his own Character. It is a very just and a common Observation upon the Natives of this Island, that in their different Degrees, and in their several Professions and Employments, they abound as much, and, perhaps, more, in *good Sense*, than any People; and yet, at the same Time, there is scarce an *Englishman*, of any *Life* and *Spirit*, that has not some *odd Cast of Thought*, some *original Humour*, that distinguishes him from his Neighbour. This national Mark is visible among us in every Rank and Degree of Men, from the Persons of the first Quality and politest Sense, down to the rudest and most ignorant of the People. Every *Mechanic* has a particular *Cast of Head*, and *Turn of Wit*, or some uncommon *Whim*, as a Characteristic that

distinguishes him from others of his *Trade*, as well as from the Multitudes that are upon a *Level* with him.

I confess, by an agreeable *Singularity of Temper*, we may furnish out a perpetual *Change of Entertainment* to ourselves, and diversify all our Conversations with a *Variety of Mirth*; but as I would have a *Gentleman* not too conscious of his *Wit*, so neither would I have him *strain* too hard in Pursuit of *Humour*. It often throws People unawares into a Form of *Buffoonery*, and runs them into an habitual Carriage, that savours of *Pedantry* and *Affectation*. We should rather be content to follow Nature, and be guided by Sense, than endeavour to entertain at the Expence of our Characters; and chuse to be considered as *Men of sound Reason*, rather than be counted *Prodigies of Humour*.



D R I N K I N G.



D R I N K I N G.

THERE are many *Intemperances* which we fall into in the Course of our Lives, as it were, without Design, through Complaisance, or the Importunities of *Company*: Of this Sort, principally is *Drinking*. We are generally initiated into the Science, before the Liquor is in the least palatable: But we consent to disoblige our Taste merely in Compliance, 'till by the *habitual* Obsequiousness, we grow to a *Relish* of the *Luxury*, and then continue the *Debauch* by *Inclination*.

A Method of *spending one's Time agreeably* is a Thing so little studied, that the common Amusement of our *young Gentlemen*, is *Drinking*. This Way of Entertainment has *Custom* of its Side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe, there have been very few Companies, that have been guilty of Excess this Way, where there have not happen'd more Accidents which
make

make against, than for the Continuance of it.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for *Temperance*; because what is *Luxury* in one, may be *Temperance* in another: But there are few of common Reason who are not Judges of their own *Constitutions*, so far as to know what Proportions do best agree with them. Were I to prescribe a Rule for *Drinking*, it should be form'd upon a Saying quoted by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE: *The first Glass for myself, the second for my Friends, the third for good-Humour, and the fourth for my Enemies.* To go further into Antiquity for a Rule, *Plutarch* tells us, it was the Advice of *Socrates*, to beware of such Meats as persuade a Man, though he be not hungry, to eat them; and those Liquors that would prevail with a Man to drink them, when he is not thirsty. *Temperance*, indeed, is a grand Preservative, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practised by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season, or in any Place. It is a kind of *Regimen*, into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption of Business, Expence of Money, or Loss of Time. In a Word, if *Exercise* throws off Superfluities, *Temperance* prevents them, gives *Nature* her full Play,
and

and enables her to exert herself in all her *Force and Vigour*:

Would we not permit ourselves to consider *Temperance* as a *moral Virtue*, and that every Receding from its Dictates, is a *Sin* against our Souls: Yet if we would only make the *Loss of Constitution* a Caution, the apparent Injury we do to our *Healths*, and the Ridicule and Consequences to which *Ebriety* makes Men obnoxious, we should never fall into *Incontinence* in *Drinking*. With all a Man's Reason and good Sense about him, his *Tongue* is apt to utter Things out of meer Gaiety of Heart, which may *displease* his best Friends. Who then would trust himself to the Power of *Wine*; without saying more against it, than that it *raises the Imagination*, and *depresses the Judgment*? Were there only this single Consideration, that we are less Masters of ourselves when we *drink* in the least Proportion above the Exigencies of Thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this Vice.

But the *Effects* are of much more Fatality; if we continue to gorge ourselves with this Freedom, and dilute with such *Profusion* and *Intemperance*, we shall find the *Tone* of our *Stomachs* weakened, the *Acids* spoiled, and our *Digestion* good for nothing:
And

And when we are once disabled in this Faculty, our *Constitution* is undermined, and the Business commonly ends in *Dropsy*, or *Consumption*. The *Apothecary* is perpetually employ'd to countermine the *Cook* and the *Vintner*. This Misfortune in the first Concoction ruins all; for, unless the *Juices* are well-prepared in the *Stomach*, the *Blood* and *Spirits* must suffer of course, the *Nerves* and *Muscles* relax, and the *Functions of Life* lie by and languish. How many young People do we see miscarry upon this Conduct, and tire upon the Road, before the Journey is half reach'd? Men that made a promising Appearance at first, that set forward with *Genius* and *Improvement*, have we not seen them metamorphose themselves at a *Tavern*, drown their *Parts*, and drink away their *Shape* to that Degree, as if the Witchcrafts of *Circe* had overtaken them, and the *magical* Draught transformed them to *Brutes*: Yet as if this *debasing of Humanity*, were a Duty, and as if it were pleasant to give way to such a *Disguise*, Gentlemen too frequently invite on purpose to put the Company in this Condition. Now, if the Invitation was sent in a Letter, and the Truth spoken out, says Mr. Collier, it must run in the Tenor following:

“ Sir, if you please to do me the Favour, to
 “ dine with me, I shall do my best to drink
 “ you

“ you out of your Limbs and Senses, to make
 “ you say a hundred silly things, and play the
 “ Fool to Purpose, if ever you did it in your
 “ Life. And, before we part, you shall
 “ be well prepar’d to tumble off your Horse,
 “ to disoblige your Coach, and make your
 “ Family sick at the Sight of you: And all
 “ this, for an Opportunity of shewing, with
 “ how much Friendship and Respect, I am
 “ your humble Servant.” This, says he, is
 often the plain ENGLISH of an Entertain-
 ment; and though the Kindness may look some-
 thing odly, ’tis the main Drift of the Matter;
 the Point is pursued, and the Conquest boasted.

It is a further Argument to the discounte-
 nancing this ugly Frailty, that as he who
 drinks but little, is not Master of himself,
 so he who drinks much, is a Slave to him-
 self. As for my Part, I ever esteemed a
 Drunkard, of all vicious Persons, the most
 vicious: For, if our Actions are to be weigh’d
 and considered according to the Intention of
 them, what can we think of him who puts
 himself into a Circumstance wherein he can
 have no Intention at all, but incapacitates
 himself for the Duties and Offices of Life,
 by a Suspension of all his Faculties. If a
 Man considered, that he cannot, under the
 Oppression of Drink, be a Friend, a Gen-
 tleman, a Master, or a Subject; that he has
 so long banish’d himself from all that is dear,
 and

and given up all that is sacred to him, he would even then think of a *Debauch* with *Horror*. But when he looks still farther, and acknowledges, that he is not only *expelled* out of all the Relations of Life, but also liable to *offend* against them *all*, what Words can express the *Terror* and *Detestation* he would have of such a detestable Vice? And yet he owns all this of himself, who says, he was *drunk* last Night.

There is not certainly an Animal upon the Face of the Earth more miserable than a *Sot*: This *Wretch*, like the *Salamander*, lives in the Midst of *Fire*; his *Blood* and *Spirits* continually *boiling* with the *Fumes* of his former *Excesses*, and receiving a fresh Supply from his present *Debaucheries*. His *Time* is not measur'd by the *Day* or *Hour*, but the *Bottle*; and all his *Arithmetic* is, *What is to pay, and how much he has drunk*: His *Health*, his *Fortune*, and every thing else, is divided and split into *Tavern-Bills*, and *Pints* and *Quarts* stand at the Foot of every Account he makes up. To behold one of these Creatures with a *bloated Face*, and a *wasted Carcase*, by the Aid of a paralytical Hand, lifting up a *Glass* to his Head, that *works* all the while in the same unequal Motion, is an Object of the utmost *Aversion* and *Contempt*. But his *Pleasure* is the Vanity of saying, *He did not spill one Drop*

Drop of the precious Liquor. Absurd Wretch! And yet, how many of this Class are to be met with, who work the Day, the Week, and Year round, without any Season of Rest or Relaxation. The whole *Calendar* is turned into *Holidays* with the *Drunkard*, and his *Jubilee* returns with every Sun that rises. Is it not a pretty Diversion, for two rational Creatures to sit down to *murder* one another by Way of *Pleasure*, and strive who shall go first to the *Grave* for the Improvement of *good Fellowship*?

The Consequences I have yet mention'd, are such as peculiarly regard the *Constitution* of the *Drunkard*; give me Leave to remark farther, That *Intemperance* is a dangerous Companion; it throws People off their Guard; betrays them to a great many *Indecencies*, to ruinous *Passions*, to *Disadvantage* in Fortune, makes them discover *Secrets*, drive *foolish Bargains*, engage in *Play*, and often stagger from the *Tavern* to the *Stews*. I don't say this is every Man's Case; but the Frequency of the Mischief is sufficient to fright you from the Practice. By *Intemperance*, Weakness is discovered, and ill-Humour improv'd. The Heat of *Wine* makes the Malice creep out, warms the Snake, and gives Vigour to the *Poison*. What a *Misbehaviour*, what *Outrage*, how many *Murders*, may we lay to the Charge of

of this Vice? Did not *Alexander* kill him that sav'd his Life, and burn the finest City in the World, in a *drunken Fit*? But we need not fetch our Proof thus far; for there's scarcely any *Time* or *Place*, but will afford us too much Evidence. *Intemperance* puts a Man out of his own Power, makes his *Folly* ungovernable, and lays him at the Mercy of almost every Accident. To be *drunk*, with some People, is next to the firing a Train; they break out in *Flame* and *Thunder*, blow up the House, and perish in the Ruins.

To be particular in the numerous Inconveniences of this *Vice*, were to grow prolix beyond Suffrance; and it may be expected, that I should allow some Advantages resulting from a generous Liquor us'd with *Temperance*. I confess I believe no Man drinks *Wine* to allay his *Thirst*: It seems to be design'd for a *loftier* Indulgence of Nature; for it were hard to suppose that the Author of *Nature*, who impos'd upon her *Necessities* and *Pains*, does not allow her her *Pleasures*; and we may reckon among the latter, the *moderate Use* of the *Grape*. If we keep within certain Bounds in our Recreation, we do not only not forfeit the Title of being our *own Masters*, but even possess it in a much *greater Degree*: If a Man's expressing himself upon any Subject, with
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more *Life* and *Vivacity*, more *Variety* of *Ideas*, more *Copiousness*, more *fluently*, and more to the *Purpose*, argues, that he *thinks* clearer, *speaks* more ready, and with greater Choice of comprehensive and significant *Terms*; it bears forcibly to the Advantage of this delicious Juice, in Cases where it only heightens Conversation, and brings to light agreeable Talents, which otherwise would have lain concealed under the Oppression of an unjust Modesty: Where it serves to discover the *Brightness of the Mind*, and the *Strength of Judgment*, and inspires a graceful and becoming *Mirth*: Where, I say, it awakens the *Judgment*, quickens *Memory*, ripens *Understanding*, disperses *Melancholy*, cheers the *Heart*: In a Word, where it restores the whole Man to himself and his Friends, without the least Pain or Indisposition; there it answers the End of Providence.

It is certainly a very agreeable Change, when we see a *Glass* raise a lifeless Conversation into all the Pleasures of *Wit* and good *Humour*. While the Discourse *improves* in a well-chosen *Company*, from the Addition of *Spirits*, which flow from *moderate Cups*, it must be acknowledged, that leisure Time cannot be more agreeably, or, perhaps, more usefully employed, than at such Meetings. But there is a certain Prudence in this, and
all

all other Circumstances, which makes *Right* or *Wrong* in the Conduct of ordinary Life. This Observation has given me Occasion to reflect upon the ill Effects of a *vicious Modesty*, which has perhaps betrayed both Sexes into as many Vices, as the most *abandon'd Impudence*; and is the more inexcusable to Reason, because it acts to gratify others, rather than itself, and is punish'd with a kind of *Remorse*, not only like other vicious Habits, when the Crime is over, but even at the very Time when it is committed. Nothing is more amiable than *true Modesty*, and nothing is more contemptible than the *false*. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it. *True Modesty* is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the Rules of *right Reason*: *False Modesty* is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the *Humour of the Company*. It was the Saying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that *the Person has had but an ill Education, who has not been taught to deny any thing*. I have read of an Example of this Kind, in a modest young Gentleman, who being invited to an Entertainment, though he was not us'd to drink, had not the Confidence to refuse his Glass in his Turn; when on a sudden he grew so flutter'd, that he took all the Talk of the Table in his own Hands, abused every one of the Company, and flung a Bot-
tle

etc at the Gentleman's Head that treated him. If a Compliance of this Sort be not faulty, and if we do not injure our Reason by such Compliance, then there is no such thing as a *Pudor Malus* in Nature; no *Modesty* that can be accounted *vicious*; nor have we ought to fear, but the Imputation of being *singular*. We may fall in with the Torrent, and let ourselves go to every Action or Discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in Vogue and Request of the Company. What ridiculous Disposition is this in human Nature, that Men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a *dissolute or irrational Manner*, but that one who is in their Company, should be ashamed of governing himself by the Principles of *Reason and Virtue*! How much more rational and commendable would it be, to follow the Pattern set us by *Xenophanes*? This old Sage was so far from letting a *false Modesty* lead him into Crimes or Indiscretions, that when he was upbraided, and called *timorous*, because he would not venture his Money in a Game at Dice; *I confess*, said he, *that I am exceeding timorous; for I dare not do an ill Thing.*

To conclude: Whenever we are tempted to *regale*, we should arm ourselves with *Recollection*, and be always upon our *Guard*; make a strong Resolution in our *Defence*; that

that goes a great Way in most Cases. Let us have a Care of a *weak Compliance*, and of being preposterously *good-natur'd*: Let us not be over-borne by *Importunity*; never surrender to a *Fest*, nor make the Company *Masters* of our Conscience; but venture to be so morose, as to maintain the *Reason* of Men, and the *Innocence* of Christians. 'Tis no Disgrace to be *healthy* in a common Inflection: *Singularity* in Virtue and Discretion, is a Commendation. Let us consider, besides the Advantages of *Temperance*, how clean and unembarrass'd it keeps the Senses, and makes them seize the Object with more Keeness and Satisfaction: How it appears with *Life* in the *Face*, and *Decorum* in the *Person*: How it gives us the Command of our *Heads*, secures our *Health*; and, in a Word, preserves us in a Condition both for our *Business* and *Recreations*.



M A R R I A G E



MARRIAGE

AND

CONJUGAL VIRTUES.

I AM very sensible I am entering on a Subject in this Chapter, upon which I cannot explain myself too fully, nor yet express myself with too much Reserve : I am opening a Scene that represents two very different Prospects : The *Libertine* will probably despise my Precepts, and laugh at the unfashionable Gravity of my Theme : The Man of Morals and sober Conduct will taste them as he should do, and delight to see the Husband regularly painted.

Cicero, treating of the many Degrees of human Commerce and Society, places Matrimony in the first Rank ; *prima Societas in ipso est Conjugio*, says he. Marriage is described as a State capable of the highest human Felicity, as an Institution calculated

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for

for a constant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capable of : It is the Foundation of Community, and the chief Bond of Society : It is, or ought to be, that State of perfect Friendship, in which there are, according to *Pythagoras*, Σώματα μὲν δύο, ψυχὴ δὲ μία : *Two Bodies with but one Soul*. Our Countryman *Milton* has touched this Subject with so chaste, yet elegant a Pen, that the Description, one would think, must confirm the Husband in his Happiness, and reclaim the Man of profligate and licentious Principles.

Hail, Wedded Love ! Mysterious Law ! True Source

*Of human Offspring, sole Propriety
In Paradise, of all Things common else.
By thee adult'rous Lust was driven from Men
Among the bestial Herds to range ; by Thee,
Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known.
Perpetual Fountain of Domestic Sweetness,
Whose Bed is undefil'd, and chaste pronounc'd,
Present or past, as Saints or Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden Shafts employs ; here
lights*

*His constant Lamp, and waves his purple
Wings :*

*Reigns here, and ravel's not in the bought Smile
Of*

*Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
Casual Fruition ; nor in Court Amours,
Mix'd Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight
Ball ;*

*Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain.*

This Poet has indeed been just to its Character, and sets Marriage in its proper Light : We ought to consider it as a State of Grace, and the first Ordinance of God to Mankind ; as a Business of the greatest Importance in Life, and a Change of Conditions we cannot make with too much Reverence and Deliberation. We should examine our Constitutions, Temper and Honesty ; weigh well if we can be constant, and confine our Desires and Appetite to one sole Object ; we must be sure to call Reason into our Passions, and let her inform us why we would marry. For if we take a young Lady to our Bed, with no other Consideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance, and think of her only as she is to administer to the Gratification of Desire ; when that Desire once flags ; her Charms and Merit will likewise be abated.

The Spirit of Love has certainly something in it extremely fine ; yet if Love be any Refinement, *Conjugal* Love must be so

in a much higher Degree. The frivolous Affectation of attracting Eyes, is there improved into solid Affection, and sinks into the Heart. The Passion of Love, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the Flame of a Fever ; that to a Wife is like the Vital Heat. What a sensible Pleasure is there in contemplating the beautiful Instances of Domestic Life ! How is Happiness heightened* to the highest Degree it is capable of, when two Persons, of accomplished Minds, are not only united in Interest and Affections, but in their Taste of the same Improvements, Pleasures, and Diversions ! When habitual Complacency sweetens their Satisfaction ! When Love and Tenderneſs ſhine in their Countenances ! and their Words and Actions are ſo many Testimonies of mutual Comfort !

Στέργε τεμὲν ἄλοχον. τί γὰρ ἡδύτερον κ' ἄδειον,
 "Ὡς ταν ἀνδρὶ γυνὴ φρονέη φίλα γήρα^ς ἄχρι,
 Καὶ πόσις ἢ ἀλόχω, μηδ' ἐμπέσῃ ἀνδιχα νεῖκ^{ος} ;

says the old Poet *Phocilides*.—— Be affectionate to thy Wife : For what is more sweet and commendable, than for the dear Consort to be obliging to her Husband, even till Age creeps on their Fondness ;
 or

or for the Husband to accord to his Wife, and let not Dissentions arise between them to interrupt their Happiness? I call to Mind one more Passage in a Play of *Haywood's*, so good a Compliment of Matrimony, so fraught with Tenderneſs, and the mutual Endearments of a happy Couple, that the Quotation of it, perhaps may make more useful Impressions, than a Chapter of Maxims and Magisterial Counsels.

*O Marriage! happiest, easiest, safest State ;
Let Debauchees and Drunkards scorn thy
Rights,
Who in their nauseous Draughts and Lusts, pro-
phane
Both thee and Heav'n by whom thou wert or-
dain'd
How can the Savage call it Loss of Freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous Friend !
Blush not, my fair One, that thy Love applauds
Thee.*

*Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife
That my full Heart o'erflows in Praise of Thee.
Thou art by Law, by Int'rest, Passion, mine :
Passion and Reason join in Love of Thee.
Thus thro' a World of Calumny and Fraud,
We pass both unreproach'd, both undeceived ;
While in each other's Interest and Happiness,*

*We without Art all Faculties employ,
And all our Senses without Guilt enjoy.*

It is almost impossible for one Person to lay down absolute Rules for Happiness in this State, or to determine precisely in what Circumstances this great Blessing is particularly lodged. Two Persons who have chose each other out of all the Species, with Design to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Action bound themselves to be Good-humoured, Affable, Discreet, Forgiving, Patient, and Joyful, with respect to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the End of their Lives : When this Union is strictly preserved, the most indifferent Circumstance administers Delight ; but if every little Occasion of Disgust is to be viewed with an Eye of Impatience ; if Peevishness and Spleen are to aggravate Imperfections, and the Weaknesses of human Nature to be considered as Crimes ; Matrimony will soon lose all its Felicity ; its Enjoyments will be soured by rude Checks ; Comforts sink into Distrust and Sullenness ; and Kindness and connubial Caresses be lost in a Gloom and Degree of Aversion.

It is not sufficient (as the *Spectator* has judiciously observed) to make a Marriage happy, that the Humours of two People should

should be alike ; one might instance in an hundred, who have not the least Sentiment of Love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their Humours, that if they were not already married, the whole World would design them for Man and Wife. A virtuous *Disposition*, a good *Understanding*, an agreeable *Person*, and an easy *Fortune*, are the Things which should chiefly be regarded on this Occasion.

Give me leave to consider the Advantages and Hazards of this State under these four Heads ; and we shall be more sensible of the Necessity and Benefit of taking them into our Consideration and Conduct.

As to the *virtuous Disposition*, believe me, if that be wanting on either Side, Ease and Felicity are banished for ever : Discontent and Jealousy usurp the Breast, and lord it over all the milder Affections. Nothing has more brought Wedlock into Contempt and Prejudice, and made the State to be looked upon as a Bugbear, than the two frequent Examples of *Levity* and *Wantonness*, that have been the Stains of every Age and Country : There have been so many that could not make themselves Masters of their Passion, and have suffered their Consciences to be carried

M 4

away.

away by the Bias of a loose and inordinate Affection.

Inconstancy disturbs the Harmony of Life, and breaks the Friendship of the nearest Relation : What Confusions, what Quarrels, what Destruction of Circumstances, are occasioned by undecent Liberties in Wedlock ? The sacred Property of Marriage is infringed ; and no Revenge can be too great for such an Injury.

Marriage should create a peculiar and incommunicable Friendship : These Rights are not to be invaded, nor the Quiet of either Party to be disturbed. Even those Familiarities which give Umbrage, and carry the Countenance of Design, are ill-natured and unjust, though they go no farther.

I will not be so partial to my own Sex, as not to own it is my Opinion, that the Matrimonial Contract is mutual ; and a Failure on either Side is equally a Violation of Faith, and a Breach of the Confederacy. The Man and Woman are under the same Duties of Religion, and obliged by the same Laws of Sobriety. Indeed the Crime of Incontinence may admit of some Difference as to its Consequences, and our Sex may sin this Way with less Fatality. But when a Woman proves perfidious, the Misfortune is incorporated with

with the Family, the adulterous Brood are palmed upon the Husband, and grow up to the Inheritance of his Estate. Now when the Man goes astray, the Wife cannot pretend to such great Damages. To be plain, the *Aggravations* on our Side will very near amount to the same Injury : May not the Extravagance of a Strumpet's Support, and the Charge of educating her Bastard Progeny, run out that Estate which should be the Inheritance of a lawful Issue, and be a Canker to the Fortune of a virtuous Wife, who deserves, on many Accounts, more generous Treatment ?

If we look back into the Punishments which the *Ancients* inflicted on the Male for Incontinence, we shall see there is no Exemption on our Side ; or Liberty entail'd on us for offending. To mention, but in one Instance, the Law of *Solen* left the Malefactor perfectly at the Mercy of him that was injured.

When the Man is so-unhappy as to be of a Wandering Disposition, the poor injured Wife has but an uncomfortable Time of it ; for those who are *Libertines* abroad, are generally ill-natured at Home. The Wife then is esteemed a Nuisance ; and no Ruggedness or Barbarity is too coarse for her ; or at best she is but the Lumber

M 5 of

of the House. The Promises of Courtship, and the Engagements of Marriage, are quite forgotten. The Title of Respect is transferred, and all the Breeding and good Humour made over to the Mistress in keeping. She is made Governess of the Man and the Money. Her Apartments and her Equipage, are all Curiosity and Expence. She is allowed to make her Progresses in State, and to travel with her *Postillion* ; when, it may be, the poor Lady who should of right be intitled to his Kindness and Liberality, can hardly compass a Hackney-Coach to remove her from one Street to another. Nor are we to wonder at such Instances of Misbehaviour and coarse Treatment : He that can dispense with the main Articles, will easily get over the Points of Decency. The Want of Civility may be easily excused, in those that break through the most solemn Covenants.

But allowing the Man of a Constitution and Principle, that make him keep the *Matrimonial Contract* inviolable ; it is necessary that he consult something more than his Virtue in the Disposition of his Person for Life : The Lamp of *Constancy* will burn but very dim, when the Appetite is once cloy'd ; when the sensual Enjoyments are upon the Decay, and no
Charms

Charms are seen in the Bride to blow up the expiring Flame of Love, and rekindle the abating Affection. When we therefore chuse our Companions for Life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good Humour to the last Stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the Choice we make, as well as in the Conduct on our own Part. When the Persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an Examination, and bear the Scrutiny ; when they mend upon our Acquaintance with them, and discover new Beauties the more we search into their Characters, our Love will naturally rise in Proportion to their Perfection. The *Forma Bonum fragile est* of the Poet, will never take off from the Value and Estimation of Beauty ; there must be real or fancied Charms in the Mistress to engage the Heart ; and when the Man has chose well in this Regard, if he be a Master either of Sense or Gratitude, he will not slight or condemn his Wife, because Age or Accidents of Sickness have quenched the Fires that first inflamed him. He will rather look back, and revive Endearments from the Recollection of that Object, which was the Soul of his Desire : he will view her with a Tenderness that confesses her Power over him, and regard her as the Pride of his Choice, and Ambition

bition of his Wishes. The Raptures he once conceived from her Form, will not lose all their Force ; but he will be fond of cherishing that which was once the Source of his Pleasure.

Nor are the Beauties of the Face, the Advantages of Complexion, the Delicacies of Shape, and Attractions of Behaviour, the only Things to be considered in an intended Wife, but only as so many adjunct Qualities to recommend her to our Love. If we would lay a Scheme for compleat Happiness, let us look carefully into the *Perfections* of her *Mind* ; let us examine her Wit and Capacity ; whether her Understanding will come up to the Management we require from her ; and whether she be furnished with Sense and Judgment enough to make her a *Friend*, as well as a *Consort*.

There is so much Nicety and Discretion requir'd to keep Love alive after Marriage, and make Conversation still new and agreeable, that *Good Sense* seems a very essential Aid to this Purpose. When the Wife proves capable of filling serious, as well as joyous Hours, she brings Happiness unknown to Friendship itself. She is then something more than a Companion at Bed and Board : Passion is refined by such Society, and gradually ascends to more

more exalted Pleasures, than those of Enjoyment. Life hangs heavily in the repeated Conversation of one, who has no Imagination to be fired at the several Occasions and Objects which come before her, or who cannot strike out of her Reflections new Paths of pleasing Discourse. If she have good Humour enough to make her gay, and Wit enough to render that Gaiety agreeable, the Approbation of her Words and Actions is a continual new Feast to the Husband ; nor can he enough applaud his good Fortune in having his Life varied every Hour : His Mind improved by her Ideas, and his Heart more glad from every Circumstance which they meet with : How does her Wit improve his Pleasures, counsel him in Emergencies, and add Consolation in the Moments of Affliction ! The mutual Passion which is grounded on this solid Foundation, enters into the very Constitution, and the Kindness flows as easily and silently, as the Blood in the Veins. But when there is no good Sense or Wisdom on the Woman's Side, to relieve or comfort against the Accidents of Life, the State soon grows irksome and insipid ; Contradiction and cross Purposes make up the greatest Part of the matrimonial Conversation ; the Husband contemns her Want of Relish, and Sourness ; Debate

and

and Impertinence of Argument, are the Consequences of her Folly.

The other Ingredient, so essential to the Happiness of the Marriage State, is an *easy Fortune*. We ought to be in a Circumstance that can support the Charge of a Wife, and look forward to the Maintenance of Children, before we should determine to alter our Condition. We should subdue our Passion, rather than draw the Object of our Affection into Inconveniencies ; and make a Woman, we seem to be fond of, a Slave to Necessity, and those unnumbered Afflictions that wait on a low and needy Fortune. The Consequences are of that fatal Kind, that I esteem it a great Trespas, to betray an unthinking and deluded Woman into so much Misery. It is an *Adage* of our own, and which is certainly founded on Truth and Experience, That when *Poverty* once comes in at the Door, *Peace* and *Quiet* fly out at the Window. Jars and Dislikes, Upbraidings and Contumely, ensue on an ebbing Circumstance ; and Marriage, which ought to be to a Man the Fountain of all good Things, is often by the Disposition of his Fortune, a heavy Load, which oppresses him with its Weight. Such it is, when a Wife and Children are a violent Temptation to Fraud, Falshood, and unlawful

unlawful Gains, for their Maintenance :
 Strange and unfortunate Situation of Life,
 to be hemm'd in between *Indigence* and
Knavery !

When this is the Case, Marriage is, indeed, viewed in its worst Light : It is drawing an uneasy Yoke, and tugging at the Oar, and being a Slave, without Hopes of Redemption : At least, it is so with regard to the more elegant Part of Mankind ; the Poor often meet with little more than will pay the Priest, and make them merry the first Day, and rise content the next Morning to drudge mutually for a comfortable Subsistence : But I am speaking of those who are born to Expectations above diurnal Labour ; who have Reason to hope for a Life of Ease and Tranquility, and to taste the Sweets of Plenty and Variety. Indeed, when People meet on Terms of Equality, when their Fortunes on each Side are sufficient to make them happy, and then some unfriendly Accident reduces them, it is barbarous that a Coldness and Indifference should grow between them, to aggravate their Unhappiness ; or that they should look on one another with less Indulgence and Affection, because they are overtaken with a Calamity which is not in their Power to fence against : They should rather sweeten and mitigate the
 Sense

Sense of the Disaster with an Increase of Tenderness, and comfort themselves in the Occurrence of Distress; that however Fortune may insult them from without, she cannot make them unhappy; while Love triumphs in their Breasts, and secures them from Adversity. We have so beautiful an Instance of Fondness under Oppression in one of *Otway's* Tragedies, that few could reckon *Jaffier's* Circumstances calamitous, if they were sure of finding so kind a Partner in Affliction, as *Belvidera*.

JAFF. ——— *Ob! We must change the Scene
In which the past Delights of Love were tasted:
The Poor sleep little: We must learn to watch
Our Labours late; and early every Morning,
Midst Winter Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Ob Belvidera! ———*

*Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre
Fiend,*

Is at our Heels, and chases us in View.

*Can'st thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these
Limbs,*

*Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
And the Bleak Winds whistle about our Heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me?*

Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love?

BEL.

BEL. *Ob! I will love thee! even in Madnefs
love thee,*

*Though my distracted Senses should forsake me,
Though the bare Earth be all our Resting-Place,
Its Root our Food, some Cliff our Habitation,
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head;
And as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with
Sorrow,*

*Creep to thy Bosom; pour the Balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest.*

This is a true and amiable Picture of *Connubial Love*, under those ungentle Blasts of *Adversity*, which, as I have before observed, nip and destroy the Blossoms of Affection. The only Remedies against a Decay of Passion on such Trials, are a sufficient Stock of Virtue, a well grounded Love and a Constancy of Soul; that cannot give way to Change. And where such a Constancy as this is wanting, the most inflam'd Passion may fall away into Coldness and Indifference, and the most melting Tenderness degenerate into Hate and Aversion. Constancy is a Virtue natural to Persons of even Tempers and uniform Dispositions; and may be acquired by those of the greatest Fickleness, Violence, and Passion; if they consider seriously the Terms of Union upon which they come together, the mutual
Interest

Interest in which they are engaged, with all the Motives that ought to incite their Tenderness and Compassion towards those who have their Dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for Life in the same State of Happiness or Misery. And when it grows in the Mind, upon Considerations of this Nature, it becomes a moral Virtue, and a kind of Good-nature, that is not subject to any Change of Health, Age, Fortune, or any of those Accidents which are apt to unsettle the best Dispositions, that are founded rather in Constitution, than in Reason. In short; without a Degree of Constancy, there can be neither Love, Friendship, nor Virtue, in the World.

He that thinks himself fit to make a Husband, must set himself above being affected with Trifles; he must suffer no Chance to impair his Kindness, or lessen his Esteem for her, that is to be his Life's Companion. The Declaration of *Terence's* Lover is more directly suitable to the Mouth of a Husband;

*Adjuro, nunquam eam me deserturum ;
Non si capiundus mihi sciam esse inimicos omneis
homines.
Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit : conveniunt mores :
Valeant*

Qui

*Qui inter nos dissidium volunt: hanc, nisi mors,
Mi adimet nemo.* —————

I protest solemnly, that I will never forsake her; no, not if I was sure to contract the Enmity of all Mankind by this Resolution. Her I made the Object of my Wishes, and have obtain'd her; our Dispositions suit; and I will shake Hands with them that would sow Dissention betwixt us: For Death, and only Death, shall take her from me.

Marrying, formerly, was a nice Thing: It was a Settlement for Life, a serious Piece of Business, and deserv'd a great deal of Consideration. A Man was formerly to take his Wife, for better, for worse; the same House, the same Table, and same Bed, were in common to them both: He was to be a Husband all his Life-time; there was no coming off with separate Maintenance; no reconciling a Wife and Family with the outward Appearance and Delights of a single Life. Now it is only a *Commerce of Convenience*, a Bargain struck up for Augmentation of Fortune; and so dependant on the Profit or Inclination of Friends, that the Parties brought together are consulted but at second Hand: And thus it becomes a State only previous to *Separation*

tion and *Alimony*: A Deed of Trust, or a Suit of Commons, dissolves the Contract.

The Degeneracy of Morals has so far prevailed of late Years, that Men blush at nothing more than being known to be *Husbands*; as if there were either a *Folly* or *Incontinence* in the Confession. Should a Man be afraid of being seen with a Woman, who is not his Wife, one might allow it owing to his Modesty. Were he loth to frequent the Company of such Persons, whose Reputation is not altogether untainted, I should never wonder at him. But what impertinent Whimsy can make him ashamed of his own Wife? What makes him blush to be seen in Public with one whom he has chosen for an inseparable Companion? One, from whom he should expect all the Satisfaction and Delight which can be reap'd from human Society? One, whom he loves and he esteems in private; who is his chief Ornament at Home; who, perhaps, credits him no less by her Extraction, than by her Sense, Merit, and extraordinary Virtue? And why did not he begin by blushing at his Marriage? I am not unacquainted with the prevailing Power of Custom, with its tyranizing over the
Mind

Mind and Manners of Men, even without Ground or Reason; yet I believe I should have Impudence enough to walk openly, and let who will see me with one who is my Wife.

There is another Fault too common in the Matrimonial State, which is a Liberty of exposing each other to Ridicule: The Husband, with an inconsiderate Pride, triumphs in the Frailties of his weak Woman, and makes it one of his top Diversions to spread her Indiscretion: He little imagines, that the Condemnation of her Conduct returns upon himself, and reproves him severely for having taken a Wife, the Subject of Contempt or Laughter. 'Tis certain, whatever domestic Contests they have together, 'tis the highest Imprudence to impeach each other to the World: For, however Company may strike in with the Complainant, and aggravate the Trespas, they sneer in their Minds at the Folly of the Publication, and think the Party aggriev'd might take wiser Measures. 'Tis suitable to the Generosity of Man's Nature; to overlook the Frailties of the weaker Vessel, to make Allowances of her Side for unequal Education, and rather to throw her Errors into a Shade, than bring them out into a full Light.

Light. We have a Proverb intirely of our own Growth, that says, *It is an ill Bird that defiles its own Nest*: And we may establish it as a Maxim of equal Verity, that he is an ill Husband, who glories in betraying the Frailties of his Family. The Counsel of Mr. *Dryden*, in his *Aurenzebe*, is very just and extensive on this Head, and deserves our strictest Regard and Consideration.

*Secrets of Marriage should be sacred held,
Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wise conceal'd:
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still,
And when divulg'd, proclaim we've chosen
ill:*

*For the mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shewn.*

The Commerce in the conjugal State, is so delicate, that it is impossible to prescribe Rules for the Conduct of it, so as to fit ten thousand nameless Pleasures and Disquietudes which arise to People in that Condition. But it is in this, as in some other nice Cases, where, touching upon the Malady tenderly, is half Way to the Cure: And there are some Faults which need only to be observ'd to be amended.

I shall conclude this Chapter with a few
practi-

practical Directions, by which a Man engaged in this important State, may aim at securing himself a lasting Happiness; since, as *Plutarch* assures us, there can be nothing more useful in conjugal Society, than the Observance of wholesome Precepts, suitable to the Harmony of the matrimonial Commerce.

The first necessary Rule to this End, is, That in Marriage the chief Business be to acquire a Prepossession in Favour of each other. They should consider one another's Words and Actions with a secret Indulgence: There should be always an inward Fondness pleading for each other; such as may add new Beauties to every Thing that is excellent, give Charms to what is indifferent, and cover every Thing that is defective. For Want of this kind Propensity and Biass of Mind, the married Pair often take Things ill of each other, which no one else would take notice of in either of them.

It is too commonly seen, that the smartest Pangs which we meet with, are in the Beginning of Wedlock; which proceed from Ignorance of each other's Humour, and Want of Prudence to make Allowances for a Change from the most careful Respect, to the most unbounded Familiarity. Hence
it

it arises, that Trifles are commonly Occasions of the greatest Anxiety: And therefore, I take it to be the first Maxim in a married Condition, that you are to be above Trifles. When two Persons have so good an Opinion of each other, as to come together for Life, they will not differ in Matters of Importance; because they think of each other with Respect, in regard to all Things of Consideration that may affect them, and are prepared for mutual Assistance and Relief in such Occurrences: But for less Occasions, they have form'd no Resolutions, but leave their Minds unprepared.

It may likewise be of singular Use to carry an even Hand in our Conduct, to regulate our Tempers, and never give way too far, either to Prejudice or Prepossession; never to indulge our selves in Humours of Provocation, or descend below the Dignity of our Natures by too indiscreet Fondness. In a Word, it is neither safe to vex a Woman unreasonably, nor humour her too much; the Excess of Fondness, as well as the Defect of natural Love may equally undo us. Prudent Generosity is the only Method of making our selves happy in the Enjoyment of them.

There

There is one Caution, which if not observed, all other Rules will be ineffectual: It is a Rock on which Happiness is always split; by which, Joys are extinguished, and Life itself made insupportable. I take these Marks to be so singular and distinguishing, that I scarce need add, that I mean *Jealousy*: If we either consult our own Peace, or the World's good Opinion, we must not cherish a foul Suspicion of the Honour of our Wives. It is a Passion that grows insensibly, when encouraged; spreads through the whole Mass of Blood, and infects the animal Spirits: It is the *Jaundice* of the Mind that is only curable by Dissolution: It is a foul and tainted Perspective, that spoils the Colour of every Object which we survey through it, and makes the brightest Bloom look like a sickly Yellow. To define it at once, *Jealousy* in Love, is like Distrust in other things, an Opinion that every one cheats and imposes on us.

Jealousy has been defined to be that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehension that he is not equally belov'd by the Person whom he entirely loves. This Definition seems to paint the Passion in too fair a Light; and comes near those Excuses the Ingenuity of Poets have made for its usurping a Place in the Breast: Particularly Mr.

N

Dryden

Dryden has made Room for its Entertainment, by seeming to think that Love cannot exist without it :

*The greatest Care the higher Passion shews ;
We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose.
Distrust, in Lovers, is too warm a Sun ;
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone :
And in those Climes which most his Scorching
know,
He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow.*

I will not assert against the Possibility of a noble Jealousy ; but I believe it must be founded on an Emulation in Love : No Husband's Breast, if he truly loves, can be so calm and luke-warm, as to be sensible his Passion is slighted, and yet feel it with Indifference : A generous Resentment must spring from this Knowledge, and will terminate in Contempt, or Aversion. I would not have a Man willingly give way to the Temptation of such a Thought, but my Caution was particularly laid down against our yielding to those rash Suggestions, that our Love is not slighted, but injured : That the false *She* has betrayed her Honour, and given up the Husband's Property to the Invader. Now, though it is almost impossible for a jealous Man to be cured of his
Suspensions,

Suspensions, yet he will pursue the Shadow of a Doubt and believe it will lead him on to Satisfaction: His Thoughts hang at best in a State of Doubtfulness and Uncertainty, and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side; so that his Enquiries are most successful, when they discover nothing: His Pleasure arises from his Disappointments, and his Life is spent in Pursuit of a Secret that destroys his Happiness, if he chance to find it.

Whether it proceed, or not, from an Excess of Love, it is a Disease of so malignant a Nature, that it converts all it takes into its own Nourishment. A cool or a fond Behaviour will administer to its Increase; while the first is interpreted a Symptom of Indifference; and the latter an Artifice of Dissimulation. There is no Word or Gesture so insignificant, but it gives the tormented Husband new Hints, feeds his Suspensions, and furnishes him with fresh Matters of Discovery. Powerful Suspicion never fails of supplying Demonstration; and as *Shakespeare* has admirably express'd it, in his *Othello*:

*Trifles, light as Air,
Are to the Jealous, Confirmation strong
As Proofs of Holy Writ.*

One would think the Torments of this unreasonable Disquietude should have a peculiar Prevalence on the Mind of Man, and deter him from harbouring so uneasy a Guest : A Quality that preys on his Health, and corrodes his Quiet ; palls his Appetites and forbids his Repose ; that holds no Correspondence with Comfort or Gaiety, but is dead to Pleasure, feeds on Discontent, and associates with Perplexity. I never read or saw the Extremities of this Passion's working in *Othello*, without the strongest Compassion for the Man, and Terror, at the Pains with which his Nature is subdued ; What Pangs do we conceive from the Complaints of his supposed Injury ; and strike in with his Sentiments even at a Time, when we know he is betrayed into Suspicions, and are apprized that his Affection is unreasonable ? I believe, his Expressions are so just on the Occasion, that the whole *Clan* of jealous Men, with the like Proportion of Eloquence, would condole their Misfortune in the same Cast of Thought.

——— *Had it pleas'd Heaven*
To try me with Afflictions ; had they rain'd
All Kinds of Sores and Shames on my bare
Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Giv'n

*Giv'n to Captivity, Me, and my utmost Hopes,
I should have found in some Place of my Soul
A Drop of Patience.—But, alas! to make
me*

The fixed Figure for the Time of Scorn,
To point his slow and moving Finger at!
Yet could I bear that too! Well; very well!
But there, where I had garner'd up my Heart,
Where, either I must live, or bear no Life:
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or else dries up: To be discarded thence,
Or keep it for a Cistern for foul Toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy Complexion
there,

*Patience, thou Young and Rose-lipp'd Cherubim,
I bere look grim as Hell. ———*

If the Effects and Torments, which this Passion brings along with it, are not sufficient to secure us from its Attacks, it will be in vain to urge the Fatality of its Consequences: The Expedients of Vengeance it puts a Man on, when he once has possessed himself of his Confort's *Infidelity*: When all the Fury of injured Love breaks loose, and the whole Train of Affections settle into Resentment, Aversion, and violent Resolutions of Revenge.

I do not mean, that a Husband is to be blind to notorious Indications of Wantonness; that is, to be so partial to his Wife's

Wife's Honour, as not to be sensible of a palpable Disgrace; for in this Case, Jealousy is lost in Proof; and the Certainty of being wrong'd, inspires a just Indignation: But I would infer, that we are not to suspect her of Incontinence, either upon no Grounds, or on trival Circumstances. It is the Advice of the Wise Man in *Ecclesiasticus*, *Be not jealous over the Wife of thy Bosom; and teach her not an evil Lesson against thyself.*

I will conclude my Thoughts on this Theme, with taking notice, that to give into Jealousy too rashly, implies a tacit Confession of our own Want of Merit, and provokes the Suspected; either to turn the Tables on us, or assume a Liberty of deserving our Censure.

Next to being free from suspecting Levity on the Woman's Part, we are to account it our Duty, to give no Room for the calling of our own Constancy in Question: We must not abuse the good-natur'd Virtue of a Woman, and fly out into licentious Courses ourselves, because we are secure of not being paid in the same Kind. This is a Dishonesty and Ingratitude unworthy of a Man; a Violation of his Promise made before God, and a voluntary Branding of himself with Perjury and Falseness.

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When we are determined to enter into the *conjugal* State, we should bid adieu to the empty Fashions and false Gallantries of the Town: We should take the Direction of the old *Greek* Proverb along with us ; *Ἀλλὰ βίῃ ἄλλῃ Δίαιτα*, *We are beginning a new Kind of Life, and consequently must think of a new Diet.* We should correct in ourselves, all Tendencies to *Libertinism*, and look on ourselves now as destin'd to sober and reasonable Pleasures. It has been one of the Unhappineſſes of Marriage, that a few loose Men of Genius for Pleasure, have turn'd it all to the Gratification of ungovern'd Desires, in spite of good Sense, Form, and Order : When, in Truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reason, is but a Step towards Madness and Folly. But those who are far gone in the Pleasures of the Town, who cannot support Life without quick Sensations and gay Reflections, who are Lovers of Gallantry, Rattle, and Nonsense, and are Strangers to Tranquility, to right Reason, and a calm Motion of Spirit without Transport or Dejection, are improper Persons to make *Husbands* of : They are immediately sated with Possession, and must necessarily fly to new Acquisitions of Beauty, to pass away the whiling Moments and Intervals of Life ; for with them, every Hour is heavy, that

is not joyous. And such Gallants, with too much Rashness, throwing themselves into this State of Gravity, so averse to their Constitutions, has rendered Marriage too often the Subject of Contempt and general Ridicule.

There is nothing so common, as for Men to enter into Marriage, without so much as expecting to be happy in it : They seem to propose to themselves a few Holidays in the Beginning of it ; after which, they are to return, at best, to the usual Course of their Life ; and for ought they know, to constant Misery and Uneasiness.

Those, indeed, who begin this Stage of Life, without Jars at their setting out, arrive within few Months, at a Pitch of Benevolence and Affection, of which, the most perfect *Friendship* is but a faint Resemblance. As in the unfortunate Marriage, the most minute and indifferent Things are Objects of the sharpest Resentment ; so, in a happy one, they are Occasions of the most exquisite Satisfaction : For, what does not oblige, in one we love ? What does not offend, in one we dislike.

In short, Tranquility of Mind, Good-nature, and Virtue, are the proper Qualifications to season us for Matrimony : With these Endowments, we shall think ourselves bound to look on our Partner with
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the Eyes of Reason and Honour, and always account her the Object of our Love and Pity, who came to our Arms the Object of our Joy and Admiration.

'Twere needless, to be more prolix on this Head, since they who know how to profit from the Abstract of Rules already laid down, will, with as much Facility, be able to supply to themselves what is still deficient to the Subject.





R E L I G I O N.

THE preceding Chapter is written on a Subject of the greatest Importance to our Happiness or Misery in *this* Life ; the present Treatise is of still higher Consequence, and looks forward to our Concern in *Futurity* ; a Theme, in which, not the transitory Ease of a frail *Body* is engaged, but the eternal Felicity of our *Souls* after Death.

There is too great a Number of Men in the World, who, from a Fault in Education, and a pernicious Habit of *Libertinism*, have their Hearts and Minds wholly fixed on this small Part of the Universe they are placed in ; who set a Value upon nothing, nor love any thing beyond it ; whose Souls are as much confin'd, as that narrow Spot of Ground they call their Estate, the Extent of which is measured, the Acres are numbered, and the utmost Bounds limited : They are so short-sighted, that they cannot look

look beyond the Heavens and the Stars, to contemplate the Divinity, to which they owed their Original. They are not able to perceive the Excellency of what is spiritual ; or have any Notions of the Dignity of the Soul : How much the whole World is inferior to it ! How great a Want it has of an all-perfect Being, which is God ! And how absolutely it needs a *Religion* to find out that God, and be assured of his Reality.

Indeed, a Man's Remembrance of his Creed may tell him there is a God, and that he is Almighty ; but if his Reason be so much asleep, as not to infer from thence the Necessity of reverencing and obeying him ; he may repeat the Creed every Day, and yet be an *Atheist*.

Incredulity, or *Indifference*, are so natural to Men, that they make use of God and Religion, as a Piece of Policy only ; that is, as far as it may serve for the Order and Decoration of this World, the only thing, in their Opinion, which deserves to be thought on. Predominant Corruption makes the Generality of the World take up their Religion for a Fashion ; they receive it according to the Country where they are born, and are therefore of that Religion. These Men

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are *Christians*, rather than *Jews* or *Heathens*; because that System had the Fortune to come first in their Way, and bespeak them at their Entrance into the World.

There are too many that live in a perfect State of Indolence as to an *Hereafter*; that put themselves to no Trouble on the Score of Faith, and neither profess, nor practise any Religion. There is, indeed, no such thing as an Atheist; but the great Men, whom we are most apt to suspect of being given that Way, are too lazy to determine in their own Minds, whether there is a God, or no: Their Indolence carries them so far, as to render them utterly careless and indifferent upon so weighty a Matter, as well as upon the Nature of their own Souls, and the Consequences of true Religion: They neither deny, nor grant any of these things, but, in Reality, they never think on them at all.

It is too plain, from Observation of Men and Manners, that Multitudes who have entered the Baptismal Vow, weigh it as little when they should perform it, as they did when they made it: They seem to have no other Notion of Baptism, but as a Custom of the Place, or a Time of

of Feasting; and consider no farther Significancy in those spiritual Bonds, than they did in their Swadling-Cloaths; nor can give any better Account why they took on them *Christ's* Livery, than why they wear such Garments as the common Fashion of the Country prescribes them.

I wish there was less Cause for Complaint on this Account, or that the advising to better Principles, were a certain Means to effect a Reformation. The best we can pretend to, is, to define Religion, to inculcate the great Duty of it, and insinuate the certain Advantages resulting from it.

Religion may be considered under two general Heads: The first comprehending what we are to *believe*; the other what we are to *practise*. By those Things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the *Holy Writings*, and which we could not have obtained the Knowledge of by the Light of Nature: By the Things which we are to practise, I mean all those *Duties* to which we are directed by *Reason* or *Natural Religion*.

As to that Part of Religion which consists in *Faith*, and is contained in the Word of God, I shall beg Leave to use the Phrase of an eminent *Divine*: To persuade

swade Men to believe the *Scriptures*, says he, I only offer this to their Consideration: If there be a God, whose Providence governs the World, and all the Creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he hath a particular Care of Men, the noblest Part of this visible World? And seeing he hath made them capable of eternal Duration, that he hath provided for their eternal Happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them the Way to it, and the Terms and Conditions of it: Now, let any Man produce any Book in the World, that pretends to be from God, and to do this, That for the Matter of it, is so worthy of God; the Doctrines whereof, are so useful, the Precepts so reasonable, and the Arguments so powerful: The Truth of all which, was confirmed by so many great and unquestionable Miracles; the Relation of which, has been transmitted to Posterity, in public and authentic Records, written by those who were Eye and Ear-Witnesses of what they wrote, and free from Suspicion of any Worldly Interest and Design; let any produce a Book like this, in all these Respects, and which, over and besides, hath, by the Power and Reasonableness of the Doctrines contained in it, prevailed so miraculously in the World, by weak and

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inconsiderable Means, in Opposition to all the Wit and Power of the World, and under such Discouragements, as no other Religion was ever assaulted with: Let any Man bring forth such a Book, and he hath my Leave to believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one that thinks God hath revealed himself to Men, ought to embrace and entertain the Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures as revealed by God.

Indeed, the weak Apprehensions of an imperfect *Faith*, are not so much to be censured, as pitied; it is a sure Way for the Heart to be prevented with the Assurance of the *omnipotent* Power of God, to whom nothing is impossible; so shall the hardest Points of Faith go down easily with us: If the Eye of our Mind looks upward, it shall meet with nothing to avert or interrupt it; but if right forward, or downward, or round about, every Thing is a Block in our Way. There is, indeed, a Difference betwixt *Desire* of Assurance and *Unbelief*: We cannot be too careful to raise up to ourselves Arguments to settle our Faith, to find out Feet for it to stand upon, though they are but discursive. In Matters of Faith, if Reasons may be brought for the Conviction of the Gainsayers,

sayers, it is well; if they be Helps, they cannot be Grounds of our Belief. In the most faithful Heart, there are some Sparks of *Infidelity*; so, to believe, that we should have no Doubt at all, is scarce incident to Flesh and Blood. It is a great Perfection, if we have attained to overcome our Doubts.

By *Sense* and *Reason*, a Man does but walk in Twilight; his Notions are confin'd to a narrow Compass; his Understanding is limited, and dubious; by *Faith*, he goes a Length in Knowledge; he soars up to a Communication with his Maker, and learns the Reasons of his Creation, and the Duties required of him. The Differences betwixt *Religion* and *Reason*, are beautifully set out by the great Mr. *Dryden*, and ought to give us a just Esteem for the Advantages of the former.

*Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars.
To lonely weary wandering Travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul: And as on high,
Those rolling Fires discover but the Sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering Ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.
And as those Nightly Tapers disappear,
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemis-
phere;*

So

*So pale grows Reason at Religion's Sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural Light.*

The *faithful* Man, says Bishop *Hall*, has three Eyes: The first of *Sense*, common to him with *brute* Creatures; the second of *Reason*, common to all Men; the third of *Faith*, proper to his Profession: Each whereof looketh beyond the other, and none of them meddleth with the other's Objects; for neither doth the Eye of Sense reach to *intelligible* Things, and Matters of *Discourse*; nor the Eye of Reason, to those Things which are *supernatural* and *spiritual*; neither doth Faith look down to Things that may be *sensibly* seen. If we were to discourse to a brute Beast of the Depth of *Philosophy*, never so plainly, he understands not; because they are beyond the View of his Eye, which is only of Sense: If to a mere *carnal* Man of *Divine* Things, he perceiveth not the Things of God, neither, indeed can do, because they are spiritually discern'd. And therefore, no Wonder, if those Things seem unlikely, incredible, and impossible to him, which the faithful Man (having a proportionable Means of Apprehension) doth as plainly see, as his Eye doth any sensible Thing. Tell a plain *Countryman*, that the Sun, or some higher or lesser Star,
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is much bigger than his Cart-Wheel, or at least, so many Scores bigger than the whole Earth, he laughs you to Scorn, as affecting Admiration with a learned Untruth. Yet the *Scholar*, by the Eye of Reason, doth as plainly see and acknowledge this Truth, as that his Hand is bigger than his Pen.

What a thick Mist of Ignorance, what a palpable, and more than *Egyptian* Darkness doth the natural Man live in! What a World is there, that he doth not see at all! And how little doth he see in this which is his proper Element! There is no bodily Thing but the Brute Creatures see as well as he, and some of them better. As for his Eye of Reason, how dim is it in those Things which are best fitted to it! What one Thing is there in Nature which he doth perfectly know? What Herb, or Flower, or Worm, that he treads on, is there, whose true Essence he knoweth? No, not so much as what is in his own Bosom; what it is, where it is, or whence it is, that gives Being to himself. But for those Things which concern the best World, he doth not so much as confusedly see them, neither knoweth whether they *be*. He sees no whit into the great and awful Majesty of God; he discerns him not in all his Creatures, filling the World with

with his infinite and glorious Presence: He sees not his wise Providence overruling all Things, disposing all casual Events, ordering all sinful Actions of Men to his own Glory: He comprehends nothing of the Beauty, Majesty, Power, and Mercy of the Saviour of the World, sitting in his Humanity, at his Father's Right Hand: He sees not the unspeakable Happiness of the glorified Souls of the Saints: He sees not the whole Heavenly Commonwealth of Angels (ascending and descending to the Behoof of God's Children) waiting upon him at all Times invisibly (not excluded with Coldness of Prisons, nor Desolateness of Wilderesses) and the Multitude of Evil Spirits passing and standing by him, to tempt him unto Evil; but, like unto the foolish Bird, when he hath hid his Head, that he sees no body, he thinks himself altogether unseen; and then counts himself solitary, when his Eye can meet with no Companion. It was not without Cause, that we call a meer Fool a Natural. For however Worldlings have still thought Christians God's Fools, we know them to be the Fools of the World. The deepest Philosopher that ever was, (saving the Reverence of the Schools) is but an ignorant Sot compared to the simplest Christian: For the weakest Christian,

Christian, may, by plain Information, see somewhat into the greatest Mysteries of Nature, because he hath the Eye of Reason common with the best: But the Philosopher, by all the Demonstration in the World, can conceive nothing of the Mysteries of Godliness, because he utterly wants the Eye of Faith. Though my Insight into Matters of the World, be so shallow, that my Simplicity moveth Pity, or maketh Sport unto others, it shall be my Contentment and Happiness, that I see further into better Matters. That which I see not, is worthless, and deserveth little better than Contempt; that which I see, is unspeakable, inestimable, for Comfort, for Glory.

Faith and *Devotion* naturally grow in the Mind of every reasonable Man, who sees the Impressions of Divine Power and Wisdom in every Object on which he casts his Eye. The Supreme Being has made the best Arguments for his own Existence in the Formation of the Heavens and the Earth; and these are Arguments which a Man of Sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the Noise and Hurry of human Affairs. *Aristotle* says, That should a Man live under Ground, and there converse with Works of Art and Mechanism, and should afterwards be brought

brought up into the open Day, and see the several Glories of Heaven and Earth, he would immediately pronounce them the Works of such a Being as we define God to be.

How easy is it to say, that if *Infidelity* did not lurk in the Hearts of Men, they durst not do as they do; they could not but do what they do not? Durst they sin, if they were perswaded of an Hell? Durst they buy a Minute of Pleasure at the Hazard of everlasting Torments? Could they so slight Heaven, if they believed it? Could they be so loth to possess it? Could they think much of a little painful Goodness, to purchase an Eternity of Happiness?

If any Man will offer a serious Argument against any of the Principles of *Religion*, or Points of *Faith*, and will debate the Matter soberly, as one that considers the infinite Consequences of these Things one Way or other, and would gladly be satisfied, he deserves to be heard what he can say; but if a Man will turn Religion into Raillery, and confute it by two or three bold Jest, he doth not make Religion, but himself ridiculous in the Opinion of all considerate Men, because he sports with his Life and Salvation. It concerns every Man, that would not trifle
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away his Soul, and fool himself into irrecoverable Misery, with the greatest Seriousness to examine the Matter, without taking sensual and worldly Interests into Consideration. Religion must be either true, or false: If false, the religious Man, and strict Observer of all the Precepts of Self-Denial, ventures no more, than the Loss of his Time in Pursuance of its Dictates; but if true, the vicious Man is of all Men most miserable. We must tremble at the very Thoughts of what unutterable and incomprehensible Torments we see him daily heaping upon himself. Though the Truth of Religion were much less demonstrable, than it really is, certainly there is no sensible Man but would chuse to be virtuous.

Religion seems to point us out the ready Way to the right Enjoyment of Life, by giving us a Prospect of a better beyond it: Without this View, we must look on our Condition with Contempt, and think our selves unhappy to be pent up in Flesh, only to be the Objects of Calamity, and Prey of Distempers. *Burnet*, in his *Theory of the Earth*, has set this Thought in an excellent Light: *What is this Life*, says he, *but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down, and rise again, dress and undress; feed and wax hungry, work or play,*
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and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes, we throw ourselves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams, and broken Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us; and we are, for the Time, as errant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls, or in the Fields. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? And ought not his Ambition and Expectation to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least, a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts, or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are eternally happy.

The Prospect of a future State is the secret Comfort and Refreshment of our Souls; it is that which makes Nature look gay about us; it doubles all our Pleasures, and supports us under all our Afflictions. We can look at Disappointments and Misfortunes, Pain and Sickness, Death itself; and what is worse than Death, the Loss of those who are dearest to us, with Indifference, so long as we keep in View the Pleasures of Eternity, and the State of Being, in which there will be no Fears nor Apprehensions, Pains nor Sorrows, Sickness nor

nor Separation. Why will any Man be so impertinently officious, as to tell us, all this is only Fancy and Delusion? is there any Merit in being the Messenger of ill News? If it is a Dream, let us enjoy it, since it makes us both the happier and better Men.

Infidelity, indeed, has been pretty well driven out of all its Outworks. The *Atheist* has not found his Post tenable, and is therefore retired into *Deism*, and a Disbelief of revealed Religion only. But the Truth of it is, the greatest Number of this Set of Men, are those, who, for Want of a virtuous Education, or examining the Grounds of Religion, know so very little of the Matter in Question, that their Infidelity is but another Term for their Ignorance. They are wedded to Opinions full of Contradiction and Impossibility, and at the same Time, look upon the smallest Difficulty in an Article of Faith, as a sufficient Reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common Reason of Mankind, that are conformable to the Sense of all Ages and Nations, not to mention their Tendency for promoting the Happiness of Societies, or of particular Persons, are exploded as Errors and Prejudices; and Schemes erected in their Stead, that are altogether monstrous and

and irrational, - and require the most extravagant Credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these begotting Infidels, supposing all the great Points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal Formation of the World, the Materiality of a thinking Substance, the Mortality of the Soul, the fortuitous Organization of the Body, the Motions and Gravitations of Matter, with the like Particulars, were laid together, and formed into a Kind of Creed, according to the Opinions of the most celebrated Atheists; I say, supposing such a Creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one People in the World, whether it would not require an infinitely greater Measure of Faith than any Set of Articles which they so violently oppose.

Could I see that Man who was really persuaded there is no God, I should hear at least by what strange convincing Arguments he had found it out. . One would expect from such as act contrary from all the World besides, and contradict the common received Principles, that they knew more than other Men; that their Reasons were plain, and their Arguments convincing. But the Impossibility I find myself under of proving there is no God,

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is a Demonstration to me that there is One.

Now as I cannot but believe the Existence of a God, and know my own State mortal and transitory, I must look on myself as dependent on his Power, I cannot help believing myself his Creature, that I owe him Worship and Reverence for all the Blessings of Life ; and the Necessity of such Observance, points out to me a Form of Religion. If my Religion be false, it is a Snare, which I must own to be laid with such Temptations, that I could not avoid rushing into, and being caught by : What Majesty, what Glory, are in its Mysteries ! What a Connexion in all the several Parts of its Doctrine ! How very rational is it ! How candid and innocent in its Morals ! Who can stand against the Strength of so many Millions of Witnesses, the most moderate and wisest of Men, who, during three whole Ages, succeeded one another, and whom the Sense of the same Truth so constantly supported in their Exiles, in the darkest Dungeons, the most painful Torments, and even in Death itself ? Take, set open History, run it over through all its Parts, take it from the Beginning of the World, from the Dawn of its Creation ;

tion; was there ever any thing like this? Could all the Power of God himself have laid a fitter Plot to deceive me? How then should I escape? Whether should I run? And how should I find any thing better? Nay, but half so good? If I must perish, 'tis this Way I will perish. To deny the being of a God, would indeed suit my Inclinations much better than suffering myself to be deluded, though by so plausible and so specious a Pretence: But I have examined thoroughly, have endeavoured all I could, and still want the Power to be an Atheist. Thus am I forced back on my Religion, and compelled to stick to it.

The whole World, were it made for Man, is, in a literal Sense, the least thing God has done for Man, the Proof of which may be drawn from Religion. Man is therefore neither presumptuous, nor vain, when he submits to the Evidence of Truth, and owns the Advantages he has received: Much rather might he be taxed with Blindness and Stupidity, did he refuse to yield himself convinced through the Multitude of Proofs which Religion lays before him, to shew him the Greatness of his Privileges, the Certainty of his Refuge, the Reasonableness of his Hopes, and to teach him what he is, and what he may be.

There is a vast Difference between being sincerely religious, and zealously desiring to be thought so: The Professors are not obliged to throw a severe Sanctity into their Faces, to abstain from the Appearances of Mirth and Pleasantry, and account them the Marks of a carnal Mind: To make a Conscience of wearing a sorrowful Countenance, and to be, in a Manner, eaten up with Spleen and Melancholy. It is mistaking the Nature of Religion, to think it consists in an Uncheerfulness of Heart. It is entertaining wrong Notions of Piety, and a Weakness of Understanding, to love to indulge this uncomfortable Way of Life, and give up ourselves a Prey to Grief and Melancholy: For superstitious Fears and groundless Scruples to cut us off from the Pleasures of Conversation, and all those social Entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if Mirth was made for Reprobates, and Cheerfulness of Heart denied those who are the only Persons that have a proper Title to it.

It is not the Business of *Virtue* or *Religion*, to extirpate the Affections of the Mind, but to regulate them. They may moderate or restrain, but were not design'd to banish Gladness from the Heart of Man. *Religion* contracts the Circle of our Pleasures,

tures, but leaves it wide enough for her *Votaries* to expatiate in. The Contemplation of the Divine *Being*, and the Exercise of Virtue, are in their own Nature so far from excluding all Gladness of Heart, that they are perpetual *Sources* of it. In a Word, the true Spirit of Religion clears, as well as composes the Soul : It banishes, indeed, all *Levity* of *Behaviour*, all vicious and dissolute Mirth ; but in Exchange, fills the Mind with a perpetual *Serenity*, uninterrupted *Chearfulness*, and an habitual Inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

It is the Remark of *Plutarch*, that our great Ignorance of, and Want of Acquaintance with the *Divine Beings*, most naturally runs in two Streams ; whereof the one, in harsh and coarse Tempers, as in dry and stubborn Soils, produces *Atheism* ; and the other, in the most tender and flexible, as in moist and yielding Grounds, a *superstitious* Dread.

Atheism, which is a misjudging that there are no blessed and incorruptible *Beings*, tends yet, by a Disbelief of their Divinity, to bring Men to a Sort of Unconcernedness and Indifferency of Temper : For the Design of those that deny a *God*, is to ease themselves of this Fear. But *Superstition* appears by its Appellation to be

be a distemper'd Opinion and Conceit, productive of such mean and abject Apprehensions, as debase and break a Man's Spirits; while he thinks there are divine Powers indeed, but withal, sour and vindictive Ones. So that the *Atheist* is not at all, and the *Superstitious* is not duly, affected with the Thoughts of *God*; Ignorance depriving the One of the Sense of his Goodness, and superadding to the Other a Persuasion of his Cruelty. *Atheism* then is but false Reasoning single, but *Superstition* superadds a Passion.

This then is the very Case of the *Atheist*, and blind *Devotionary*: The former sees not *God* at all; the latter believes his Existence: The former wholly overlooks him; but the latter mistakes his Benignity for Terror: his paternal Affection for Tyranny; his Providence for Cruelty; and his frank Simplicity for Savageness and Brutality.

We ought particularly to defend our Reason against both these abominable Errors: To deny the *Being* of a *Divinity*, and utterly to throw off his Protection and Providence, is the greatest Injury we can do to our own Souls: So to confess him, and yet with that servile Fear that may prejudice his Mercy, is a Profanation of his sacred Essence. As we ought

ought to rest assured that there is a *God*, so let us believe that there is One will take care of us, both under a present Affliction, and the Apprehension of a distant Evil. So shall we be secure, that either *God*, by his Providence, will prevent the Evils we fear, or will support us under them when they come. It is impossible for any Man who sees only the smallest Part of the *Universe*, to doubt of a free and *supream* Being, until by the Sense of his Wickedness it becomes his Interest there should be none. For certainly there never was any Man who said there was no *God*, but he wished it first. When Men live as if there were no *God*, it becomes expedient for them that there should be none; and then they endeavour to persuade themselves so; and are glad to find Arguments to fortify themselves in that Persuasion. It was good Counsel given to the *Athenians*, to be very careful *Philip* of *Macedon* was dead, before they express'd their Joy at his Death, lest they might find him alive to revenge their hasty Triumph; and so let the *Atheists* be sure there is no *God*, before they presume thus to defy him, lest they find him at last assert his *Being* in their Destruction.

Weak Man, that loves to deceive himself with superficial Arguments, and film over the Wound of his Folly, has too often questioned the Certainty of Providence, from the *Compassion* and *long Suffering* of the *Divinity*, from the Calamities under which the Good and Virtuous groan, from the Prosperity of those that deserve it not, and the Impunity of Wretches who seem to dare the Arm of Vengeance, and provoke God to assert his Omnipotence. It becomes not the *supreme* Deity, say these *Casuits*, to be remiss in any thing, but more especially in the Prosecution of the Wicked; since they themselves are no Ways negligent or dilatory in doing Mischief, but are always driven on by the most rapid Impetuosities of their Passions to Acts of Injustice.

It is a Saying of *Thucydides*, That Revenge which follows Injury closest at the Heels, presently puts a Stop to the Progress of such as make Advantage of successful Wickedness: Therefore there is no Debt, with so much Prejudice put off, as that of Justice; for it weakens the Hopes of the Persons wronged, and renders them comfortless and pensive, but heightens the Boldness and daring Insolence of the Oppressor. Were the Impieties of enormous Transgressors, say these shallow *Disputants*,

putants, singly scourged and repressed by immediate Severity, it would bring them at Length to a Sense of their Folly, humble them, and strike them with an Awe of the Divine *Being*, whom they find with a watchful Eye beholding the Actions and Passions of Men, and feel to be no dilatory, but a speedy Avenger of Iniquity : Whereas the same remiss and slow-paced *Justice*, as *Euripides* describes it, that falls upon the Wicked by Accident, by reason of its Incertainty, ill-timed Delay, and disorderly Motion, seems rather to resemble *Chance* than *Providence*.

- The old *Heathens*, who had more perfect Notions of a superior Providence, than these weak *Christians*, wisely painted Divine Vengeance, *Plumbeis Pedibus*, at *ferreis Manibus*, with *Leaden Feet*, but with *Iron Hands*: Intimating, that however slowly the just Vengeance of the Gods crept after Offenders, yet when it once over-took them in their Iniquity, its Severity would compensate for the Delay, and their Reprieve from Sorrow. How bold and daring an Arrogance is it in Us, that are but mortal Men, to dive so far into the incomprehensible Mysteries of the Divinity ! It is more ridiculous, as well as insolent, than if Persons wholly void of Knowledge, should

undertake to judge of the Methods and Reason of cunning Artists by slight Opinions, and probable Conjectures of their own. How despicable should we account the Man, who understands nothing of the Science, yet would be giving Reasons for a Physicians Proceeding with his Patient; and why he rather gave Lenitives, than harsher Potions! So likewise it is neither easy nor safe, to speak otherwise of the supreme Being, than only this, That he alone it is, who knows the most convenient Time to apply proper *Corrosives* for the Cure of Sin and Impiety; and, as Medicines, to administer Punishments to every Transgressor; yet not confined to an equal Quality and Measure common to all Distempers, nor to one and the same Time. Pindar, speaking of the eternal Ruler and Lord of all Things, gives him the Title of the most perfect *Artificer*; as being the great Author and Distributor of Justice, to whom it properly belongs to determine, at what Time, in what Manner, and to what Degree, to punish every particular Offender.

There is no greater Benefit that Men can enjoy from God, than by the Imitation and Pursuit of these Perfections, and that Sanctity which is in him, to be excited to the Study of Virtue. Therefore
 he,

he, with Forbearance, and at Leisure, inflicts his Punishments upon the Wicked; not that he is afraid of committing an Error, or of repenting, should he accelerate his Indignation; but to eradicate that brutish and eager Desire of Revenge that reigns in human Breasts; and to teach us, that we are not, in the Heat of Fury, now when our Anger heaving swells up above our Understanding, to fall upon those who have done us an Injury, like such as seek to gratify a vehement Thirst or craving Appetite; but that we should, in Imitation of this Mildness and Forbearance, with due Composure of Mind (till after such sufficient Time for Consideration taken, as may admit of no Repentance) give Way to the Desire of Chastisement or Correction.

Probable it is, says *Plutarch*, that God, whatever distempered Soul it be which he persecutes with his divine Justice, observes the Motions and Inclinations of it, whether they be such as tend to Repentance; and allows Time for the Reformation of those, whose Wickedness is neither invincible, or incorrigible; well-knowing, what a Proportion of Virtue, Souls from himself, conveyed to Generation, carry along with them, and how strong and vigorous their innate and primitive

mitive Good yet continues: For Wickedness buds forth preternaturally upon the Corruption of bad Diet, and evil Conversation; but then some Souls recovering again to perfect Cure, or an indifferent Habitude, is the Reason the Deity does not inflict his Punishments alike upon all.

Were this Argument of ten thousand Times less Force and Prevalence than it is, the certain Remorse of Conscience in the Guilty, is a convincing Argument of a Divine Providence, a tacit Condemnation of them for acting against their Duty; and in those Duties, which should be perform'd, is Religion implied. Are not the Minds of the Impious distress'd with Fears and Sorrows, ungrateful Remembrances, Suspicions of Futurity, and Distrusts of present Accidents? And what do these Anxieties and Terrors amount to, but Accusations for omitted Duties? Every Man is a little World within himself; and in this little World, there is a Court of Judicature erected, wherein, next under God, the Conscience sits as the supreme Judge, from whom there is no Appeal; that passeth Sentence upon us, upon all our Actions, upon all our Intentions; for our Persons, absolving one, condemning another; for our Actions, allowing one, forbidding

forbidding another : If that condemn us, in vain shall all the World beside acquit us, and if that clear us, the Doom which the World passeth upon us, is frivolous and ineffectual.

But allowing that the Delay of Sinners Punishments be no Argument against the Over-ruling of Providence, and that Conscience is the Appeal, in our Bosom, of Right or Wrong, yet there are other mistaken Notions countenanced amongst Men, to the Discouragement of Religion. It is too frequently looked upon as an Object of Terror, an Extinguisher of Pleasure and Vivacity, a Motive of Reserve, and Gloominess; that it must draw Men from all Converse and social Enjoyment, and tie them up to Solitude and Contemplation. These Views are all of Prejudice and Error; for, as I have already observed, true Religion is chearful and affable, delights in all innocent Pleasures, and only controuls those that are guilty : The rigid and precise Demeanour, is rather Pharisaical, than devout.

Religion has a Superiority above all other things, and is as necessary to our living happy in this World, as it is to our being saved in the next; it makes Men obedient to Government, and conformable to Laws; it makes Men peaceable to each

each other; it heals the Natures of Men, and sweetens their Spirits; it corrects their Passions, and mortifies all those Lusts, which are the Causes of Enmities and Divisions. If Men would live as Religion requires they should, the World would be a quiet Habitation: And the true Reason why the Societies of Men are so full of Tumult and Disorder, is, because there is so little true Religion among them. So that if it were not for some small Remainers of Piety and Virtue, which are yet scattered amongst Mankind, human Society would in a short Time disband and run into Confusion, the Earth would grow wild and become a great Forest, and Men would turn Beasts of Prey One to Another. Indecent Feuds and Hostilities have been, of Old, the Reproach of Human Kind.

——— *Sevis inter se convenit Ursis ;*
Homo homini Lupus, ———

says *Juvenal*: The rugged Bears live in Amity with themselves: But one Man is as a Wolf to another, and would tear his Throat out.

Religion has so great an Influence upon the Felicity of Man, that it ought to be upheld out of Regard to their Temporal Peace
 and

and Prosperity, as well as to their eternal :
It qualifies all Sorts of Men, and makes
them in public Affairs, the more service-
able ; Governors apter to rule with Con-
science, and Inferiours, for Conscience sake,
the willing to obey.

Those, who upon the Pretence of the
Difficulties of Religion, abandon them-
selves to a wicked Course of Life, may
easily be convinc'd (though, perhaps, when
'tis too late) that they took more Pains to
make themselves miserable, than they need
have done, to bring themselves to Happiness.
There is no Proportion betwixt the Sufferings
of this World, and the Glories of the next:
Between Heaven, and an Estate ; between
the Span of a Man's Life, and the Days of
Eternity. These things considered, I take
it to be a Christian's Duty to be moderate
in his Pursuits *here* ; to walk by Faith,
and not by Sight ; and transplant his Af-
fections from Earth to Heaven. A Per-
son truly religious, prefers Regularity of
Practice, Peace of Conscience, Divine Fa-
vour, and Expectations beyond Death, to
all other things. Those who are not willing
to part with their Ease, to balk their Plea-
sure, to sacrifice their Interest upon this
Score, are short in their Piety God is the
farthest Object of their Desire. And, cer-
tainly,

tainly, when our Faith is once soared to his Knowledge, our Practice must follow that Knowledge, with Obedience to his Commands, and Adherence to enjoin'd Duty. Nor let the Words of Duty and Obedience scare us ; for we have our Saviour's own Assurance to encourage us, *That his Yoke is easy, and his Burthen light.*

In short, when we are once come to believe the Existence of a God ; we cannot but worship him, or know we Sin in not doing it ; and after this, Morality will be a great Part of our Religion. All our Task is to live so uprightly, as not to incur the Reproach of our own Conscience ; to love our Neighbours ; to do Justice betwixt Man and Man, by the same Measure and Proportion as we desire it should be returned to ourselves. These are the Injunctions which will secure our Happiness hereafter, and can be no Bar to our present Enjoyments. We may be devout, and not precise ; religious and not austere ; may keep up to all the Offices and Commands of Obedience imposed, yet not be restrained from any Pleasures innocent or reasonable. So that Religion is only a Curb to Tempers of Impiety, a Restriction on Prophaneness, a Bar to Libertinism, and a
strong

strong Check to Injustice and Immorality :
But where our Inclinations and our Plea-
sures are bounded by Reason, Honour, and
Morality, Religion is a choice Companion
and Comforter, a Guide and Counsellor, a
Spur to, and a Seasoner of our Recreations,
the Life of Society, and Relief of our So-
litude.



DETRACTION.



DETRACTION.

DETRACTION and *Calumny* are certainly the meanest and most ungenerous Vices a Man can be guilty of ; they make us vilely prey on the Reputation of another, without the least real Addition to our own. I must confess I should always suspect that Man to have a very slender Pretence to Merit, who would labour to impose this ~~Belief upon me~~, by declaiming at the Imperfections of another. They are Frailties which carry a great Spice of Envy with them, without any noble Mixture of Emulation. If I must look into the Failings of a third Person, I ought to make them Lessons of Instructions to myself ; to refine upon his Deficiencies, not declaim on them. I remember a very good Reprimand to Censure, in a Play of *Shakespeare's* ; Give every Man according to his Deserts, says he, and who shall escape whipping : Let us examine whether we do not, in some Respect, deserve the Lash,

Last, before we bind up the Scourge for our Neighbour.

Slander, says *Theophrastus*, is a secret Propensity of Mind; to think ill of all Men, and afterwards to utter such Sentiments in scandalous Expression. It has been an Infirmity that has flourish'd in all Times; and the Old World, as well as the New, produced Advocates for Defamation. There is a little Spleen inherent in human Nature; when it is not corrected and altered by Religion or Philosophy, feeds itself on gleaning up Imperfections; which is very liberal of disgorging itself to the Disadvantage of others, but very sparing and unwilling to allow them the real Merit of their good Actions.

*There is a Lust in Man, no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame:
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born, and die;*

says *Juvenal*. As I have already on a different Subject, in this Treatise, taken notice that Jealousy of another's Virtue is a tacit Confession of our own want of Merit, so I may with Reason say the same of Detraction. We should never listen to the injurious Reports, if we were not doubtful

doubtful our own Characters stood in Need of being defended from a Plea of Error in that of our Neighbour ; and were conscious our Reputation must stand on the Bottom of Frailties, with which others are overtaken. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, has been an Excuse for too many Errors in Poesy. The great *Homer*, was sometimes asleep, and why should we be denied the Privilege of Nodding? These Sort of Arguments, I say, found our Exemption from precedented Error ; instead of which we should owe our Characters only to our Merit, and not visible Defaults in others. It is an honest and worthy Maxim of *Menander's*.

Ὅστις δὲ διαβολαῖς πειθεῖται ταχὺ,

ἦτοι πονηρὸς αὐτὸς ἐστὶ τὰς τέρας,

Ἡ παυλίχασι παιδαρίῳ γνώμῃ ἔχει.

He that lends an easy and credulous Ear to Calumny, is either a Man of very ill Morals, or has no more Sense and Understanding than a Child. We take so many Notions from Prejudice and Prepossessions, that the Faults we are too fond of declaiming against, are generally founded on Suggestions of Partiality ; yet we give our Tongues as great a Loose in running them down, as if they
were

were not only real Blots, but as if we ourselves were out of a Possibility of being censured for any Errors or Slips in Conduct.

I remember to have read amongst the Epistles of *Phalaris*, a Reproof from that Tyrant, to *Cleostratus*; which is a Lesson of general Advice to all such as indulge themselves in a Liberty of Carping and Calumny: *I can but think it* (says he) *a Subject of Laughter, as well as Wonder, that you take upon you to play the Censor, and set up for a Reformer of Manners*; τὸν γὰρ ἄλλοις ἐπιτιμᾶν ἐπιβαλλόμενον, αὐτὸν ἀπηνάλαχθαι χρὴ πάσης πο ηρίας: *For he that resumes a Pretension of correcting others, ought to be free from the Imputations of the least Propensity to Vice himself.*

But however severe and censorious we are, as to the Errors of others, we carry a perverse foolish Fondness in our Bosoms, which will not let us discern half our own Imperfections; and those we do discern, teaches us to connive at 'em.

Stultus & improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.

*Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippuis inunctis:
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut Aquila, aut Serpens Epidaurius?*
says

says *Horace*. If Men would but take sedate Reasons along with their Passion, they must conclude that they cannot monopolize the Privilege of Defamation ; that the Airs they give themselves, will be taken notice of, and the Liberties they use with other People's Characters, end in the World's Examination of their own. As a Spirit of Detraction and Calumny makes a Man shunn'd, and hated by Company, who look upon him like a base *Writ of Enquiry* into their Words and Actions, so on the contrary, a candid Disposition, that is for taking every thing by the best Handle, as our Vulgar term it, that is, rather for finding an Excuse for an Error, than spreading it out in its blackest Colours ; such a candid Disposition, I say, gives a Man Love, Respect, and Reverence, makes him embraced and courted by all Society, is a Curb on Scandal and Backbiting, and gains him the Applause even of those Revilers, who delight in speaking evil.

We ought to make use of Generosity in our Censures, and spare giving our Opinions in such Manner, as may favour of Rancour and ill-natured Severity.

There is hardly an Error, but may be palliated by a favourable Construction, and made more black than it really is, by the
Venom

Venom of a malicious Tongue, and the Oratory of ill Will. Now, as this is certain beyond Contradiction, it is much nobler in us to save, than declaim against the Imperfections of our Fellow-Creatures; *Quia fit quædam virtutibus ac vitiis vicinitas, utendum proximâ derivatione verborum, ut pro temerario fortem, pro prodigo liberalem, pro avaro parcum vocemus!* says *Quintilian*. That because there is a certain Nearness and Affinity in Virtues and Vices, we are to make use of the Word that comes nearest to the Expression of the thing, so that we must stile a rash Man brave, a Prodigal liberal, and a Miser saving. We should look on the Failings of another, as a Father does on the Deformities of his Children; term Squinting, a Cast of the Eye; immoderate Laughter, the Heighth of good Humour; and impertinent Loquacity, the Desire of being obliging in Company.

But, for the Generality, we are so much the Reverse of this, that we are even for grimacing upon Virtue, and turning good Qualities into Ridicule. So our Gall and Satyr are but employed, no Matter whether the Occasion be just or reasonable, we have the Pleasure of satisfying a Depravity of Appetite; and it is the same thing

thing to us, though it be at the Expence of Virtue.

It is a Maxim in one of *Demosthenes's* Orations, that *μηδὲν ἁμαρτεῖν ἐστὶ θεῶν*, to be guilty of no Errors, is only peculiar to the Divine Nature, and it is as certain, that meer Man is subject to many: None are absolutely good, but by Comparison with those who are worse; and he stands in the highest Rank of Perfection, who is least infected with the spreading Frailties. Therefore to judge honestly and impartially, we are to put good Qualities in the Balance against the bad ones; and if the Scale of the first outweighs, the latter ought not to be brought into Account.

In short, to overcome the Spirit of Detraction in us, we should look with severe and unbiass'd Eyes into our own Bosoms, examine our Actions and Conduct, and see what Levities we have from Nature, and how many more we have contracted by Custom. When we have discovered a Fault, let us peruse ourselves yet closer, to try what Figure we make under it, and with what Eyes we should behold it in another Person. We should take the Beam out of our own Eye, before we pluck the Mote out of that of our Brother.

It is well known, that we only approve of others, for the Resemblance we imagine
they

they bear to our selves; yet the same Vices which are deformed and insupportable in others, we don't feel in ourselves; they are not burdensome to us, but seem to rest without Weight, as in their proper Center. Such an one, speaking of another, draws a dismal Picture of him, not in the least imagining, that, at the same Time, he is painting himself. There is nothing, indeed, would make us amend our own Faults so readily, as to be able impartially to discern and avow them in others. 'Tis at this just Distance, that they appear what they are, and raise in us an Indignation equal to their Demerit. Now, wise Conduct turns upon two *Axes*; the Past, and the Future: He who has a faithful Memory, and great Foresight, is out of Danger of censuring in others, those Faults he may have been guilty of himself; or condemning an Action which is a parallel Case, and in like Circumstances would be impossible for him to avoid. It is monstrous to consider, how easy and pleased we are, when we rally, play upon, and despise others; and how angry and cholerick, when we are ourselves rally'd, play'd upon, and despis'd.

It is observable, that however fond People are of Detraction and Calumny themselves, they always look with Scorn upon those who exercise these Talents before
P them;

them; and however true they may judge the Tenor of their Raillery, they consider it as the Produce of Envy, and seem unwilling to give that an Ear, which perhaps, they triumph in reporting to a fresh Company.

In a Word, all Backbiting, Degrading, and Detraction, are Vices too mean for Men of Honour and Principles to think of, much more to practise: I would not rashly rob a Man of his Reputation, even in my private Thoughts; or hold him in light Estimation, for such Failings, as I expect every one should either overlook or pardon in myself. 'Tis the Charter of the *Female Sex*, to calumniate: *Scandal* is the Privilege of the *Tea-Table* and *Drawing-Room*: And I would never have our *Sex* contend with them in that which they account a *Pleasure*, but we must esteem a *falling from Honour*.



TALKATIVE.



TALKATIVENESS.

IT is a troublesome and difficult Task which Philosophy undertakes in going about to cure the Disease, or rather Itch of intemperate Prating: For that Words, which are the sole Remedy against it, require Attention. But they who are given to prate, will hear no body; as being a Sort of People that loves to be always talking themselves.

If we would define Loquacity, says *Theophrastus*, it is an excessive Intemperance of Words. The Prater will not suffer any Person in Company to tell his own Story, but let it be what it will, tells you, you mistake the Matter: He only apprehends the Thing right; and if you please to hear him, he will make it very clear to you. The Interruptions of these impertinent Talkers, as they make them the Marks of Ridicule, so are they most unreasonable Methods of supporting Conversation.

versation. They weary out a Man with the Volubility of their poor Rhetoric, and teize him into a Detestation of Society in general, for fear of being worried.. I would as willingly suffer the Torment and Gratings of a thousand discordant Sounds, as to be run out of all Temper, and talked out of Patience, by these eternal Triflers.

The principal Vice of loquacious Persons, is that their Ears are stopped to every Thing but their own Impertinences: This I take to be a willing Deafness in Men, controuling and contradicting Nature, that has given us two Ears, though but one Tongue. As sedate and moderate People retain what is spoken to them; so, on the contrary, whatever is said to talkative Persons, runs through them as through a Cullender; and then they whisk about from Place to Place, like empty Vessels, void of Sense or Wit, but making a hideous Noise. We frequently talk with Impetuosity in Company, through Vanity or Humour, rarely with necessary Caution; desirous to reply, before we have heard out the Question, we follow our own Notions, and explain them, without the least Regard to other Mens Reasons. Were a Man to hear and write down these Conversations, he would see, perhaps, a great
many

many good Things spoken, but with little Consideration and less Coherence. It must be accounted a sad Thing, when Men have neither Wit enough to speak well, nor Judgment enough to hold their Tongues; for this Want is the Foundation of all Impertinence.

Where *Garrulity* a curable Vice in Nature, one would think your great Talkers should be broke of that Faculty, by seeing the Uneasiness it puts their Hearers under: For when a Fool, full of Noise and Talk enters into a Room where Friends are met to discourse, to regale or be merry, the whole Company are hushed of a sudden, and afraid of giving him any Occasion to set his Tongue upon the Career. And if he once begin to open, they are glad to sheer off, and avoid the Persecution: Like Seamen, that foreseeing an immediate Storm and rowling of the Waves, when they hear the North-Wind begin to whistle from an adjoining Promontory, make all the Sail they can and hasten into Harbour. I must confess when a Man expresses himself well upon any Occasion, and his falling into an Account of any Subject arising from a Desire to oblige the Company; or from Fullness of the Circumstance itself, so that his

speaking of it at large is occasioned only by the Openness of a Companion; I say, in such a Case as this, it is not only pardonable, but agreeable, when a Man takes the Discourse to himself: But when you see a Fellow watch Opportunities for being copious, it is excessively troublesome.

It is an Observation of *Plutarch*, That there is no Member in human Bodies, which Nature has so strongly inclosed within a double Fortification, as the Tongue, entrenched within with a Barricado of sharp Teeth, to the End that when he refuses to be ruled by Reason, that holds the Reins of Silence within, we should fix our Teeth in it till the Blood comes, rather than suffer the inordinate and unreasonable Din.

Γλωσσης τοε θησαυρὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὄριτος
Φείδωλῆς πλείη δὲ χάρις καὶ μέτρον ἴσης.

says *Hesiod*: *A provident Tongue is a most valuable Treasure in Man; and there is much Grace in using it with Discretion, and observing a Medium.* But Men that let their Tongue run at random, rend and tear the Ears with their Tautologies; like those, that after Table-Books have been
newly

newly cleansed and wiped, deface them again with their Impertinent Scrawls and Scratches. It was a good and seasonable Reproof of *Aristotle's* to an egregious Prater, that had perplex'd him with many absurd Stories, and concluded every one with this idle Repetition, *And is not this a wonderful Thing, Aristotle? No Wonder at all*, said the Philosopher, *this; but if a Man should stand still to hear you prate thus, who had two Legs to run away, that were a Wonder indeed.*

Another, Thing, that should be a considerable Mortification to these intemperate Tattlers, is, That their Discourse is seldom heard with Attention: For when there is no avoiding the Vexation of one of these chattering Fops, Nature has afforded us this Happiness, that it is in the Power of the Soul, to lend the outward Ears of the Body, and endure the Brunt of the Noise, while she retires to the remoter Apartments of the Mind, and there employs herself in better and more useful Thoughts. Indeed, the *Undulation* of the Sounds about my Head, may, in some Measure, interrupt my Meditations, but even by those imperfect *Snatches* of Thought, I am redeemed from being tortured with his whole *Loquacity*.

May not a Man that indulges himself in an immoderate Humour of Talking, be as justly said to be inebriated with *Words*, as another may be with Wine? For he has really as little Command of his Tongue, as if the Vapours of the Liquor were mounted up to his Brain; he is intoxicated with Rattle, and his whole Discourse, as it were, runs a-head. The Philosophers, defining Drunkenness, call it a *Delitium*, or Madness, through immoderate drinking of Wine. So that Drinking is not condemned, provided a Man keep himself within the Bounds of Silence and Moderation. Only vain and silly Discourse makes drinking of Wine to be Drunkenness.

They that make an ill and inconsiderate Use of Speech, which is the most delightful Means of human Converse, render it both troublesome and unsociable; molesting those whom they think to gratify, derided by those whose Esteem and Admiration they covet, and offensive to such whose Love and Friendship they seek. Now, among all other Maladies, and Passions, some are dangerous, others hateful, and others ridiculous; but in foolish Praising, all these Inconveniencies concur. They are derided when they make Relations of
common

common Matters; they are hated for bringing unwelcome Tidings; and they are in Danger for divulging of Secrets. The Tongue of one Man prevented *Rome* from recovering her Freedom, by the Destruction of *Nero*: And Families, Cities, and States, have been ruin'd by the loose and inconsiderable Babbling of those, who had not the Power of Silence and Secrecy.

It is a Remark of *Plutarch*, That if the Question were to be asked, Which were the worst and most pernicious Sort of People, he does not doubt but that every Man would agree to say a Traytor, that is not ashamed to build his Fortune on Treachery, and the betraying of his Country. And yet a Prattler is a sort of Traytor, whom no Man needs to hire; for that he offers himself officiously, and of his own Accord; nor does he betray to the Enemy either Horse or Walls; but whatever he knows of public or private Concerns, requiring the greatest Secrecy, that he discloses, whether it be in Courts of Judicature, in Conspiracies, or Management of State Affairs; 'tis all one, he expects not so much as the Reward of being thank'd for his Pains; rather he will return Thanks to them who give him Audience.

I would not be conceived in what I
P 5 have

have remark'd so much to aim at ridding this Intemperance of the Tongue, as at reforming and making a Cure of it. Yet no Man will accustom himself to avoid, and, as it were, to extirpate out of his Soul, a Vice, till he has first view'd it with an Aversion. Nor can we ever detest those evil Habits of the Mind as we ought to do, but when we rightly judge by Reason's Light, of the Prejudice they do us, and Ignominy we sustain thereby. For Example, we find that these profuse Babblers, desirous of being beloved, are universally hated: While they study to gratify, they become troublesome; and while they seek to be admired, they are derided. In short, they injure their Friends, advantage their Enemies, and undo themselves.

The likeliest Remedies to cure this spreading Malady, are, to recollect in our selves the Infamies and Disasters which attend it, and to take into our serious Consideration the Practice of what is quite opposite and contrary to it. Let us consider how much more belov'd, how much more admir'd, how far they are reputed to excell in Prudence, who deliver their Minds in few Words, who contract their Sense within a small Compass of Speech,

than

than such as fly out into a Scope of Language, and suffer their Tongues to run before their Wit. But there is one Impertinence, which, above all Things, let us take special Heed of not slipping into, That when another is asked the Question, we do not chop in to prevent his returning an Answer. Such a Forwardness as this, is not only indecent, but injurious and affrontive: For thereby, we seem to intimate, that the Person to whom the Question was put, was not able to resolve it; and that the Propounder had not Discretion sufficient to know of whom to ask it. Now, many Times it happens, that we put Questions to some People, not for Want of an Answer, but only to minister Occasion of Discourse, to provoke them to Familiarity, and to have the Pleasure of their Wit and Conversation; Therefore to prevent another in returning his Answers, is the same Thing as to run and salute a Man, who designs to be saluted by somebody else; or to divert his Eyes upon ourselves, which were already fixed upon another. He that voluntarily presumes to answer for another, gives Distaste, let his Answer be never so rational; but if he mistake, he is sure to be derided by all the Company.

A Man, that by Nature, and ill Habit, is given to much Talk, ought to be extremely careful, that he be not over hasty in his Answers, to such as provoke him to Talk, on Purpose to make themselves merry, and to put an Affront upon him. For some there are, who, not out of any Desire to be satisfied, but merely to pass away the Time, study certain Questions, and then propound them to Persons who, they know, love to multiply Words, on Purpose to make themselves Sport. Such Men therefore ought to take heed how they run headlong, and leap into Discourse, as if they were glad of the Occasion; but to consider the Behaviour of the Propounder, and the Benefit and Usefulness of the Question.

It behoves a Man that would return a pertinent Answer, to stay till he rightly apprehends the Sense, and understands the Intent of him that propounds the Question, for Fear of running at random, or of giving one Answer for another, for Want of Consideration what he ought to say; which is the Effect of an over-hasty Zeal to be talking.

Besides, the profuse Talker is of such a Disposition, that if any Discourse happen, from which he might be able to learn some-

something, and inform his Ignorance, That he refuses and rejects; nor can you hire him to hold his Tongue; so that still he will be flinging out his Fooleries, as if he were Master of all the Knowledge in the World. We are not to ease and discharge ourselves of our Words, as if they were a heavy Burthen which over-loaded us; for Speech remains as well when uttered, as before: It was given us to use for Necessity, for Instruction, and for Civility, but never for Superfluity. *Homer* gives almost constantly to *Words* the Epithet of *Winged*: For he that lets go a Bird out of his Hand; does not easily catch her again: Neither is it possible for a Man to recall, and cage again in his Breast, a Word let slip from his Mouth. It is a wise Observation of the facetious *Ovid*,

— *Nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.*

Being silent never did any hurt; too much Freedom of Speech has multiplied Mischiefs. How highly the Virtue of Taciturnity was esteemed by the Ancients, is plain from the Injunction of the wise *Pythagoras*; his Disciples were to be silent for the first five Years of their Discipline; that by this compell'd Restriction, he might

might be a Judge of their Continen-
 Trials of less Difficulty, πάντων γὰρ χαλε-
 πώτατον ἐστὶν ἐγκρατεῖν τὸ γλώττης κρατεῖν,
 says *Jamblichus*; for to rule the Tongue,
 is the hardest of all Self-Subjection. The
 old Poet *Theognis* has many Rubs against
 Garrulity, in his sententious Work: He
 says, *That it is a great Burden to a Lover of*
Prattle to hold his Tongue; but that speak-
ing without Fear or Wit, as we say, he is as
burdensome to his Company: That he is the
general Aversion; but that the Mixture of such
a Person is necessary for Table-Talk at Meet-
ings of Merriment.

Κωτὶλὲ ἀνθρώπῳ σιγᾶν χαλεπώτερον ἄλλῳ.
 Φθιγγόμενος δ' αἰδοῦς εἴσι παρὴ μέλειται.
 Ἐχθαίρουσι δὲ πάντες ἀναγκάιν δ' ἐπίμιξις
 Ἀνδρὸς τοιούτου συμποσίῳ τελέθει.

A Restraint from superfluous Talk, does
 not imply, that we are to be sullen, or
 morosely silent: This, instead of a Virtue,
 is ill-Nature and Obstinacy; and may shew
 the Reserve more of a Spy, than the Guard
 of a prudent Man. This then in a Word,
 should be our Regulation: If there be no-
 thing profitable in speaking, nothing ne-
 cessary to them that hear what is said, nothing
 of Satisfaction or Delight, by being thereby
 rendered acceptable to all Society, then our
 Talk

Talk will be but superfluous: For Words may be in vain, and to no Purpose, as well as Deeds: And we should always remember with *Simonides*, That he who is given to Talk, has many Times an Occasion to repent him of his Words, but never that he can hold his Tongue.



IMPERTINENT



IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

I Thought no Subject could more properly follow a Treatise of *Garrulity*, than the Impertinence of *Curiosity*, which is so frequently co-incident with it; and into which we often fall, purely for a Supply of Matter to keep our Tongues in Motion: For there are a sort of People, that desire to hear a great deal of News, that they may have Argument enough to prattle abroad: And these are the most diligent in the World to pry and dig into the Secrets of others; which they afterwards enlarge and aggravate with some old Stories and Fooleries of their own: And then they are like Children, that neither can endure to hold the Ice in their Hands, nor let it go.

Plutarch has related a Story of a *Barber*, where this Complication of Loquacity and Itch of Intelligence are pleasantly apparent: This Man was the first who reported

ed the News of the great Overthrow which the *Athenians* received in *Sicily*: For, being the first that heard the Relation of it in the *Pyraeum*, from a Servant of one who had escaped out of Battle, he presently left his Shop at Sixes and Sevens, and flew into the publickest Parts of the City, for Fear his Account should come but at second Hand. The Surprise caused a great *Hubbub*; and diligent Enquiry was soon made after the first Spreader of the News: The *Barber* being brought to examination, could give no Account of his Author, only one that he never saw or knew in his Life before, had told him the News. This incensing the Multitude, Cords were immediately brought out, and the poor *Barber* was tied Neck and Heels together. Soon after, the News of the Defeat was confirm'd by several that had made a hard Shift to escape the Slaughter. Upon this, the People were scattered every one to their own Home, to make their private Lamentation for their particular Losses, and left the unfortunate *Barber* fast bound, in which Condition he continued till late in the Evening, and then was let loose. Yet did not this reform the Impertinence and Inquisitiveness of the Fool; for no sooner was he set at Liberty, but he would needs be enquiring of the
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Executioner what News, and what was reported of the Manner of *Nicias* the General's being slain.

The *Spectator* has furnished us with a very natural Characteristic of this Species of Impertinents: There is a Creature, *says he*, who has all the Organs of Speech, a tolerable good Capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper Behaviour in all the Occurrences of common Life; but naturally very vacant of Thought in itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign Assistances. Of this make is that Man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good Sense as any Man, upon any Thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the Range of his own Fancy, to entertain himself upon that Foundation, but goes on still to new Enquiries; and the most trivial Discourse is as welcome to a general Enquirer, as any other of more Consequence could have been. The Truth is, the Inquisitive are the Funnels of Conversation; they do not take in any Thing for their own Use, but merely to pass it to another: They are the Channels through which all the Good and Evil, that is spoken in Town, are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they

they suffer by their Behaviour, may themselves mend that Inconvenience; for they are not a malicious People; and if you will supply them, you may contradict any Thing they have said before by their own Mouths. As the Inquisitive are such merely from a Vacancy in their own Imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous, as to communicate Secrets to them; for the same Temper of Enquiry makes them as impertinently communicative. But no Man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their Power; for they will be contented with Matters of less Moment as well. *Horace's* Caveat of them is particularly levelled at their Intemperance of Talking:

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.

Avoid the Man that is fond of asking Questions, for he's as free in divulging what he learns.

One too often sees this Humour accompanied with an insatiable Desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any Use in the World but merely their own Entertainment. This Curiosity when it happens without Malice or Self-Interest, lays up in the Imagination, a Magazine of Circumstances, which cannot but entertain,

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tain, when they are produced in Conversation.

But there is a sort of Curiosity, which, by its studious Prying into the Evils of Mankind, seems to be a Distemper of Envy and ill-Nature: This Class of over-busy People, neglecting such obvious and common Things, into which any Man may enquire, and talk of, without Offence, cannot be satisfied unless they rake into the private and concealed Evils of every Family in the Neighbourhood: It was smartly said by the *Egyptian*, who being asked, *What it was he carried so closely*, reply'd, *It was therefore covered, that it might be secret.* An Answer, which might serve to check the Curiosity of those impertinent Men, who will be always peeping into the Privacy of others.

If the Knowledge of Ill can reward the industrious Search with Delight and Pleasure, we should turn the Point of our Curiosity upon our selves, and our own Affairs, and we shall within Doors find Matter enough for the most laborious Enquiries. Every Man that would make an exact Enquiry into, and take a just Account of himself, should first make a particular Search into the several Mischiefs that proceed from each Passion within him, whether it be Envy or Jealousy

lousy, Covetousness or Cowardice, or any other vicious Inclination ; and then distribute and range them all, as it were, into distinct Apartments. Here this inquisitive and busy Disposition may find an Employment that will be of Use and Advantage, and is neither ill-natured, nor impertinent, while every Man shall call himself to this strict Examination.

But we, through extreme Sloth and Ignorance, being stupidly careless of our own Affairs, must be idly spending our Time, and talk either about our Neighbour's Pedigree or Concerns. To some Sort of Men their own Life and Actions would appear the most unpleasant Spectacle in the World ; and therefore they fly from the Light of their Conscience, and cannot bear the Torture of one Reflecting Thought upon themselves. For when the Soul being once defiled with all manner of Wickedness, is scar'd at its own hideous Deformity, it endeavours to run from itself, and ranging here and there, pampers its own Malignity with malicious Speculations on the Ills of others.

There is likewise another Sect of the Inquisitive, which is that of the Busy-body : This Man undertakes as much, as he performs little. He will thrust himself forward

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ward to be the Guide of the Way he knows not; and calls at his Neighbour's Window, and asks why his Servants are not at Work. The Market hath no Commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next Table shall not hear recited. His Tongue, like the Tails of *Sampson's* Foxes, carries Firebrands, and is enough to set the whole Field of the World on a Flame, Himself begins Table-talk of his Neighbour at another's Board; to whom he bears the first News; and adjures him to conceal the Reporter. There can no Act pass without his Comment, which is ever far fetched, rash, suspicious, and dilatory. His Ears are long, and his Eyes quick, but most of all to Imperfections: Which as he easily sees, so he encreases with intermeddling. He hates Constancy as an earthen Dullness unfit for Men of Spirit; and loves to Change his Work and his Place: Neither yet can he be so soon weary of any Place, as every Place is weary of him: He labours without Thanks, talks without Credit, lives without Love, and dies without Pity; save that some will say, it was Pity he died no sooner.

There are other Persons whose Curiosity is confined to News and public Transactions: These bustle among the Crouds that throng

throng the Courts, Exchanges, and Wharfs, and pick up all the idle Stories that are dropt in the *Coffee-House*. They go about pumping, *What News d'ye bear? Were not you upon the Exchange to Day, Sir? The City's in a very ticklish Posture, what d'ye think on't? In two or three Hours Time we may be all together by the Ears.* Men of this Stamp, if they are riding Post, will light of their Horse, and even hugg and kifs a Fellow that has a Story to tell them, and stay never so long till they hear it out.

It was a good Piece of Policy among the *Locrians* to prevent this Sort of unreasonable Impatience, that if any Person coming from abroad should but once ask concerning News, he was presently confined for his Curiosity. For inquisitive People, that deal much in News, are ever longing for Innovations, Alterations, Variety of Action, or any thing that is mischievous and unlucky, that they may find Store of Game for their restless Ill-nature to hunt and prey upon. *Cbarondas* the Law-giver punished Adultery and this malignant Curiosity in the like Manner: And indeed there is an Affinity in the Vices; for as Adultery is nothing else but the Curiosity of discovering another Man's secret Pleasures, and the Itch of knowing what is hidden; and Curiosity

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osity is (as it were) a Rape and Violence committed upon other Peoples Privacies.

I have observed that the same Curiosity which is thus inquisitive to know, is generally no less intemperate in talking too, and must needs be as ill-spoken, as it is ill-natured. And hence it happens, that it does not only become a Restraint to the Vices and Follies of others, but is a Disappointment also to itself. For all Mankind is exceeding shy of inquisitive Persons; no serious Business is consulted of where they are; and if they chance to surprize Men in the Negotiation of any Affair, it is presently laid aside; nor is any thing of Moment said or done in their Company.

To dissuade inquisitive Persons from this sneaking and most despicable Humour, it would contribute much, if they would but recollect and review all their past Observations; if they would but now and then look into their Bag of News, they would certainly be ashamed of that vain and foolish Curiosity, which had been gathering together such a confused Heap of worthless Trash. If they who curiously enquire into those vicious Deformities, and unlucky Accidents, that may be observed in the Lives and Characters of Men, would only bind themselves to a frequent Recollection

lection of what they had seen and heard, there would be found very little Delight or Advantage in such ungrateful and melancholly Reflections.

Now, since it is from the Use and Custom of intermedling in the Affairs of other Men, that this perverse Practice grows up into such a vicious Habit, we ought gradually to bring ourselves to an utter Disuse of enquiring into, or being concerned at any of those Things that do not pertain unto us : For Men suffering their Minds to rove inconsiderately at every Thing they see, are inured to a foolish Curiosity in busying themselves about Matters impertinent. Persons of an inquisitive Temper ought to restrain the wanton Excursions of their Curiosity, and confine it to Observations of Prudence and Sobriety ; to preserve those noble Faculties of Wit and Understanding, which were made for useful and excellent Enquiries, from being dulled and debauched with low and sottish Speculations.

We should never accustom ourselves in passing, to peep into other People's Doors or Windows, because the Eye may reach what the Hand cannot, and wander where the Foot does not come. The staring and glancing of the Eyes to and fro, implies such a Levity of Mind, and so great a Defect in good Manners, as must needs

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render the Practice in itself very clownish and contemptible. It is not seemly, that the Sense, which ought to behave itself as an Handmaid to the Soul, in doing its Errands faithfully, returning speedily, and keeping at Home with submissive and reserved Modesty, should be suffered, like a wanton and ungovernable Servant to be gadding abroad from her Mistress, and straying about at her Pleasure.

The Senses not exercised, and well managed, will at every Turn, break loose into wild Excursions, and hurry Reason along with them into the same Extravagance. But when a Man hath by easy and gradual Discipline, acquired some Power over himself, the Difficulty of resisting the Spirit of Inquisitiveness will lessen upon his Hands ; and to secure him from a Relapse into Folly, he need but reflect, how little there is to be gain'd by intermeddling with busy and unquiet People, and how great the certain Advantage is of bridling our Curiosity, and bringing it under Subjection to the Commands of Reason. Give me leave to insert two Instances of the vast Controul which two as great Men as the World has produced, had over themselves on tempting Occasions : When *Araspes* had commended the Fair *Panthea* to *Cyrus*, as a Beauty worth
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his Admiration, he replied, *For that very Reason I will not see her, lest, if by thy Persuasion, I should see her but once, she herself might persuade me to see her often, and spend more Time with her, than would be for the Advantage of my own Affairs.* So *Alexander*, upon a like Consideration, would not trust his Eyes in the Presence of the beauteous *Queen of Persia*, but kept himself out of the Reach of her Charms, and treated only with her aged Mother. These, as they were peculiar Acts of Continnence, so were they as absolute Checks of Curiosity ; which never sleeps in youthful Breasts, when Beauty gives the Alarm to the Blood.

The Excesses of our Curiosity will yet more easily be cured, if instead of enquiring into what concerns other Men, we can prevail with ourselves so far, as not to see or hear all that is done in our own Houses, nor to listen to every Thing that may be told us, concerning our selves or our private Affairs. Human Nature is so easily discompos'd, our Tempers ruffled, and Passions roused, that we should be cautious of seeking Occasions of Disquiet. There are Circumstances enough of Vexation in every one's Affairs, which cannot be disguis'd or kept secret : And only Fools and Madmen can be excused for labouring to stir up

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fresh Afflictions, and add an Increase to Sorrow and Uneasiness. If it were but for this one Reason, 'tis plain, we ought to regulate our Curiosity, and contend against an Humour of Impertinence, whose Consequences are not trivial : And if this one Vice be not corrected, 'twill be fruitless to subdue our other Passions : For while we indulge ourselves in enquiring, sifting, and canvassing every Trifle, we shall be under a Necessity of employing our Anger and Suspicions ; be drawn into Jealousies of being made Properties ; and use base and ungenerous Subtleties to do ourselves Justice.



: PRIDE.



P R I D E.

TH E R E is no Passion which steals into the Heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more Disguises, than Pride : So that the best Way to know whether we are guilty of this Vice, or not, and to prevent our charging this odious Imputation upon others unjustly, is, to state the Nature of Pride, and enquire into the Grounds of it.

Pride is originally founded on Self-Love ; which is the most intimate and inseparable Passion of Human Nature. The Kindness Men have for themselves, is apt to put them upon over-valuing their own Things ; which Humour, unless check'd in Time, will make them take most Delight in those Circumstances and Actions which distinguish them from their Neighbours, and place their supposed Advantages in the best Light. By this Self-Love, we are to understand the Excesses of it, which is impossible for a Man not to be proud,

proud, because 'tis impossible for a Man not to love himself : But we certainly do love ourselves too well, as often as we set an overproportion'd and unusual Value upon any Thing because 'tis our own ; as if our Fondness and Partiality were the true Standards of Worth, and we had the Faculty of turning every Thing we touch'd into Gold. This is an Argument that a Man does not delight in an Advantage so much for itself, as for the Comparison ; not so much for its own respective Goodness, as because others want it.

Pride, to define it in the plainest Words, is too high an Opinion of our own Excellency. We may be assured, we have this Disease, when we value any Person chiefly because his Advantages are of the same Nature with those we enjoy ; neglecting others who have an equal Right to Regard, only because their Privileges are of a different Kind from our own. We may as certainly conclude ourselves infected with this Vice, when we invade the Rights of our Neighbour, not upon the Account of Covetousness, but of Dominion ; only that we may have it in our Power to create Dependencies, and to give another that which is already his own. And another infallible Symptom is, when Men love to make themselves the Subject of Discourse ; to con over
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their Pedigrees, and obtrude the Blazon of their Exploits upon the Company : This is an Argument they are over-grown with Conceit, and very much smitten with themselves.

There is no Affection of the Mind so much blended in Human Nature, and wrought into our very Constitution, as Pride. It appears under Multitude of Disguises, and breaks out in ten thousand different Symptoms. Every one feels it in himself, and yet wonders to see it in his Neighbour. There is no Temptation to it from the Reflection of our Being in general, or upon any Comparative Perfection, whereby one Man may excel another. The greater a Man's Knowledge is, the greater Motive he may seem to have for Pride ; but in the same Proportion as the one rises, the other sinks, it being the chief Office of Wisdom to discover to us our Weakness and Imperfections.

There is an admirable Sentence in Holy Writ, which says that *Pride was not made for Man*. There is not indeed any single View of Human Nature, under its present Condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret Seeds of Pride ; and on the contrary, to sink the Soul into the lowest State of Humility ; and what the School-Men call Self-Annihilation. There is

nothing in his Understanding, in his Will, or in his present Condition, that can tempt any considerate Creature to Pride or Vanity. And yet the very Reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the Reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful Creature, he would not be subject to a Passion which rises from the Depravity of his Nature ; were he not an ignorant Creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of ; and were not the whole Species miserable, he would not have those wretched Objects of Comparison before his Eyes ; which are the Occasions of this Passion ; and which make one Man value himself more than another.

If there be any Thing which makes Human Nature appear ridiculous to Beings of superior Faculties, it must be Pride. They know so well the Vanity of those imaginary Perfections that swell the Heart of Man, and of those little supernumerary Advantages, whether in Birth, Fortune, or Title, which one Man enjoys above another, and it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a Mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his Neighbours on any of these Accounts, at the same Time that he is obnoxious to all the common Calamities of the Species. May we
not

not imagine, that Beings of superior Natures and Perfections regard all the Instances of Pride and Vanity, among our own Species, in the same kind of View, when they take a Survey of those who inhabit the Earth ; or, in the Language of an ingenious *French* Poet, of those Pismires that people this Heap of Dirt, which Human Vanity has divided into Climates and Regions ?

Now, as we are not to be conceited, or presume highly on the Possession of any Advantages, so neither are we to be ignorant of our Talents and Virtues. 'Tis no Part of Pride to be conscious of any Perfections we have, either intellectual or moral ; for this is in many Cases, necessary, and impossible to be avoided. But supposing, it was possible for a Man to be ignorant of his good Qualities, it could by no Means be convenient : For if he carried such a Treasure about him, without knowing how well furnished he was, 'tis somewhat hard to conceive how he could either improve or use it. We may be acquainted with our own Accomplishments, without being guilty of Pride ; and it is no Branch of that Sin, to discover that they are greater than some of our Neighbours enjoy : Neither do we fall into a Crime, by being delighted with those

Advantages of Mind, Body, or Fortune, which Providence has given us : These Things, in the very Notion of them, are supposed to be beneficial. 'Tis natural and necessary for us to be pleased with the Enjoyment of that which is good, of that which is agreeable to our Faculties, and an Advancement of our Nature. But our Pleasure upon these Accounts, is seldom sincere and as it ought to be, our Delight is a sort of Arrogance ; we look big on the Blessings, account them the Results of Merit, and contemn all that are not on the Level with us. Besides, we never seek Happiness in our selves, but in the Opinion of Men, whom we know to be Flatterers, insincere, unjust, envious, suspicious, and prepossessed : Unaccountable Folly !

The World is full of People, who making by Custom and outward Appearance a Comparison of themselves with others, always decide in Favour of their own Merit, and act accordingly. So they design sometimes to conceal their Imperfections, or lessen the Opinion we have of them, by confessing them freely. A vain Man finds his Account in speaking Good, or Ill, of himself ; a modest Man never talks of himself. We cannot better comprehend the Ridiculousness of Vanity,

ty, and what a shameful Vice it is, than by observing how afraid it is to be seen, and how often it hides itself under the Appearance of Modesty.

There is either no such Thing as Modesty, or it is confounded with something in itself quite different. If we take it for an internal Sentiment, which makes a Man seem mean in his own Eyes, this is a supernatural Virtue, and we call it Humility. Man naturally thinks proudly and haughtily of himself, and thinks thus of no body but himself. Modesty only tends to qualify this Disposition ; it is an external Virtue which governs our Eyes, Conduct, Words, Tone of Voice, and obliges a Man to act with others to outward Appearance, as if it was not true that he despised them. False Modesty is the most refin'd sort of Vanity ; it makes the vain Man never appear such ; on the contrary, raises a Reputation by the Virtue quite opposite to the Vice which forms this Character : 'Tis Hypocrisy. False Glory is the Stumbling-Block of Vanity : It tempts People to acquire Esteem by Things which they indeed possess, but are frivolous and unbecoming a Man to value himself on : 'Tis an Error. All Men, in their Hearts covet Esteem, yet are loth any one should discover their Fondness to

be esteem'd ; because Men would pass for Virtuous, that they may draw some other Advantages from it, besides Virtue itself ; I would say, Esteem and Praise. This should no longer be thought Virtue, but a Love for Praise and Esteem, or Vanity. Men are very vain Creatures ; and of all Things, hate to be thought so.

Pride frequently consists in an Ostentation of Habit or Circumstances ; in being above others in the Gifts of Fortune, and making a Shew they cannot come up to : But another, as general Branch of Pride, is lodged in what we call Personal Merit, in ambitious Thoughts of our own Accomplishment, a leaning after popular Applause, and a vain-glorious Itch of Praise and Commendation. He that talks big and arrogantly of himself, is universally condemn'd as a troublesome and ill-bred Companion. 'Tis true, *a Man's Praises have very musical and charming Accents in another's Mouth ; but very flat and untuneable in his own*, says *Xenophon* : For we brand them as impudent, who commend themselves ; it becoming them to be modest, though they were praised by others ; and account them unjust in arrogating that to themselves, which another has the sole Property of bestowing on them. The Praise therefore is vain, which a Man heaps upon himself,

self, to provoke others also to praise him ; and is chiefly contemptible, as proceeding from an importunate and unreasonable Affectation of Esteem.

Yet, however, there is a Time when a generous and prudent Man may be the Subject of his own Discourse, and give a free Relation of Things he has worthily done or said, as well as other Truths. Self-Praise is not liable to Disgrace or Blame, when 'tis delicately handled by Way of Apology, to remove a Calumny or Accusation. We may fairly sound the Trumpet of our own Deserts, when our Reputations are either attack'd or undermin'd by Detraction or Envy. Apologies claim a great Liberty of Speech and Boasting, as considerable Parts of their Defence.

Now, as skilful Painters, that they may not offend the Eye, allay their over-bright and gaudy Colours, by tempering them with darker, so there are some who will not represent their own Praises altogether glaring, and immoderately splendid, but cast in some Defects, some Seapes, or slight Faults, to take away the Danger of Displeasure or Envy. And for the most Part, 'tis a good Antidote against Envy, to mix amongst our Praises those
Faults

Faults that are not altogether ungenerous and base.

Indeed, Discourse of a Man's self usually fallies from Self-Love, as from its Fort ; and is there observed to lay wait, even in those who are vulgarly thought free enough from Ambition. Therefore as it is one of the Rules of Health to avoid dangerous, and unwholesome Places, or being in them, to take the greater Care, so it ought to be like a Rule concerning Converse and Speaking of one's self. For this Kind of Talk has slippery Occasions, into which we unawares, and indiscernably are apt to fall.

For Ambition usually intrudes with some flourishing Remarks to adorn herself : Let a Person be commended by his Equal or Inferior, the Mind of the Ambitious is tickled and rubb'd at the hearing of his Praise, and immediately he is hurried by an intemperate Desire and Precipitation after the like ; as the Appetite of the Hungry is sharpened by seeing others eat.

Our Defects and Follies are too often unknown to us ; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for Demonstrations of our Worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is
that

that a Thousand unaccountable Conceits, gay Inventions, and extravagant Actions must afford us Pleasures, and display us to others in the Colours which we ourselves take a Fancy to glory in. Such Sorcery have Error and popular Opinion, and so famous are they for bewitching People with the Love of themselves. There is no Passion so universal, however diversify'd or disguised under different Forms and Appearances, as the Vanity of being known to the rest of Mankind, and communicating a Man's Parts, Virtues, or Qualifications to the World : Yet there is a Call upon Mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate Price upon their own Merit ; and Self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected Blessings which in the End abundantly recompense such Losses as the Modest seem to suffer in the ordinary Occurrences of Life. The Curious tell us, a Determination in our Favour, or to our Disadvantage, is made upon our first Appearance, even before they know any Thing of our Characters, but from the Intimations Men gather from our Aspect. A Man, they say, wears the Picture of his Mind in his Countenance, and one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to his who looks at him, to read his Heart. But though
that

that Way of raising an Opinion of those we behold in Public is very fallacious, certain it is, that those who by their Words and Actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict Scrutiny of their Deserts, will find their Account lessen every Day. A modest Man preserves his Character, as a frugal Man does his Fortune ; if either of them live to the Height of either, one will find Losses, the other Errors, which he has not a Stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just Rule to keep our Desires, our Words, and Actions, within the Regard we observe our Friends have for us ; and never, if it were in a Man's Power, to take as much as we possibly might, either in Preferment or Reputation. He that in his Air, his Treatment of others, or an habitual Arrogance to himself, gives himself Credit for the least Article of more Wit, Wisdom, Goodness, or Valour, than he can possibly produce, if he is called upon, will find the World break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the Esteem they had before allowed him.

But if there were no such Considerations, as the good Effect which Self-denial has upon the Sense of other Men towards us, it is of all Qualities the most desirable
for

for the agreeable Disposition which it places in our own Minds. I cannot tell what to say better of it, than that it is the very Contrary of Ambition ; and that Modesty allays all those Passions and Inquietudes to which that Vice exposes us. He has no Emulation ; he is no Man's Rival, but every Man's Well-wisher ; can look at a prosperous Man with a Pleasure, in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself : And has his Mind and his Fortune (as far as Prudence will allow) open to the Unhappy and to the Stranger.

I cannot advance the Merit of Modesty by any Argument of my own so powerfully, as by enquiring into the Sentiments the greatest amongst the Ancients of different Ages entertained upon this Virtue. If we go back to the Days of *Solomon*, we shall find Favour a necessary Consequence to a shamefaced Man. *Pliny*, the greatest Lawyer, and most elegant Writer of the Age he lived in, in several of his Epistles, is very solicitous in recommending to the Public some young Men of his own Profession, and very often understands to become an Advocate, upon Condition that some one of these his Favourites might be joined with him, in order to produce the Merit of such
whose

whose Modesty otherwise would have suppressed it. It may seem very wonderful to an arrogant Modern, That *Multum sanguinis, multum Verecundiae, multum Sollicitudinis in Ore* ; to have the Face first full of Blood, then the Countenance dashed with Modesty, and then the whole Aspect of one dying with Fear, when a Man begins to speak, should be esteemed by *Pliny* the necessary Qualifications of a fine Speaker.

But least an Eulogium on *Modesty* may seem a Digression in a Treatise upon *Pride*, I shall beg leave to consider it in the View of *Humility*, which is the direct Opposite of this Vice. The humble Man though he be not out of his own Favour, no Man sets so low a Value on his own Worth as himself ; not out of Ignorance or Carelessness ; but of a voluntary and meek Dejectedness. His Eyes are full of his own Wants, and others Perfections : He loveth rather to give than to take Honour ; not in a Fashion of Complimental Courtesy, but in Simplicity of his Judgment ; when he hath but his Due, he magnifieth Courtesy, and disclaimeth his Deserts. His Face, his Carriage, his Habit, favour of Lowliness without Affectation, and yet he is much under that he seemeth. There is no better Object of Benificence ; for what

what he receives, he ascribes merely to the Bounty of the Giver, nothing to Merit. He emulates no Man in any Thing but Goodness, and that with more Desire than Hope to overtake. In a Word, he is as a lowly Valley, sweetly planted, and well watered ; the proud Man's Earth, whereon he tramples ; but secretly full of wealthy Mines, more worth than he that walks over them.

This is the Character of the humble Man ; let us now take a View of the proud and arrogant one. All his Humour rises up into the Froth of Ostentation, which if it once settle, falls down into a narrower Room. He is proud even of another Man's Horse ; and well mounted, thinks every Man wrongs him that looks not at him. A bare Head in the Street doth him more Good than a Meals Meat ; He picks his Teeth when his Stomach is empty, and calls for *Pbeasants* at a common Inn ; you shall find him prizing the richest Jewels, and the fairest Horses, when his Purse yields not Money enough for Earnest. He thrusts himself into the Press before some great Ladies ; and loves to be seen near the Head a great Train. His Talk is, how many Mourners he furnished with Cloaks at his Father's Funeral ; how rich his Coat is ; and how ancient

cient, how great his Alliance ; how signal his Exploits ; and when he has commended others Buildings, Furniture, or Suits, compares them with his own. When he has undertaken to be Broker for some rich Jewel, he wears it ; and pulling off his Glove to stroke up his Hair, thinks no Eye should have any other Object. Entertaining his Friends, he chides his Cook for no better Chear ; and names the Dishes he meant and wants. To conclude his Character, he is ever on the Stage, and acts still a glorious Part abroad, when no Man carries a baser Heart, no Man is more sordid and careless at Home. He is a *Spanish* Soldier on an *Italian* Theatre ; a Bladder full of Wind, a Skin full of Words, a Fool's Wonder, and a wise Man's Fool.

The Instability of human Affairs, the Turns and Vicissitudes of Fortune, and the sudden Falls from the most swollen Ambition, are Subjects which ought to discountenance our Pride ; *Shakespeare* has an admirable Passage on this Head, which deserves a Place in all moral Writings.

*Farewell, a long Farewell to all my Greatness !
This is the State of Man ; to Day, he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes ; to Morrow blossoms.*

And

*And bears his blushing Honours thick upon
him ;*

*The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy Man, full
surely,*

*His Greatness is a rip'ning, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
(Like little wanton Boys, that swim on Bladders)*

*This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my Depth : My high-blown
Pride*

*At length broke under me, and now has left
me,*

*Weary and Old with Service, to the Mercy
Of a Rude Stream, that must for ever hide
me.*

The most plausible Pretences for Thoughts of Pride, are Learning, Nobility, and Power, as they are in general accounted the brightest and most distinguishing Advantages : Yet I believe there is much more Weight laid upon them, than in strict Reason they will bear. Learning and high Conceit agree very ill together ; for a Man of Letters must have a clear Notion of the Stupidness and Deformity of this Vice ; and being better acquainted with the Frame and Passions of human Nature he cannot chuse but discover

discover how unacceptable it must make him to all Mankind. Besides that Learning gives us a fuller Conviction of the Imperfection of our Nature ; which one would think might dispose us to Modesty. The more a Man knows, the more he discovers his Ignorance. He can scarce look upon any Part of the Creation, but he finds himself encompassed with Doubts and Difficulties. He knows he has a Being, 'tis true ; and so does a Peasant ; but what this Thing is which he calls himself, is hard to say. And as the more refined Understandings know little or nothing of themselves, and of this material World ; so, upon Enquiry, we shall find them as defective in their Skill about moral Truths. We see how unaccountably the public Constitutions of Nations vary ; as if Right and Wrong lay in the Fancies of Men, rather than in the Reasons of Things. The Heathen Philosophers may fairly be granted to have as good Pretences to Learning, as any other Sort of Men among them ; and yet what a small Proportion of solid Knowledge were they Masters of ? How strangely did they differ in Matters of the highest Import, how eagerly dispute ; and not without Probability on both Sides ? It were tedious to recount

recount the Differences one Sect had with another, their Inconsistencies with themselves, and the ridiculous and ill supported Tenets some of the most famous of them have held. Indeed the more modest of them would confess, that the chief Use of Learning was to give us a fuller Discovery of our Ignorance, and to keep us from being Peremptory and Dogmatical in our Determinations. Now one would imagine the more intimate Acquaintance we had with the Imperfections of our Nature, the greater Reason we should have to be humble. Is Weakness a proper Foundation to erect our lofty Conceits upon? Indeed he that has not the Leisure or Capacity to examine how it is with him, may be fondly persuaded to fancy himself somebody, and grow vain upon the kind Presumption: But for a Man to be proud, who can demonstrate his own Poverty, is little less than Madness.

But granting that Learning does give some Advantage, and that our Understandings are really enriched by it, yet in regard we have but a few Principles to build upon, the greatest Part of our Knowledge must consist in Inferences; which cannot be wrought out without great Labour and Attention of Mind. Therefore
have

have we no Reason to be proud of what we have gotten ; for is it not an humbling Consideration to reflect what Pains we are obliged to take to muster up our Forces, and to make that little Reason we have serviceable. I agree, that a Man may lawfully maintain his Character and just Pretences against Rudeness and Ignorance ; but when he converses with People of Sense and Modesty, his Opinion of his own Worth should but just dawn upon them, and at most give them but a remote Notice that he expected any singular Acknowledgment. If Sense and Learning are unsociable and imperious Things, a good-natured Man ought to take special care not to improve too fast. He ought to keep down the Growth of his Reason, and curb his Intellectuals, when he finds them ready to out-strip his Neighbours.

Now since Learning and Conceit make so odd a Figure, let us proceed to examine the Pretences of Nobility ; for I am afraid the vulgar Notion of it is screwed somewhat too high, and that it has not Ballast enough to carry all the Sail which is commonly made out. All Men were equally Noble, and equally *Plebeian* at first ; and I would gladly understand

derstand how they came to be so much distinguished afterwards. If we trace the Records of old History, and the Fabulous Ages, we shall find that it has been often founded upon Rapine and Injustice. *Thucydides* relates, That in ancient Times, it was counted an Heroic Atchievement to plunder lustily ; and he was a Man of the best Quality, who was able to steal most Cattle. These *Nimrods* grew great by the Strength of their Limbs, and their Vices ; engraved their Murders upon their Shields, and hector'd all the little and peaceable People into Peasantry.

But to wave so chimerical a Rise of Distinction, we will suppose its Original equitable, and divide Nobility into two Kinds, *Hereditary* and *Acquir'd* : The first is transmitted to us from our Ancestors ; the other is immediately conferr'd by the Favour of the Prince.

Hereditary Nobility seems no just Ground for an high Opinion, because it is borrow'd. Those great Actions which we had no Share in, cannot properly be any Part of our Commendation, especially if we want Abilities to imitate them. He that depends wholly upon the Worth of others, ought to consider, that he has but the Honour of an Image, and is worship-

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ped not for his own Sake, but upon the Account of what he represents. It is a Sign a Man is very poor, when he has nothing of his own to appear in, but is forc'd to patch up his Figure with the Relics of the Dead, and rife Tombstones and Monuments, for Reputation. The Address of *Juvenal*, to this high Rank of Mankind, is certainly just. —

Ergo ut miremur Te non Tua, primum aliquid da,

Quod possim titulis incidere, præter Honores Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

If you would have your Pre-eminence admired in yourself, and not for your Predecessor's Worth, give some Specimen of personal Merit, that may signalize your Character more than those Honours, which we have always given to them from whom you derive your Nobility. Is it a real Advantage, or what should excite us to high-flown Thoughts, that we stand at the Bottom of a long Parchment Pedigree, and are some Yards remov'd from the first Escutcheon? That our Family is so substantially built, that it has stood the Shock of Time, and held out against all Variety of Accidents? That our
Ancestors

Ancestors have flourish'd in Honour and Reputation, and had Interest and Command in their Country for so many Generations? To what do these fine Valuations in Reality amount? If we are capable of understanding any thing, it must undoubtedly be more creditable to promote good Humour and Modesty in Conversation, and give Men right Apprehensions of themselves, than to flatter them into groundless Conceits, and make them believe that they may be truly great, and yet good for nothing. To maintain such indefensible and dangerous Principles of Honour, which not only impose upon our Understandings, but emasculate our Spirits, and spoil our Temper, and tend only to the nourishing of Idleness and Pride, is no very Heroical Undertaking. No Person can be great by being Owner of those Things, which wise Men have always counted it a Piece of Greatness to despise : Nor is it the Possession, but the right Management of any valuable Advantage, which makes us considerable : And he that does not employ his Fortune generously, is not to be respected merely because he has it.

But if we are not to be proud of *hereditary* Honours and Titles owing to *Birth-right* and *Ancestry*, yet sure it may be ob-

jected, *acquir'd* Nobility gives us some larger Pretences of triumphing: Here is no gilding of a coarse Substance, no borrow'd Glory, no faint Reflection from an Ancestor, but the Man is all bright and luminous to the Center, and shines and sparkles in his own Worth. He is not great by Genealogy and ancient Title, by the Favour of Fortune, and the Labours of those he never helped, but by Nature and Performances; by having Greatness incorporated in himself. To state the Case in this Manner, is, indeed putting in a plausible Plea for Ostentation: But supposing a Man has obliged the Public, is remarkable for great Abilities, and lights on Promotion in Honour or Office; let him remember that there are others who have ventured as far, and perform'd as considerably as himself, whose Services all miscarried as to any private Advantage; because they were not so lucky as to act under the Notice of those who were able to reward. Let him check and restrain his Pride with this Consideration, That many Persons, as well furnish'd as himself for Employment and Honour, go out of the World as obscurely as they came in, only for Want of a proper Opportunity to bring them into Light, and public View: Because a Man has received a valuable Consideration

consideration for his Services in Honour or Estate, therefore shall he press too arbitrarily on the World, for Submission? Shall he set a Tax upon Conversation, and put the Company under Contribution for Respect?

The best Way for real Merit to secure Observance, is, not to insist too violently upon it; for Pride is a most unfortunate Vice. Other Immoralities usually gain their Point, though they loose more another Way: But a proud Man is so far from making himself great by his haughty and contemptuous Port, that he is usually punish'd with Neglect for it: And that Disdain with which he treats others, is return'd more justly upon himself. Greatness does not consist in Pageantry and Shew, in Pomp and Retinue: These are but the Trappings and Indications of Grandeur; and though a Person of Quality will make use of these Things, to avoid Singularity, and put the Vulgar in mind of their Obedience to Authority, yet he does not think himself really the bigger for them: For he knows that those who have neither Honesty nor Understanding, have oftentimes all this fine Furniture about them. To be great is not to be starch'd, and supercilious; to swagger at Footmen, and brow-beat Inferiors. Such a Behaviour looks as if a Man was con-

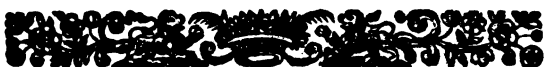
scious of his own Insignificancy, and that he had nothing but Outside, and Noise, and ill Humour, to make himself considerable with. He that is truly noble, has far different Sentiments, and turns his Figure quite another Way; is equally remov'd from the Extreame of Servility and Pride; is above abridging the Liberties, or depressing the Spirits of his Dependants, to proclaim his Superiority; and values his Greatness more for the Good it empowers him to do, than the Respect it procures to be paid to him.

After I have endeavour'd to describe Pride in its several Forms of Ambition, Vanity, Ostentation, and Vain-Glory, it would be impertinent to run a Discourse with you, upon the Inconveniences of it; or to shew you in particular, what an unconquerable Aversion it gives all Mankind against us, when we are over-grown with it. Let it suffice for a Conclusion, that it multiplies and conceals our Defects from us, and makes us do a thousand silly Things, without taking notice of them; that it makes us a Prey to Flatterers, and puts us to great Expences, only to be laugh'd at; that it spoils Conversation, and takes away the Pleasure of Society; that Families, Kingdoms, and Churches, are embroil'd

embroil'd by it, and the World turn'd topsyturvy by this Vice.

In short, we ought only to be proud of supporting our Characters in Religion and Morality, of endeavouring to do our Duties to God, and our Neighbour, and being above an Action which may debase our Nature, and make us liable to the Censure of Profaneness, Folly, or Immorality.





CONTENTMENT.

ENQUIRIES after Happiness, and Rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to Mankind, as the Arts of Consolation, and supporting one's-self under Affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this World, is *Contentment* : If we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but Grief and Disappointments : A Man should direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The Truth of it is, if all the Happiness that is dispersed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World, were drawn together, and put into the Possession of any single Man, it would not make a very happy Being. Though on the contrary, if the Miseries of the whole Species were fixed in a single Person, they would make a very miserable one.

The greatest Cause of Impatience grows not so much from the Force of Calamity,

as

as from the Reluctance of the Mind of him that suffers it: This raises the Billows within; for though the Calamity may be rough, and beyond our Power to extricate, yet when it meets with a Mind as tumultuous as the Calamity, it raises a Storm, as when the Wind and Tide are contrary, which may endanger the Vessel. It is the Province of Reason, when the sensual Part of us grows turbulent, to make Excursions to check it's Sallies, and bring it again within the Limits it hath transgress'd.

They are extremely deceived, who think there is one positive State of Life which is always serene: Content and Acquiescence are not lodged in Change of Fortune or Circumstances, but in our own Bosoms: Our Revenues may be large, our Barns and Coffers crowded, our Affairs successful, and Views advantageous; yet may we be incumbered with Distates and Uneasinesses, that will not let us relish the most delightful Fortunes. It is incomparable Advice of the Philosopher *Epictetus*: *If things are not, says he, directly as you would have them, be content that they should be as they are, and you will live easy.* We must not let Humours or Passions have the Direction of our Actions; if we do, we must depend on constant Vexations.

ations. Humours are alterable, and Passions impatient: The former are continually for shifting the Scene; the latter for bursting through it; By struggling with Disquietude, we may give ourselves Trouble and Increase of Pain, not disengage ourselves a whit the sooner. But as raw Sailors, when they grow sick with the working of the Waves, and Motion of the Ship, think they shall overcome this Squeamishness, if they go into the Long-Boat; but there being equally out of Order, come into the Vessel again, and are therefore never the better, because they carry their Nauseousness along with them; so the several Changes of Life do only shift, and not wholly extirpate the Causes of our Troubles: And these are only our Want of Experience, the Weakness of our Judgment, and a certain Impotence of Mind, which hinder us from making a right Use of what we enjoy. The rich Man is subject to this Uneasiness of Humour, as well as the Poor; the Batchelor, as well as the Man in Wedlock: This makes the Pleader withdraw from the Bar; and then his Retirement is altogether as irksome: Whilst Reason makes all Sorts of Life easy, and every Change pleasant. The greatest Cause of Discontent, is, That Men have no definite Measure of their Desires:

Desires : 'Tis not the supply of all their real Wants will serve their Turn ; their Appetites are precarious, and depend upon Contingencies ; they hunger not because they are empty, but because others are full. Thus *Alexander* wept when he heard from *Anaxarchus*, that there was an Infinity of Worlds ; and his Friends asking him if any Accident had befallen him, he returned this Answer : *Do you not think, said he, a Matter worthy of my Lamentation, that when there is such a vast Multitude of them, I have not yet conquer'd one ?* If we will create imaginary Wants to ourselves, why do we not create an imaginary Satisfaction to them ? We take no notice of the real substantial Blessings we enjoy, but go in quest after some fugitive Satisfaction, which, like a Shadow, flies still faster in Proportion to our Pursuit. A strange Folly, thus to court Vexations, and be miserable in Chimera!

All a Man's Wealth or Poverty is within himself : It is not the outward Abundance or Want that can make the Difference. Let a Man be never so rich in Estate, yet if his Heart be not satisfied, but he is still whining, scraping, and pining for more, that Man is miserably poor, and all his Bags cannot make him other

than a stark Beggar. On the other Hand give me a Man of small Means, whose Mind is thoroughly content with a little, and enjoys his Pittance with a quiet and thankful Heart, that Man is exceeding rich : All the World cannot rob him of his Wealth.

It is not having, by which we can measure Riches, but enjoying: The Earth hath all Treasures in it, yet no Man stiles it rich. Of those which the World calls Goods of Fortune, only Opinion sets the Value. Gold and Silver would be Metals, whether we think them so, or not; they would not be Riches, if Mens Conceit and Institution did not make them such.

Plato compar'd Human Life to a Game at Dice, where we ought to throw for what is most commodious to us, but to be content with our Casts, let them be never so unfortunate: We cannot make what Chances we please turn up, if we play fair; this lies out of our Power: That which is within it, is to accept patiently what Fortune shall allot us; and so to adjust Things in their proper Places, that what is our own, may be disposed of to the best Advantage; and what hath happen'd against our Will, may offend us as little as 'tis possible: Otherwise, the Men
who

who live without Measures, and with no Prudence, are like those whose Constitution is so sickly and infirm, that they are equally impatient both of Heats and Colds: Prosperity exalts them above, and Adversity dejects them beneath, their Temper: Indeed, each Fortune disturbs them, or rather they raise up Storms to themselves in either; and, as they manage it, are querulous and dissatisfy'd under good Circumstances.

The most trite and common Blessings which are sent us, are not to be despised, but ought to take up a Room in our Deliberations. We should rejoice, that we live, and are in Health, and see the Sun; and there are no Wars nor Seditions in our Country; that the Earth yields to Cultivation; and that the Sea is open to our Traffic; that we can talk, be silent, do Business, and be at Leisure, when we please. They will afford us greater Tranquility of Mind present, if we form some just *Ideas* of them when they are absent. If we often call to our Remembrance, how solicitous the sick Man is after Health, how acceptable Peace is to put out a War, and what a Courtesy it will do us, to gain Credit, and acquire Friends in a City of Note, where we are Strangers and unknown; and we

we are much troubled, if we are deprived of any Part of this Happiness.

It is a thing highly conducing to the Tranquility of the Mind, for a Man chiefly to consider himself, and his own Affairs: But if this always cannot take Place, he should not make Comparisons with Men of a superior Condition to himself; though this is the Epidemical Frenzy of the Vulgar. The Truth is, we have generally in us the worse Part of the Levellers Principles; and though we can very contentedly behold Multitudes below us, yet we are impatient to see any above us; and thus we create Torments to ourselves, by our own Repinings, which only set us farther from our Aims. And what is all this, but ungratefully to accuse Providence, and be industriously picking out Occasions to quarrel with it, and torment ourselves? But he that is in his right Senses, and wise for his own Advantage, out of those many Millions whom the Sun looks upon, if he sees any one in the mighty Throng, who is more rich or honourable than himself, he is neither dejected in his Mind nor Countenance, nor doth he pensively sit down deploring his Unhappiness, but he walks abroad publickly, with an honest Assurance. He celebrates his good Genius, and boasts
of

of his good Fortune, in that he is happier than a thousand other Men who are in the World.

When we hear others declare that our Condition is but miserable, because we are not Magistrates, and in eminent Command, let us then look upon ourselves to live, not only in a bare Happiness, but Splendor, in that we do not beg our Bread, are not forced to subsist by carrying of Burdens, or, what is altogether as servile, Flattery. But such is our Folly, that we accustom ourselves rather to live for other Mens Sakes than our own; and our Dispositions are so prone to Upbraidings, and to be tainted with Envy, that the Grief we conceive at another's Prosperity, lessens the Joy we ought to take in our own.

It likewise greatly prevents our Content, and obstructs the Tranquility of the Mind, that our Desires are immoderate, and not suited to our Abilities of Attainment, which, like Sails beyond the Proportion of the Vessel, help only to overset it: So that being blown up with extravagant Expectations, if ill Success frustrates our Attempts, we presently curse our Stars, and accuse Fortune, when we ought rather to lay the Blame upon our enterprising Folly. The partial Love of ourselves is chiefly in Fault, which

which infuseth a vicious Inclination to arrogate, and an insatiable Ambition to attempt, every Thing. He who impatiently covets what he cannot attain, puts himself upon a perpetual Rack, keeps his Appetites up to the utmost Stretch, and yet hath nothing wherewith to satisfy them; for, either we are troubled for the Want of something we desire, or at the suffering something we would avoid. Life is short and tiresome; spent in wishing and desiring: We adjourn our Joy and Repose to the Time to come, often to a Period, when our best Blessings, Youth and Health, are already departed. Age comes and surprizes us in the Midst of new Desires; we are got no farther, when a Fever seizes us, and extinguishes us: If we recover, 'tis only to have longer Time to wish and desire in.

It has been always the Opinion of the wise Ancients, That Happiness is founded upon Wisdom and Virtue; for that we must first know what we ought to do, and then live according to that Knowledge: That a good Man can never be miserable; nor a wicked Man happy; nor any Man unfortunate that chearfully submits to Providence. Thus, then, the certain Way to Happiness lies fair before us: But Men
will

will yet steer their Course on the other Side, which as manifestly leads to Ruin. We live, as it were, by Chance; and by Chance, are we govern'd. Some there are, that torment themselves afresh with the Memory of what is past: Others again, afflict themselves with the Apprehensions of Evils to come; and very ridiculously both: For the *one* does not *now* concern us; and the *other* not yet.

Levity of Mind is a great Hindrance of Repose: From one Appetite we pass to another, not so much upon Choice, as for Change. Some People are *never* at quiet; others are *always* so; and they are both to blame: For that which looks like Vivacity and Industry in the one, is only a Restlessness and Agitation; and that which passes in the other, for Moderation and Reserve, is but a drowsy and unactive Sloth. Some are perpetually shifting from one thing to another; others again, make their whole Life but a kind of uneasy Sleep. Some lie tossing and turning, 'till very Weariness brings them to Rest: There are many Properties and Diversities of Vice; but it is one never-failing Effect of it to live displeas'd. We do all of us labour under inordinate Desires; we are either timorous, and dare not venture; or venturing we do not succeed;

ſucceed ; or elſe we caſt ourſelves upon uncertain Hopes, where we are perpetually ſollicitous, and in Suspence. We live and die reſtleſs and irrefolute ; we grow impatient, and aſhamed of ourſelves ; and ſuppreſs our inward Vexation, 'till it breaks our Hearts for want of Vent. In ſhort, we divide our Lives betwixt a Diſlike of the preſent, and a Deſire of the future ; but he that lives as he ſhould, orders himſelf ſo, as neither to fear, nor to wiſh for Tomorrow : If it comes, 'tis welcome ; but if not, there's nothing loſt ; for that which is come, is but the ſame over again with what's paſt.

One ſovereign Remedy againſt Miſfortunes and Diſcontent, is Conſtancy of Mind. Nothing can be above him that is above Fortune : He is Proof againſt Calamities ; can take as ſound a Sleep in a Barn as in a Palace, and a Bottle of Hay makes him as good a Lodging as a Bed of Down : Should every thing ſucceed to his Wiſh, it would not tranſport him ; nor would he think himſelf miſerable, if he ſhould not have one quiet Hour in his whole Life. But he that ſets up his Reſt upon Contingencies, ſhall never be quiet. We cannot pronounce a Man happy, that depends upon Fortune for his Happineſs ; for nothing
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can be more preposterous, than to place the Good of a reasonable Creature in unreasonable Things. What *shall* come to pass, we know not; but what *may* come to pass we know: And, methinks we should not find so much Fault with Fortune for her Inconstancy, when we ourselves suffer a Change every Moment that we live; only other Changes make more Noise, and this steals upon us like the Shadow upon a Dial; every Jot as certainly, but more insensibly. We should therefore prepare for a Shipwreck in the Port, and for a Tempest in a Calm: We should set before our Eyes the whole Condition of human Nature, and consider as well what *may* happen, as what commonly *does*: For the Way to make future Calamities easy to us, is, to make them Familiar to us in the Contemplation. I would rather make my Fortune, than expect it; being neither depress'd with her Injuries, nor dazzled with her Favours. When Zeno was told, that all his Goods were drown'd, *Why then*, says he, *Fortune has a Mind to make me a Philosopher*. 'Tis a great Matter for a Man to advance his Mind above her Threats or Flatteries; for he that has once gotten the better of her, is safe for ever.

Plutarch

Plutarch has remark'd, that every Man hath a Store-House of Contentment, and Trouble in his own Bosom ; and that the Vessels which contain Good and Evil, are not placed at *Jupiter's* Threshold, but in the Recesses of the Mind : The Variety of our Passions are an abundant Demonstration. The Fool doth not discern, and consequently cannot mind the Good that is obvious to him ; for his Thoughts are still intent upon the future. But the prudent Man retrieves Things that were lost out of their Oblivion, by Strength of Recollection, renders them perspicuous, and enjoys them, as if they were present : Happiness having only a few coy Minutes to be courted in, the Man that hath no Intellectuals, neglects this Opportunity, and so it slides away from his Sense, and no more belongs to him.

To make a right Estimate of this World, we should consider it as a Stage, and ourselves but as Actors ; and to resolve that it is very little material what Part we play, so we do it well : And to do it well, is to come off with Applause from others, and Satisfaction to ourselves.

But we pursue Measures directly contrary : We take the magnifying Glasses of Discontent, when we view our own Miseries,

ries, and others Felicities ; but look upon our own Enjoyments, and their Sufferings, through the contracting Optics of Ingratitude and Incompassion. It is a very ill-natured thing for any Man to think himself more miserable, because another is happy ; and yet this is the very thing by which alone many Men have made themselves wretched, creating Wants to themselves, merely from the envious Contemplation of other Men's Abundance.

One principal Means to bring us to a State of Content and Tranquility, is to determine within ourselves, that there is no wrangling with Fortune ; no being out of Humour for Accidents ; whatsoever befalls us in our Lot, and whether in Appearance it be good or bad, it is God's Pleasure, and it is our Duty to bear it. When a Man has once gotten a Habit of Virtue, all his Actions are equal ; he is constantly one and the same Man : The Sum of human Duty may be comprehended in few Words : *Patience*, where we are to suffer ; and *Prudence*, in what we are to *do*.

It is a frequent Complaint in the World, that the Things we enjoy are but few, transitory, and uncertain ; so ungrateful a Construction do we make of the divine Bounty.

ty. Hence it is, that we are neither willing to die nor contented to live; betwixt the Fear of the one, and the Detestation of the other. Hence it is, that we are perpetually shifting of Counsels, and still craving of more; because that which we call Felicity, is not able to Fill us. Those Things which all Men covet, are but specious Out-Sides, and there is nothing in them of substantial Satisfaction. Nor is there any thing so hard and terrible in the contrary as the Vulgar imagine; only the Word Calamity has an ill Reputation in the World, and the very Name is more grievous than the Thing itself. What have I to complain of, if I can turn that to Happiness, which others count a Misery? A wise Man either repels, or elects, as he sees the Matter before him, without fearing the Ill which he rejects, or admiring what he chuses. Our Condition is good enough if we make the best on it, and our Felicity is in our own Power. Things that are adventitious have no Effect upon him that studies to make sure of his Happiness within himself. It is not with common Accidents of Life, as with Fire and Sword, that burn and cut all alike; but Misfortunes work more or less, according to the Weakness or Resolution of the Patient;

gent : And he that grieves for the Loss of casual Comforts, shall never want Occasion of Sorrow.

Restlessness of Mind; Inequality of Humour, Inconstancy of Affection, and Uncertainty of Conduct, are all Vices of the Soul, but different; and as like as they appear, are not always found in one and the same Subject. Every thing is strange in the Humours, Morals, and Manners of Men: One lives Sour, Passionate, Covetous, Furious, Submissive, Laborious, and full of his own Interests, who was born Gay, Peaceable, Indolent, Magnificent, of a noble Courage, and far from any thing base and pitiful: The Cares of Life, the Circumstances they find themselves in, and the Law of Necessity, force Nature, and cause such great Changes. Thus such a Man, at the Bottom, and in himself, is not to be defined; Abundance of Things which are out of his Power, change, turn, and overturn him: He is not really what he is, or what he appears to be. 'Tis so common for Man not to be happy, and so essential to all Good to be acquired with Trouble, that what comes with Ease is suspected: We can hardly comprehend how any thing, which costs us so little, can be for our Advantage, or how, by just Measures, we could

could reach the Ends we proposed : We think we deserve good Fortunes, but ought seldom to depend on it. There are certain good Things which we most passionately desire, and the very Idea of them moves and transports us ; yet if we happen to obtain them, we are less sensible of them than we thought we should be ; and less busy in rejoicing over them, than in aspiring after greater. So there are some Evils so frightful, and some Misfortunes so horrible, that we dare not think on them, and the very Prospect makes us tremble : If they chance to fall on us, we find more Relief than we could imagine ; we arm ourselves against perverse Fortune, and do better than we hoped for.

Is it not plain, that we set false Estimates on every thing that may befall us, forestall Objects with Prepossessions or Prejudices, and thereby become instrumental to our own Uneasiness ? Indeed, if we could use our Eyes aright, and see Things in their true Shapes, a Competency would be more pleasing than Abundance ; and the envied Pomp of Princes, when balanced with the Cares and Hazards annexed, would rather make a wise Man fear, than desire Preferment. There is no greater Unhappiness than the fond Admiration

tion of other Mens Enjoyments, and Contempt of our own : But if we would begin at the right End, and look with as much Compassion on the Adversities of others, as we do with Envy at their Prosperities, every Man would find Cause to sit down contentedly with his own Burden.

But the Nature of Man is extremely querulous: We know not what we would have; and when we have it, we know not how to like it: We would be happy, yet we would not die: We would live long, yet we would not be old: We abound with Complaints, yet nothing dislikes us but the present; for what we condemn while it was, once past we magnify, and strive to recal it out of the Jaws of Time. Every Blessing that is lent us through our Ingratitudes and Discontents, hath something to disparage and distaste it. Children bring Cares; Single Life is wild and solitary; Religion nicely severe; Liberty lawless; Wealth burdensome; and Mediocrity contemptible: Every thing has its Fault, either in Abundance, or Deficiency.

The discontented Man is ever headstrong and self-will'd, yet does not tie himself to Esteem, or pronounce according to Reason; some Things he must dislike, he knows not wherefore, but he likes them

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not : Every thing he meddleth with, he either findeth imperfect, or maketh so : If but an unseasonable Shower cross his Recreation, he is ready to fall out with Heaven, and thinks he is wrong'd, if God will not take his Times when to rain, and when to shine : He is a Slave to Envy ; and loseth Flesh with fretting, not so much at his own Infelicity, as at others Good : Neither hath he Leisure to joy in his own Blessings, whilst another prospereth : Fain would he see some Mutinies ; but dares not raise them : Nothing but Fear keeps him from Conspiracies ; and no Man is more cruel, when he is not manacled with Danger : The Inconstant and he, agree well in their Felicity, which both place in Change : But herein they differ ; the Inconstant Man affects that which will be ; the Discontented, commonly that which was.

Discontentment is a Mixture of Anger, and of Griefs ; both which are wont to raise up fearful Tempests in the Soul. What can be more foolish, than for a Man, because he thinks God hath made him miserable by Crosses, to make himself more miserable by his own Distempers ? If a Man will spurn against strong Iron Spikes, what can he hope to carry away but Wounds ? How witless a Thing it is, for a Man to torment

torment himself with the Thoughts of those Evils that are past all Remedy? What wise Beholder would not have smiled with Pity and Scorn, to have seen the great *Augustus*, after the Defeat of some choice Troops, knock his Head against the Wall; and hear him passionately cry out, O *Varus*, restore me my Legions! Yet thus froward and tetchy is Nature in the best, If we may not have all we would have, all that we have is nothing: If we be not perfectly humour'd we are wilfully unthankful.

'Tis certain, our Repinings proceed not from any Defect of the heavenly Bounty, but from the malignant Temper within us: It might be one great Furtherance to our Content, if we would but consider how little will suffice Nature, and that all the rest is but Matter of Opinion. Indeed, what Use is there of more than what may nourish us within, and cover us without? And yet do we rove over all the Latitude of Nature for Contentment; our Appetites are truly unreasonable, and will know no Bounds: We begin with Necessaries, as *Pliny* justly observes; and from thence we rise to Excess, punishing ourselves with our own wild Desires: Whereas, if we were wise, we might find Mediocrity an Ease. God hath placed none of us in so barren a Soil,

in so forlorn a State, but there is something perhaps in it which may afford us Comfort: But if in a sullen Humour, we will not cultivate our Field, because we have, perhaps, more mind to our Neighbour's, we may thank ourselves if we starve; the despising of what God has given us, is but a cold Invitation to farther Bounty: This complaining Humour is a Sickness of the Mind, and a perpetual craving of the Appetite, without any Possibility of Satisfaction.

The most effectual Motives to the obtaining a due Tranquility of Mind, and Resignation of Spirit, in every Change of Life, is to reflect, that if there be any Happiness to be found upon Earth, it is in that which we call Content: Though this is a Flower that grows not in every Garden. To become Masters of this great Blessing, we must confine our Desires to a proper Compass, put our Appetites under a Restraint, and our Passions under Subjection: Not be continually grasping at Possessions out of our Reach, founding our Bliss on imaginary Attainments, or repining at the Station in which Heaven has placed us, and thinking any other would conduce more to our Felicity.

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The Transitoriness of all Earthly Enjoyments, the unsatisfying Condition of them, and the Danger of over-esteeming them, should wean us from Sourness or Discontent at being depriv'd of them. The Considerations, that divine Providence overrules all Events, that a little will suffice the Necessities of Nature, will convince us, that we ought to abate our Desires, to digest small and seeming Inconveniencies, and to think that our present Condition is best for us. By this Means we shall neither repine at our Neighbour's Happiness, nor conceive ourselves unfortunate ; be never anxious for the future, nor uneasy at the present ; but enjoy a Temper and Serenity of Soul, and put it out of the Power of Fate or Fortune to harrafs or discompose us.





RETIREMENT.

RETIREMENT is a sort of Sleep to a wearied Nature ; when we have run through the Tumults and Fatigues of Life, when we are harrass'd out with Business and Hurry, we are glad to take Shelter in a calm Privacy, and put in, as to a safe Harbour, out of the troubled Ocean.

Cicero, is not for allowing any the Benefits of Retirement, who can be serviceable in a State of Activity, and only permits them an Exemption from Employment, when they are disabled from Business by Want of Health, or called off by some more important Reason. *Quibus autem talis nulla sit causa, si despiciere se dicunt ea, quæ plerique admirantur, Imperia & Magistratus ; iis non modò non laudi, verum etiam vitio dandum puto.* But those who have no such Pleas to excuse them, if they yet profess to despise what the Generality of the World

World are fond of, Command and Office, I think they are not only not to be commended, but censured for withdrawing.

Seneca, who spent the greatest Part of his Life in a Court, seems to be of a contrary Opinion: He tells his Son, *There is no Opportunity escapes me of enquiring where you are, what you do, and what Company you keep: And I am well enough pleased, that I can hear nothing concerning you, for it shews that you live retired.* A general Conversation is neither easy, nor absolutely safe; and yet our Retreats may look like Ostentation.

'Tis a fair Step towards Happiness and Virtue, to delight in the Conversation of good, and of wise Men; and where that cannot be had, the next Point, is, to keep no Company at all. *Solitude* affords Business enough, and the Entertainment is comfortable and easy. To live hidden, was never but safe and pleasant; but then, so much better, when the World is worse. It is a Happiness, not to be a Witness of the Mischief of the Time, which it is hard to see, and be guiltless. Your Philosophical Cell is a safe Shelter from Tumults, from Vices, from Discontentments.

Besides that lively honest and manly Pleasure which arises from the Gain of Knowledge

ledge in the deep Mysteries of Nature, how easy is it in Retirement to live free from the common Cares, from the Infection of common Evils! Who is envied, and who pitied at Court, who buys Hopes and Kindness dearest, who lays secret Mines to blow up another, that himself may succeed, can never trouble you. These Cares dare not enter into a Sanctuary of Peace: Thence you can see now all that live public are toss'd in these Waves, and pity them: You sit as on a high Rock above the Waters, and laugh at the Tempest that cannot reach you. This View of Retirement brings to my Mind a Passage of *Lucretius*, beautifully translated by Mr. *Dryden*; which bears no small Resemblance to what I have advanced.

*'Tis pleasant safely to behold from Shore
 The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempest roar:
 Not that another's Pain is our Delight,
 But Pains unfelt, produce the pleasing Sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
 The moving Legions mingled in the War.
 But much more sweet, thy labouring Steps
 to guide
 To Virtue's Heights, with Wisdom well sup-
 ply'd,
 And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd.*

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*From thence to look below on Human Kind,
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life and blind.
 O wretched Man! in what a Mist of Life,
 Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,
 He spends his little Span; and over-feeds
 His cramm'd Desires with more than Nature
 needs.*

*For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
 And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight;
 Which Minds, unmix'd with Cares and Fears,
 obtain,
 A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.*

But however amiable the Blessing of Retirement may look, and be consider'd by some, I am not insensible there are others who will object, that though Solitude promises fair, and is a strong Entertainment to a melancholy Fancy, yet were the Notion driven up, and try'd in its farthest Extent, we should quickly change our Opinion. They say, that like a great many other Things, it is better in Prospect, than Possession: Like a Summer's Cloud in the Evening, it looks soft and fine at a Distance, and presents us with a great many pretty Figures; but when you come close to the Object, the Colours are rubbed out, and the Substance shrinks: There is nothing remaining but empty Air;

nothing that will either feed the Eye, or fill the Grasp.

It may be further urged, That *Adam* was created in the Perfection of his Species; that there was nothing but Plenty and Pleasure, Innocence and Security in View; he had neither Want to distress him, Danger to alarm him, or Guilt to make him uneasy: But notwithstanding this *Paradise*, both *without* and *within*, God saw his Being imperfect, and that 'twas *not good for him to be alone*. If Happiness then is impracticable without Society, if Solitude, strictly taken, won't do in *Paradise*, 'tis in vain to expect from it elsewhere.

If a Person, says *Tully*, of Sense and Probity, was furnished with all the Blessings of Life, and had never so much Wealth, Leisure, and Largeness of Understanding, yet if he was barr'd all Manner of Company, and never allowed so much as to see a Man, he had better throw up his Being, and fairly take leave of the World. Indeed, a Man well accommodated, may love Company from a more generous Motive, than that of Pride or Vanity; to transfuse his Satisfaction, and shew his good Nature; to instruct, to oblige, and entertain.

There may be this Objection, indeed, made to Retirement, That Solitude gives too
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much Leisure for Reflection, opens an unacceptable Scene, and shews a Man the Poverty of his own Nature: For let the Outside look never so fair, 'twill by no Means bear the Test of a thorough Inspection; the Stores, when examined, will fall strangely short: The most knowing and powerful will soon be at a Stand: They will quickly perceive their Understanding puzzled, and their Will check'd, in Abundance of Things. Besides, the Uncertainty of the Future, and the Thoughts of Death will crowd in: In short, nothing but the Supports of Religion can make a Man fit to entertain himself. Now, Company gives Business and Diversion, draws the Mind abroad, and keeps People's Thoughts from preying upon themselves.

It often happens, that if we cannot be courted, and have our Will, we fall into a Fit of Retirement, and make Company no longer. How often do the Declensions of Interest, the Misfortunes in Love, or Ambition, drive People out of Business and Sight, and make them withdraw to Privacy? As Children, when they are cross'd in their Fancy, walk off, and stand sullen in a Corner. Some People likewise retire, to conceal their Defects: They are sufficiently acquainted with the lean Temper of the Generality: How forward the World is to spy

out a Fault, and publish a Disadvantage ; and therefore, they are unwilling to have the Imperfections of Age, or Fortune gazed at and remark'd : Too much Light discovers the Wrinkles ; which makes them chuse to sit out of the Sun.

Plutarch hath writ a short Treatise on this Question, *Whether it was rightly said, LIVE CONCEAL'D.* The Philosopher seems positive, that he who said it, had no mind to live conceal'd, but spoke it with Design of being taken notice of for his very saying it : As if he saw deeper into Things than every Vulgar Eye, and to purchase to himself a Reputation, how unjustly soever, by inveigling others into Obscurity and Retirement : That besides, the Thing itself sounded ill, to bid us keep all our Life-Time out of the World's Eye, as if we had rifled the Sepulchres of the Dead ; or done such Detestable Villanies, as we must hide for : As if it were grown a Crime to live, unless we could keep all others from knowing we do so. From this Position, he proceeds to pronounce, That even an ill-Liver ought not to withdraw from the Converse of others ; no, let him be known, let him be reclaim'd, let him repent : If he have any Stock of Virtue, let it not lie unemployed ; or if he have been viciously bent, let him not by flying the

the Means continue unreclaim'd and incur'd. All the Infirmities of a dissolute Life, all the irregular Passions of the Soul, ought be laid open to the View of all, and undergo the Touch of every skilful Hand, that all who examine into the Temper, may be able to prescribe accordingly. Doth Anger transport us? Let us take the Advice to shun the Occasions of it. Doth Love torment, or Jealousy distract us? From Conversation, we shall be taught Expedients to remove or weather our Passions.

Again, if, on the other Hand, this Advice be calculated for the Owners of Worth and Virtue; if they must be condemn'd to Privacy, and live unknown to the World; what would this have amounted to, but in Effect, to bid *Epaminondas* lay down his Arms; to bid *Lycurgus* cancel his Laws; to bid *Thrasibylus* spare the Tyrants; in a Word, to bid *Pythagoras* forbear his Instructions; and *Socrates*, his Reasonings and Discourses? What would it be, but to sentence Virtue to be doom'd to Oblivion, Art to Idleness and Inactivity, Philosophy to Silence, and all a Man's Happiness to be forgotten? If in the State of Life we are under, we must be secluded from all Knowledge and Acquaintance

quaintance with the World, let it be only such who make it the whole Business of Life to heap Pleasure upon Pleasure: Let such live Recluses all their Days: But what should they hide their Heads for, who, with regard to the Works of Nature, own and magnify a *Divine Being*, who celebrate his Justice and Providence, who in Point of Morality are due Observers of the Law, Promoters of Society and Community among Men, Lovers of the Commonwealth, and in the Administration thereof, prefer the common Good before a private Advantage? What should such Men cloister up themselves, and live Recluses from the World for? Would you have them out of the Way, for fear they should teach others to be good too? For fear they should set a good Example, and allure others to Virtue out of Emulation of the Precedent? For to be known to the World under some eminent Character, not only carries a Reputation with it, but makes the Virtues in us become practical like Light; which renders us not only visible, but useful to others.

It may be still argued in Discountenance of Solitude and Retirement, that Men's natural Parts lying unemployed for lack of Acquaintance with the World, contract

tract a kind of Filth or Rust and Crasiness thereby: For sordid Ease, and a Life wholly sedentary, and given up to Idleness, spoils and debilitates, not only the Body, but the Soul too: And as close Waters shadowed over by bordering Trees, and stagnated in Default of Springs to supply Current and Motion to them, become foul and corrupt; so the innate Faculties and Powers of a dull unstirring Soul, whatever Usefulness, whatever Seeds of Good she may have taken in her, yet when she puts not those Powers into Action, when once they stagnate, they loose their Vigour, and run to Decay. A Man's Reason (like Fire, scarce visible, and just going out) retires into itself; and what with Inactivity and Dulness, every little fleeting Object so shatters and endangers the extinguishing it, that there remain but some obscure and glimmering Indications that the Man is alive. Therefore he that casts himself into obscure Retirements, he that sits surrounded in Darkeness, and buries himself alive, seems, in *Plutarch's* Mind, to repine at his own Birth, and grudges he ever had a Being.

All this, I must own, makes against a State of Retirement; to which there may be other Considerations subjoined, which,

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as Mr. Collier has term'd it should keep us from *disincorporating* ourselves. We had our Being from Mankind; our Support, our Education, the Growth of our Bodies, and the Progress of our Reason, came all, under God, through their Hands, All the Pleasure and Conveniencies of Life are convey'd to us by this Channel: And, therefore, if *Solitude* could provide us Necessaries, and furnish us to our Wishes, which ~~is~~ impossible, yet we ought not to disband, and break loose from Human Society: We should rather continue upon the Spot, and discharge the Obligation. For should every body be overgrown with this Shyness and Chagrin, should they run off single, and not endure the Sight of each other, not only States and Kingdoms, Arts and Sciences, Laws and Religion, but even Human Nature itself would sink and be destroy'd.

But, farther, What if general Kindness, and Christian Charity, so strongly enjoin'd in the Scripture, be utterly inconsistent with an absolute Retirement? For which Way can any Virtue be exercised without Object or Opportunity? All Instances of Affection and Sympathy, and all Works of Mercy, are impracticable upon this Scheme. How can he that absconds from the whole World,
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and lives literally by himself, either feed the Hungry or cloath the Naked? How can such a one be hospitable to Strangers; or visit those under Sickness or Confinement? What Possibility is there of his instructing the Ignorant, of comforting the Afflicted, or correcting the audacious Libertine? Is it not to renounce human Society; Is it not to renounce Christianity, and cut our selves off from the Communion of the Church: Of the Church, which implies Company, and is enough to discourage Solitude, by the very Idea and Name of it?

But after all these heinous Charges are weighed, and aggravated with additional Circumstances and Argument, a calm Retirement may not only be excusable, but often a Part of our Duty. I would not by Retirement be thought to imitate a wild and savage Withdrawing from all Commerce with Human Kind, or to prescribe the Solitude of a Desert: This would be inverting the Blessings and Benefits of such a State; this would be to derive it from a Sickness of the Mind, prevailing Melancholy, and Splenetic Resolutions; I would not be understood to recommend it farther, than a seasonable Retiring from Tumult and Distraction; from Vice and Imperti-

Impertinence; from Vanity, and Fatigue. It is not impossible to live at ease, to live to Heaven and Ourselves, and yet be serviceable to our Fellow-Creatures? Must we, like Gally-Slaves, be for ever labouring at the Oar of Business, struggling with Frauds, and bustling with Inquietudes; and is there no Portion of our Days allowed us to Rest and Tranquility; no Reprieve from Toil and Uneasiness? Must our Healths and Constitutions, our Comforts and Satisfactions, be given up and sacrificed to eternal Anxieties? May we never be allowed to plead the Privilege of our Labours, sue out our Dismission, and withdraw from Fatigue?

It is certain all Mankind love Ease; though Ambition and Avarice employ most Men's Thoughts; they are such uneasy Habits, that we do not indulge them out of Choice, but from some Necessity, real or imaginary. We seek Happiness, in which Ease is the principal Ingredient; and the End proposed in our most restless Pursuits, is Tranquility. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the Representation of it, and fancy we partake of the Pleasure. Are not Health, Tranquility, and pleasing Objects, the Growth of the Country? And though Men, for the
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general Good of the World, are made to love populous Cities, the Country hath the greatest Share in an uncorrupted Heart. When we paint, describe, or any Way indulge our Fancy, the Country is the Scene which supplies us with the most lovely Images. This State was that wherein God placed *Adam* when in Paradise; nor could all the fanciful Wits of Antiquity imagine any Thing that could administer more exquisite Delight in their *Elysium*.

The Fruit we gather from our many Days of Company is very little: We scatter much in Conversation, we gather but small Profit; but for the few Hours we spend in Retirement and Recollection, the Return is very considerable; and the greater Portions of our Time we lay out for ourselves hereafter.

A Gentleman in a Country Life enjoys Paradise with a Temper fit for it; who understands the Station in which Heaven and Nature have placed him; he is more superior to those of lower Fortune by his Benevolence, than his Possessions; and justly divides his Time between Solitude and Company, so as to use the one for the other. His Life is spent in good Offices to his Neighbours, and his Counsel and Knowledge are a Guard to the Simplicity and Innocence

cence of those of lower Talents, and the Entertainment and Happiness of those of equal.

To a thinking Man it must seem Prodigious, that the very Situation in a Country Life does not incline Men to a Scorn of the mean Gratifications some take in it. To stand in a Stream naturally lulls the Mind into Composure and Reverence; to walk in Shades, diversifies that Pleasure; and a bright Sun-shine makes a Man consider all Nature in Gladness, and himself the happiest Being in it, as he is the most conscious of her Gifts and Enjoyments. It would be the most impertinent Piece of Pedantry imaginable, to form our Pleasures by Imitation of others; I will not therefore mention *Scipio* and *Lælius*, who are generally produced on this Subject as Authorities for the Charms of a rural Life.

He that does not feel the Force of agreeable Views and Situations in his own Mind, will hardly arrive at the Satisfaction they bring from the Reflections of others. However, they who have a Taste that Way, are more particularly inflamed with Desire, when they see others in the Enjoyment of it; especially when Men carry into the Country a Knowledge of the World, as well as of Nature. The Leisure

sure of such Persons is endeared and refined by Reflection upon Cares and Inquietudes. The Absence of past Labours doubles present Pleasures, which are still augmented, if the Person in Solitude has the Happiness of being addicted to Letters.

To retire for Quiet, and the Benefit of Thinking, is certainly commendable; *Amici fures Temporis*, said the Lord Bacon. Conversation is a Thief that steals away a great Part of our Time, and usually stuffs our Memory with Rubbish; Solitude is a great Relief in such Cases; and wise Men are glad to get clear of the Croud, for fresh Air and Breathing. In Retirement we taste the Sweets of a quiet Repose, and entertain ourselves with Freedom; nay, we live more in two Days of Retreat, and are more sensible of what Life is, than in two Years full of Business and Trouble; and we see greater Things in Retirements, than abroad in the World.

What do we see great in the World, unless it be perhaps an Army, the Siege of a Town, or the Court of a Prince? These are Things we are quickly accustomed to, and which only appear great to us at the first Sight. But in Retirement, we
look

look upon the different Works of Nature; the Sun-rising and setting; a still Night; and those Planets which so majestically rowl over our Heads, which we continually admire.

It must be, in Reality, a great Misery for a Man never to be his own: Too much Acquaintance makes us Strangers to ourselves; and the more we converse with Men, the less we converse with our own Bosoms. There are indeed Degrees of Solitude, and we may be mistaken if we think it a Sanctuary against all Vices, or that there are not such, who embrace it merely for a larger Scope in criminal Enjoyments. They withdraw, as *Tiberius* did to *Capreae*, to be more at leisure for their Vices, to debauch without Interruption, and be somewhat covered from Censure and Observation.

Some People's Melancholy has driven them to an Excess; they are lost in a Mist of the Spleen; they think all *Society* infectious; and, that every Mortal has the *Tokens* upon him, and so retire to scape being polluted. This indeed is a wrong Method; for at such a Time, a Man should awaken himself, and immediately strike off into Business, or innocent Diversion. Resolution and Spirit
will

will quickly repel the Malignity, and dis-
cuss the Humour. For to lose the Com-
forts of Life in a few Vapours, and to be
smoked and smothered out of one's Rea-
son, are far from Circumstances of Cre-
dit. 'Tis not good to run the Length of
a retired Fancy, nor suffer the Spleen to
govern. Solitude must have a Temper as
well as other Things. To over-drive Na-
ture, and push the Experiment too far, ne-
ver turns to any Account.

People that retire, says Mr. Collier,
should examine the Difficulties, and pro-
portion the Undertaking to their Strength;
a thorough Scrutiny of the Inclinations,
of the Will and the Power, is no more
than a necessary Precaution. Without
this preliminary Prudence a Man may
over-burthen his Shoulders, and wade out
of his Depth: Neither can the Way be
made back sometimes without Levity and
Imputation. To live alone, though in a
moderate Degree, will require some tolera-
ble Provision in Books and Capacity: He
that goes off unfurnished in the Under-
standing, will make wretched Company
for himself. He has only contrived a
Settlement for a savage Life, and retires
like a Beast to his Den. A Man may as
well fail alone as in Company; there are
Ways

Ways for it, until such Time as he hath framed himself to be *sibi Theatrum*; so much to respect his Reason, and fear his Conscience, that he cannot without Shame stumble or trip in their Presence, that he dare not halt before himself, but bears a kind of Reverence and Respect unto himself, which, next to Religion, is the chiefest Bridle against all Vice.

We cannot have a nobler Motive to *Retirement*, than upon the Score of *Religion*: To shut up the Prospect of this World, that we may take the better View of the other, is a prudent Precaution. 'Tis certainly good to retreat from Company, and bar the Door upon Business and Diversion; and when we are thus disengaged, to inspect our Practice, to state our Accounts, and examine our Condition for Eternity. 'Tis good to make a Stand by ourselves, and consider how well we are reconciled to a State of Separation. Things standing thus, we should endeavour to disentangle before-hand, to untwist our Affection, and slide off from the World by Degrees; and since the Objects of Sense will shortly fail us, let us lessen the Correspondence, and try a little to live without them: Let us apply to a more lasting Fund, and subsist our
Happi-

Happiness upon Thought. To retire for such Purposes as these, is the best Improvement of Solitude: To be thus alone, is the Way to bring us to the most desirable Company. Those who have attained to that Sublimity of Mind, as to be above all Worldly Cares, though they meddle with the World as being of the World, yet they do it so safely, that they cleave not to it, nor are astonish'd to leave it.

To come to a Conclusion: Solitude hath certainly more Pleasures in it, than any public Employment; for it drives us into Contemplation, which is so charming, that it may rather be said to ravish, than please, committing so open a Rapture upon our Souls, that it puts them almost into a State of Separation. It is an Abuse of Retirement, for Men to embrace it out of Meanness of Spirit, or for Weakness of Parts, as not fit to attain Greatness; and they ought to make it their Choice, purely to arrive at that Happiness which is usually enjoy'd in a retired virtuous Life. Sir *Richard Bulstrode*, in his *Essays*, tells us of a King of *Bohemia*, who (retiring into a Desert, where he liv'd several Years with three poor Hermits) at his Death, told them, *There was no Greatness preferable to the Tranquillity of that Solitude he had enjoyed*

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with

with them ; which he esteemed as true Happiness : Whereas that Life he had led upon his Throne, deserved more the Title of Death than Life.

I remember it was the Saying of a wise Man, *Crede mihi, qui benè latuit, benè vixit ; Believe me, he that hath lain well conceal'd, hath liv'd well.* But I must say in our Retirement, if we only converse with Earth, we shall be like it, that is, unlike ourselves : But if we are engaged in more refin'd and intellectual Entertainments, we shall be something more than ourselves, that is, than this narrow Circumference of Earth speaks us, the Soul being always like the Object of its Delight and Converse.

In short, I would not be understood to recommend Retirement that should make us supine, unactive, and useless : Every Station of Life has its Offices ; and there can be no *Vacuum* in our breathing Hours, but when, by Slumber, we repair our Nature. In our Retreats from the Hurry of public Employments, we must make ourselves serviceable as far as we can : There are Duties which Solitude cannot exempt us from : We must extend our Hands to do good when Occasion offers, and not absolutely wrap ourselves
up

up in Contemplation. The Communication of our Kindness from behind a Cloud, when 'tis voluntary, and drawn down neither by Force nor Expectation, implies a Generosity, that seems a distant Imitation of the Divinity.





A G E.

OF all the impertinent Wishes which we have expressed in Conversation, there is not one more unworthy a Gentleman, or a Man of liberal Education, than that of wishing one's self younger. I have observ'd, this Wish is usually made upon Sight of some Object which gives the Idea of a past Action, which it is no Dishonour to us that we cannot now repeat; or else on what was in itself shameful when we perform'd it. It is a certain Sign of a foolish or dissolute Mind, if we want our Youth again, only for the Strength of Bones and Sinews, which we once were Masters of. When an old Man bewails the Loss of such Gratifications which are passed, he discovers a monstrous Inclination to that which is not in the Course of Providence to recal. The State of an old Man, who is dissatisfy'd merely for his being such, is the most out of all Measure of Reason and good Sense of any Being we have an Account

count of, from the highest Angel to the lowest Worm.

Old Age is that which we all desire to aspire unto; and when we have attained, are as ready to complain of as our greatest Misery, verifying in Part that old Observation, That Wedlock and Age are Things which we desire and repent of.

*Da spatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos;
Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc & pallidus optas.
Sed quàm continuus, & quantis longa Senectus,
Plena Malis?*

says Juvenal:

Jove, grant me Length of Life; and Years
good Store

Heap on my bending Back; I ask no more:
Both Sick and Healibful, Old and Young conspire,

In this one silly mischievous Desire.

Mistaken Blessing, which old Age they call!

'Tis a long nasty darksome Hospital!

Years alone, are Load enough for the Strength, much more for the Weakness of Age; but when Labour and Sorrow are added to the Weight, how can we but double under the Burden? He was both old

and wise, who said, out of Experience; That the last Days are the Dregs of our Life; the clearer Part is good, and all drawn out; the Lees sink down to the Bottom. Who can express the miserable Inconveniences that attend old Age, wherein our Cares must needs be multiplied according to the manifold Occasions of our Affairs: For the World is a Net, in which the more we stir, the more we are entangled. And for our bodily Grievances, what Varieties do we here meet withal? What Aches of the Bones, what Convulsions of Sinews, what Torments of the Bowels, what Distillations of Rheum; what Weaknesses of Retention and Digestion, what Failings of the Memory, and Decays of the Senses? Are not these they which the Preacher calls the *Evil Days*, and the Years wherein a Man shall say, *I have no Pleasure*; wherein, *the Sun, or the Light, or the Moon, or the Stars, are darkned, or the Clouds return after the Rain: When the Keepers of the House shall tremble, and the strong Men shall bow themselves; and the Grinders cease, because they are few; and those that look out of the Windows be darkned?* In short, Age is no other than the common Sewer, into which all Diseases of our Life are wont to empty themselves: It is but the Winter of our Life;

Life ; how can we then expect any other than gloomy Weather, chilling Frosts, Storms, and Tempests.

It gives no small Trouble to Mankind, to consider that the greatest Part of Life is no better than a slow Consumption ; that we must shortly sink into a State of Weakness and Insignificancy, and grow unacceptable both to others and ourselves : When our Limbs, and our Memory, and, it may be, our Understanding too, will fail us ; when nothing but a Fever will warm our Blood ; and all the lively *Perceptions* are forced out of Pain : That Life, like an ill-gotten Estate, consumes insensibly, in despite of all imaginable Frugality. Infancy is a State of Hope, and has the Tenderness of Parents, or the Compassion of Strangers, to support it. Youth, like a Blossom, gives us Beauty in Hand, and Fruit in Prospect : But Age grows worse and worse upon the Progress, sinks deeper in Sorrow and Neglect, and has no Relief to expect but the Grave.

But whilst we do thus complainingly aggravate the Incommodities of Age, we must beware lest we derogate from the Bounty of our Maker, and disparage those Blessings which he accounts precious ; amongst which, old Age is none of the meanest.

meanest. It is not a little injurious, to fasten our Eyes upon the Discommodities of any Condition, as not to take in the Advantages that belong to it ; which carefully laid together, may perhaps sway the Balance to an equal Poize. The fond Humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable World, and being applauded for trival Excellencies, is, what makes Youth have Age in Contempt ; and makes Age resign with so ill a Grace the Qualifications of Youth.

To state the Matter fairly, I shall beg Leave to take a short Survey of the Inconveniences to which Age subjects us, and then subjoin the certain Advantages we are indebted to for it. As to the Decays of Body and Constitution, I have already spoken ; and shall confine myself to those Imperfections which are of a Moral Kind.

To begin then : Old Persons are generally guilty of a Frowardness, to be displeased upon little Occasions, to take Things by the wrong Handle, and to put severe Constructions upon Words and Actions : This unhappy Temper may be assigned to several Causes : They may be over-suspicious of being contemn'd ; long Experience hath taught them, that the World is generally unbenevolent and narrow-

narrow-spirited ; that Self-Love and Ill-Nature are extremely common ; and that the Pleasures of too many are drawn from the Misfortunes of their Neighbours. These Remarks confirmed by repeated Instances, make no kind Impression. So that when a Man is conscious of his own Decay, when he grows less active and agreeable, he is apt to fancy younger People are more ready to divert themselves with his Declension, than to pity it. This Apprehension makes him interpret with Rigour, conclude himself injured upon a remote Appearance, and grow disgusted upon every Ambiguity.

Mankind, indeed, ought not to be capable of such Barbarity, as this Jealousy supposes : It is misapplying their Passions at a scandalous rate ; insulting an unavoidable Infirmary, and trampling upon the venerable Ruins of human Nature : This Insolence is foolish, as well as unnatural : He that acts in this Manner, does but expose his own future Condition, and laugh at himself beforehand.

A Forwardness to be disobliged may proceed from the Infirmities of Age : The last Part of Life is a perpetual Indisposition ; you are seldom free from the Pain or the Weakness of a Disease : The Fever of the Fit may sometimes intermit ; but

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then your best Days are short of Health. Such uneasy Discipline is apt to make the Spirits turn eager ; when a Man is loaden, a Feather is felt, and the least Rub will make him complain.

It is another Inconvenience of Age, That old Persons are frequently apt to over-rate their own Sufficiency : They fancy their Understandings move upon an Ascent ; and that they must grow wiser of course, as they grow older. Thus they often take their Improvement upon Content, without examining how they came by it ; as if the meer Motion of the Sun, or the running of an Hour-Glass, would do the Business. Now, a Mistake in this Case, makes them impatient of Contradiction, and imagine themselves always in the Right. To argue the Point, and debate their Opinions, is to injure them. Younger Men ought to believe hard, and take Authority for the last Proof.

Then, resting too much upon the Privilege of their Years, may be the Occasion of another Imperfection ; and in Compliance with the innocent Demands and Satisfaction of those who are younger. Their Opinions are the Standard of Truth, and their Desires the Measure of Agreeableness. This Partiality of Thought, this indulging their own Inclinations, makes them

them firm to Prepossession, and with Difficulty remov'd from those Customs which first engaged them. The bare Novelty of a Thing is enough to cast it; they condemn the prudent Alterations of the present Age, and are too kind to the Errors of the former.

There is another general Misfortune incident to old Age, and that is Covetousness. This looks like so great a Paradox, that nothing but Matter of Fact could force us to believe it: We have less Time to stay in the World, and less Capacity to enjoy it; therefore we must love it better than ever: What Sort of Reasoning is this? To what Purpose should a Man grasp so hard when he can take the least Hold? The Case is this: Age is not vigorous enough for Business and Fatiguing: 'Tis no Time to work up an Estate in, or to repair a Misadventure: And where Labour is impracticable, and Recovery despaired of, Parsimony has the better Colour. Old Persons are apt to dread a Misfortune more than others: They have observ'd how Prodigality is punish'd, and Poverty neglected: They are sensible their Strength decays, and their Infirmities increase, and therefore conclude their Supplies should increase too. The natural Diffidence, and Anxiousness of Age, is apt to press

the Reasons of Frugality too far, to be ever apprehensive of an Accident, and guard with too much Concern.

We might enumerate a great many more Imperfections with which Age burdens the Mind; but I have promised to speak of some of the Advantages which should reconcile us to this Stage of Life. To talk in the Divine Strain, I might alledge, That the same God who knows best the Price of his own Favours, as he makes no small Estimation of Age himself, so he hath thought fit to call for an high Respect to be given to it by himself. It is not a Part of the inspired Law, *Thou shalt rise up before the Hoary Head, and honour the Face of the old Man, and fear thy God?* This awful Respect and Reverence to Years, was strictly observed by the old Heathens.

*Credebant hoc grande Nefas, & morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat. —*

says Juvenal: They accounted it a heinous Crime, and to be punish'd with Death, if a young Man neglected to rise to his Elder. Permit me to give one Instance of this Deference, which Antiquity always thought fit to pay to Age, in a little Story which has found a Place in an Author that always will give Diversion. It happened at Athens,

Athenians, during a public Representation of some Play exhibited in Honour of the Commonwealth, that an Old Gentleman came too late for a Place suitable to his Age and Quality: Many of the Young Gentlemen, who observed the Difficulty and Confusion he was in, made Signs to him, that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: The Good Man bustled through the Crowd accordingly. But when he came to the Seats to which he was invited, the Jest was, to sit close, and expose him as he stood, out of Countenance, to the whole Audience: The Frolic went round all the *Athenian* Benches. But on those Occasions, there were also particular Places assign'd for Foreigners: When the Good Man skulked towards the Boxes appointed for the *Lacedæmonians*, that honest People, more virtuous, than polite, rose up all to a Man. And with the greatest Respect received him amongst them. The *Athenians* being suddenly touch'd with a Sense of the *Spartan* Virtue, and their own Degeneracy, gave a Thunder of Applause; and the Old Man cry'd out, *The Athenians understand what is good; but the Lacedæmonians practise it.* That Age has a peculiar Right to Regard, is past Dispute; Nature teaches it; Religion enjoins it; and Custom

Custom has made it good. If we examine the Reasons of this Privilege, we shall find them satisfactory and well grounded. For,

Old Age is most remarkable for its Knowledge and Wisdom; when we first come into the World, we are unimprov'd in both Parts of our Nature; neither our Limbs nor Understandings, are born at their full Length, but grow up to their Stature by gradual Advances. Those who have had the longest Time to furnish and improve in, must, generally speaking, be the wisest People, where Care and other Advantages are equal. Men of Years have seen greater Variety of Events, have more Opportunities of remarking Humours and Interests: Thus therefore they may trace their Actions to the first Exercises of Reason. Farther, Old Persons have the best Opportunities for reviewing their Opinions, and bringing their Thoughts to a second Test, for trying what they took upon Trust, and correcting the Errors of Education. And thus their Judgment becomes more exact: They may know more Things, and know them better and more usefully than others.

A greater Privilege of Age than these, is a Freedom from those impetuous Passions, wherewith Youth is commonly over-
sway'd;

sway'd ; for as our natural Heat decays, so does the Heat of our inordinate Affections abate, and the weakened Appetites are subdued to Reason. The Temperate Old Man, in his Story, when one shewed him a beautiful Face, could answer, *I have long since left to be Eye-sick !* And another could as frankly say of Pleasure, *I have gladly withdrawn myself from the Service of that imperious Mistress !* The less our Minds have to do with our Bodies, the better ; and if Age puts an End to our Desires, and does the Business of Virtue, there can be no Cause of Complaint.

Our Exemption from Passions, in our Age, is partly the Effect of Conviction and Experience ; the Danger is consider'd better, and the Indecency more discover'd than formerly. The Constitution likewise contributes to its Share ; the Current of the Blood moves more gently, and the Heat of the Spirits abate. This Change makes the Mind more absolute, and the Counsels of Reason better guarded. And thus the Excesses of Anger and Desire grow less intemperate. Age views the Undertaking on all Sides, and makes fewer Omissions in the Scheme : It computes more exactly upon Hopes and Fears, and weighs Difficulty and Success with better Judgment. In short, this is the Time in which

which the Mind is most discerning and dispassionate, furnish'd with the best Materials for Wisdom, and best disposed to use them.

In the next Place, we accuse our Age of many Weaknesses and Indispositions; but these Imputations must not be universal: Many of these are the Faults of the Person, not of the Age. As all Wine doth not turn sour with Age, no more doth every Nature. There are those who are peevish and crabbed in Youth: There are, on the contrary, those who are mild, gentle, and sociable, in their decay'd Years. There are those who are crazy in their Prime; and there are those who in their Wain are vigorous: There are those, who, e're the Fulness of their Age, have lost their Memory; and there are those whose Intellectuals have so happily held out, that they have been best at the last. Many of the Ancient *Philosophers* and *Romans* were Examples of this Truth. Health, Vigour, and Sense, hold out sometimes to the Length of a long Journey. *Plato* enjoyed them all at Eighty; and so did the Elder *Cato*. *Tully* was more than Sixty when he wrote his famous *Philippics*; in which, his Rhetoric is not only more correct, but more moving and tempestuous, than in his younger Orations.

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To make up the Sum of our Advantages from Years, I think the chief Benefit of our Age, is our near Approach to our Journey's End: For the End of all Motion is Rest; which when we have once attained, there remains nothing but Fruition. Now, our Age brings us (after a weary Race) within some Breathing of our Goal: For if young Men may die, Old Men must.

The carnal Heart may bewail his Condition, and complain of Nature as niggardly in her Dispensations of the shortest Time to her noblest Creature, envying the Oaks which many Generations of Men must leave standing, and in a State of Flourishing. This Repining is no wonder in him, who is such a Worldling, that he thinks himself here at Home, and looks upon Death as a Banishment: He hath placed his Heaven here below; and can see nothing in his Remove, but either Annihilation or Torment: But *for Christians, who know that whilst we are present in the Body, we are absent from the Lord*; and do justly account ourselves Foreigners, our Life a Pilgrimage, and Heaven our Home; How can we but rejoice, that after a tedious and painful Travel, we do now draw near to the Threshold of our Father's House, wherein we know there are many
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Mansions, and all glorious? Should we not blush to hear an *Heathen* say, *If God would offer me the Choice of renewing my Age, and returning to my first Childhood, I should heartily refuse it; for I should be loth, after I have passed so much of my Race to be called back from the Goal to the Bars of my first setting out?* And shall a Christian whine and pine at the Thought of his Dissolution? Where is our Faith of an Heaven, if, having been so long Sea-beaten, we be loth to think of putting into the safe and blessed Harbour of Immortality?

'Tis Time, that I should think of ending with Advice, how we may make our latter Days most easy and pleasant. If we would enter upon Age with Advantage, we must take care to be regular and significant in our Youth. *Libidinosa etenim & intemperans Adolescentia, fatum corpus tradit senectuti,* says *Cicero*. A dissolute and intemperate Youth delivers the Body up weak to Age. Intemperance antedates Infirmities, and doubles them: It revenges its own Excesses, and plunges us sooner and deeper in the Mire, than otherwise we should fall. He that would have his Health hold out, must not live too fast. A Man should Husband his Constitution, and not throw it away 'till he has done living, if he can help it. Not to provide thus far,

far, is to betray our Senses, and prove false to the Interest of Ease and Pleasure. And as to the Mind, a well-managed Life will be of great Service.

In short, if we would be well provided, we must begin betimes. Habits of Virtue, and handsome Performances, are the best Preparatives. Let's lay in a Stock of good Actions beforehand: These will secure our Credit *without*, and our Peace *within*. 'Tis true, a good Conscience won't make a Man immortal: But yet the Quiet of his Mind often keeps him from wearing out so fast: It smoothes his Passage to the other World, and makes him slide into the Grave by a more gentle and insensible Motion. And when the Body is shaken with Diseases, when it bends under Time or Accident, and appears just sinking into Ruin, 'tis sometimes strangely supported from within: The Man is propped up by the Strength of Thought, and lives upon the Cheerfulness and Vigour of the Spirit. Pleasant Retrospections, easy Thought, and comfortable Presages, are admirable Opiates; they help to assuage the Anguishes, and disarm the Distempers of Age; and almost makes a Man despise his Misery.

To be afraid of growing old, is to be afraid of growing wise, and being immortal: As if we could be happy too soon!

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One would think, we should be glad to go upon a further Discovery; and that Curiosity should almost carry us into the other World. Do we not complain of Distastes in this Life? Do we not feel a Satiety of the same Images? What is there then further to detain our Fancies here below? Death consider'd in this Light, is no more than passing from one Entertainment to another. If the present Objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our Minds for a more exquisite Relish for those which are fresh and new: If the good Things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible Power of the Deity will supply to eternal Ages: If the Pleasures of our present State are blended with Pain and Uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed Delights: Blessed Hope! the Thought whereof turns the very Impressions of our Nature into Occasions of Comfort and Joy.

But our Fears prevail, and Death is viewed with the utmost Horror. We were not Men, if we did not fear him; he is the King of Terror, and therefore may, and must command it: But would we acquaint ourselves with him more, we should fear him less. Let us inure our Eyes to the Sight of Death, and that Face shall begin

gin, not to displease us. Our Fears are apt to imagine, and to aggravate Evils. We may look upon him as an utter Abolition or Extinction of our Being; and Nature then must needs shrink back at the Thought of not being at all. But this is a foul and dangerous Misprision: What Reason have we to be afflicted with that which is the common Condition of Mankind? Death is the same to all; the Difference is in the Disposition of the Entertainers. Could we have been then capable of the Use of our Reason, we should have been more afraid of coming into the World, than we are now of going out: For our Birth begins our Miseries; our Death ends them. Our Birth enters the best of Men into a wretched World; our Death enters the Good into a World of Glory. But the Soul and Body, like old Companions, are loath to part; yet it is but the forbearing their wonted Society for a while; they do but take leave of each other until they meet again, never to be divided. Did we not believe a Resurrection of the one Part, and a Reuniting of the other, we had Reason to be utterly daunted with the Thought of a Dissolution; but now we have no Cause to be dismayed with a little Intermision.

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The Death which we so fear and flee from, doth but respite Life for a while; doth not take it away; the Day will come, which shall restore us to the Light again. When we are weary of our Days Labour, are we afraid of Rest? The Philosophers of Old were wont to call Sleep the Brother of Death; Death is no other than Sleep itself; a Sleep both sure and sweet: When we lie down at Night to our Repose, we cannot be so certain to awake again in the Morning, as when we lay ourselves down in Death; we are sure to awake in the Morning of the Resurrection.

We know but one Way of fortifying our Souls against the gloomy Presages and Terrors of Mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the Friendship and Protection of that Being, who disposes of Events, and governs Futurity. He sees, at one View, the whole Thread of our Existence; not only that Part of it which we have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When we lay us down to sleep, we should recommend ourselves to his Cares; when we awake we should give ourselves up to his Direction. Amidst all the Evils that threaten us, we should look up to him for Help, and question
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not but he will either avert them, or turn them to our Advantage. Though we know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death we are to die, we should not be at all solicitous about it; because we are sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support us under them.



DEATH.



D E A T H.

WHEN a good *Old Age* has advanced our Knowledge, and fully acquainted us with the Vexation that attends the most happy on this Side *Heaven*; when the *Fever* of Youth is abated, and Serenity keeps down our Passions; when we are no longer dazzled with false Felicities, but view Things as they really are; when by the Decays of Nature and Fancy, Reason breaks its Confinement, no longer restrained by the deluding Charms of Sin, nor the strong Bars of a brisk and warm Constitution; when the most agreeable Pleasures have lost their Bait, and every Occurrence brings Pain and Uneasiness; when our Bodies are weak and distempered,

pered and our Minds dissatisfied with their crazy Habitation; when Pride and Gaiety are gone, and sound Judgment supplies the Room of Imagination; when the Hurry of a busy World becomes irksome, 'tis then, that with an holy Regard to the Quiet and Composure of *another* better State, we may justly wish we *had Wings like a Dove, to fly away, and be at rest.*

Yet, the Love of Life, and the dread of Death, are so natural to us, that it seems almost impossible, willingly to renounce the One, and court the Other. For every Thing naturally tends to its own Preservation; and an Abhorrence from Death is the necessary Consequence of that Self-Love which is implanted in us all. Every Trembling and Emotion then, at the Approach of Death, is no Ways culpable. If we might go to *Christ*, as *Enoch* and *Elijah* did, without dying; this would be agreeable: Or, if we could be of that Number, who shall be found alive at our Lord's Coming, and be *changed in a Moment*, this must be pleasing to Nature, as it commits no Violence upon it.

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But however, since the Ordinary Way to go to *Christ*, is to pass through *the Valley of the Shadow of Death*, there is nothing in our natural Abhorrence of a Dissolution which ought not to be surmounted by Reason, by Reflection, by a firm Persuasion of the Truth in the Gospel, and by a well-grounded Hope of its Promises. Why cannot *Religion* do that which *Philosophy* has often done? Why cannot *Religion* do that which *Ambition*, and a *Thirst* after *Glory*, does every Day? How many brave Soldiers have, by meer Imagination, by a Desire only of empty Honour, conquered the Fear of Death, and met it, nay, pursued it, with Eagerness and Intrepidity?

And, surely then, the Certainty of an immortal Life, and of endless Felicity, ought to be as prevailing with us! But when *All* are joyned, and with united Force arm our Resolution; when the *Christian* sees that all *below* him is troublesome and uneasy, and knows that all *above* is serene and quiet; knows, that whatever disturbs him *here*, he shall *there* enjoy an everlasting Tranquility; this must needs vanquish his Fear of Death.

Yet we must not be our own Murderers, either by arming ourselves against our own Flesh, or by rejecting proper
Nourish-

Nourishment, or proper Medicines ; or by rashly running into certain Danger, when we have no Business there. We *may* desire Death, but in God's Appointment and Time, by maintaining the Post that He has allotted us, and by strictly adhering to our Duty ; and without attempting ourselves to force our *Prison* ; we must wait till the Angel of the Lord sets us free, by loosing our *Chains*, and opening the *Gates* of our Confinement.

However, we should always prefer Death, out of a Zeal to *rest* with *Christ*, and when God and Nature call us, to all the Advantages of a Life here, how pleasurable or pompous soever. And this will appear highly reasonable, if we consider, that the Value, the Satisfaction, and the *Rest* of Heaven, do more than compensate all that we can quit here, though we were to enjoy all the Delights of the World, in their best and most inviting Circumstances.

The Life of Man here, even of the most prosperous, is still subject to innumerable Miseries. Had we no other Evils to grapple with, our own Fears, and our own Desires would render us unhappy ; whereas, in a State of eternal Rest, of perfect Joy and Fruition, we can have

nothing to fear, nothing to desire : And it is Death that puts us into the Possession of so much Bliss, by conducting us to a Place where Hunger and Thirst, Fatigue and Poverty, shall never more disturb us ; where the Fever, the Gout, and the Stone, shall no longer torment us ; where we shall no more bewail the Treachery of false Friends, nor the Slanders, the Frauds, the Injustice, the Violence of secret or professed Enemies.

Nor is human Life only exposed to *natural* Miseries, but is subject to *moral* Evils too. We are incessantly exposed to the Seduction of our Senses, the Sollicitations of Constitution, the Contagion of ill Examples, the Persuasions of the Wicked, and the Snares of the Devil. But in Heaven there is everlasting Ease and Security, Satisfaction and Rest ; which far excel all the Delights of the World, even in their best and most inviting Circumstances. The World has its Riches, Honours and Pleasures ; but neither of them are very great, or certain ; and none of them can afford an equal, durable, or an uninterrupted Joy. But in Heaven, there is quite the Reverse, and every Enjoyment is full and compleat, not satiating, nor deluding.

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The Soul is capable of three general Operations ; of *Knowing*, *Loving*, and *Feeling* ; all Springs of Action, and what administer to numberless Delights. We cannot tell what Difference in Degree there will be between our Happiness before our Resurrection, and our perfect Glory after it : But yet it is indisputable, that our Souls disengaged from our Bodies, exalted above all visible Things, and admitted to the Presence of *Christ*, shall there *know* God, and his blessed Son, in a Manner not to be conceived here : For what shall then clog their Activity, weaken their Powers, or stop their Penetration ? Is it not out of doubt, that an Understanding so pure, and so extended, always in Motion, always employed in discovering new Objects, always in a Condition of forming just Ideas, always at the very Fountain of Truth, always enlightened by him who is Brightness itself, always considering Causes and their Effects, and always directing these Truths, and these Discoveries, to raise itself up to God ; to admire, to praise, and to adore him ? Is it not evident, I say, that an Understanding so pure and extended, so busied and employed, must necessarily produce the most charming *Knowledge*, and

be to us a perpetual Fund of Rapture, Joy, and Delight?

The next Perfection of the Soul, is *Love* : And what shall we love here? either what is *ill*, or what is *imperfect*? And how often does our *Love* prove our Misery! In Heaven, we shall love nothing, but what we ought to love; and our *Love* there, shall be always satisfy'd. How *free* will it be, when it has no Distractions, no Obstacles to oppose it? How *pure* will it be, when it has no carnal Motives intermixed with it? And how *vast* will it be, when we shall love in Proportion to our *Knowledge*, and that *Knowledge* is so prodigious and so perfect.

To *Feel*, is also a Property of the Soul : 'Tis capable of many agreeable Sensations ; but 'tis easy to imagine, that in Heaven, 'twill have infinitely more, and those infinitely more agreeable, more lively and unconfined. And who can declare, what Pleasures will pour in upon our Souls from a kind and benificent God, who is no longer restrained by his Hatred to Sin, but himself takes Pleasure in making us happy? Such Pleasures, surely, must be beatific as their Donor! Nor will the Company that we shall meet with in Heaven, be an inconsiderable Part of the Felicities

cities of that Place. . There is no greater Satisfaction in the World, than the Conversation of a few honest wise and undesigning People ; and yet, alas ! this is a Satisfaction as scarce, as it is agreeable : But what Charms may we not expect from the Conversation of glorify'd Saints, nay, of our Lord himself ?

Why then should People make such a Rout about *Dying*, when 'tis the ready Road to a State of Immortality ? The Agonies and Convulsions in the Article of Expiring, are over in a Trice, and then come the most refin'd and improv'd Conceptions : And this is a Consideration, which the earlier we begin to press home upon ourselves, the more effectually we shall find it conduce to the vanquishing all our Fears and Apprehensions of *Death* ; and, 'till that Point is gained, a Man's Life must be very uncomfortable to him : For we all know full well, that *die* we must, some Time or other, and, for aught we know, before to-morrow Morning. Consequently we can never bear up briskly, and set a good Face upon it, so long as we are Hag-ridden with the Horror of a Change, which may possibly overtake us the next Minute. A wise Man is ever

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most willing to die ; and a Fool cannot like it by any Means ; because the one sees before him to the End of his Journey, and discovers how blessed a Country he is going to ; while the other is dim and purblind, and can't look forward.

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